Northfield Hymnal

No. 3

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Northfield Hymnal

No. 3

Edited by

Charles M. Alexander

and

May Whittle Moody

THE BOOKSTORE
(The Northfield Schools)
EAST NORTHFIELD, Massachusetts

FOREWORD

While the needs of the Northfield Schools and Summer Conferences have been specially in view in the choice of hymns comprising this collection, we believe they will also meet the requirements of many churches and institutions.

Scores of hymnals and collections, both in this country and Great Britain, have been consulted. Hymns which have been found to express the deepest spiritual experiences of the Church through past generations constitute the greater part of the compilation, while those Gospel Hymns have been retained which have stood the test of time. To these have been added a large number of newer hymns.

All royalties from the sale of these books go to the Northfield Schools.

W. R. MOODY

East Northfield, Mass.,
July 1, 1918

Manufactured by
Charles M. Alexander

Northfield Hymnal
No. 3

1 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! golden crowns a-round the glass- y sea; Cher- u - bim and ser - aphim sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art ho - ly; praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

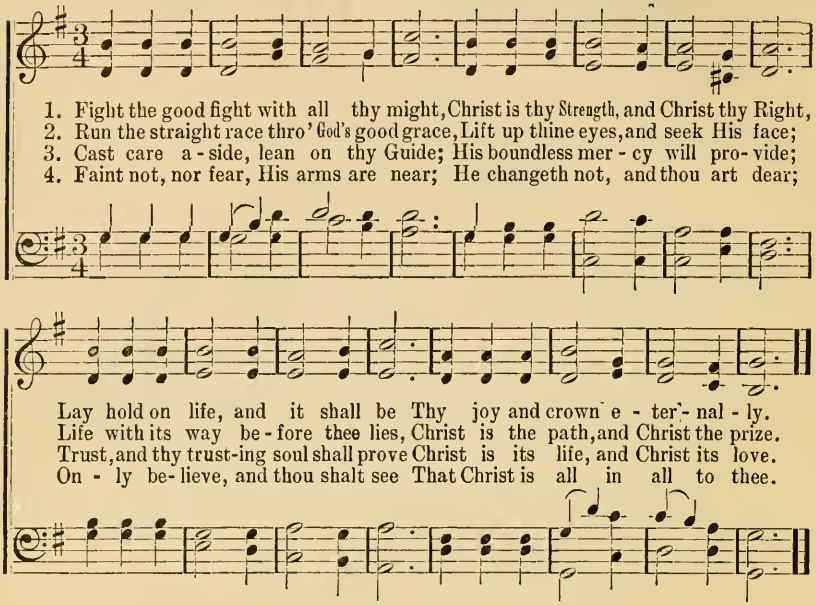
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints a- dore Thee, Casting down their fall - ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.

3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of there is none be- side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall Mer - ci-ful and might - y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin- i - ty! Mer - ci-ful and might - y! God in Three Per-sons, blessed Trin- i - ty!

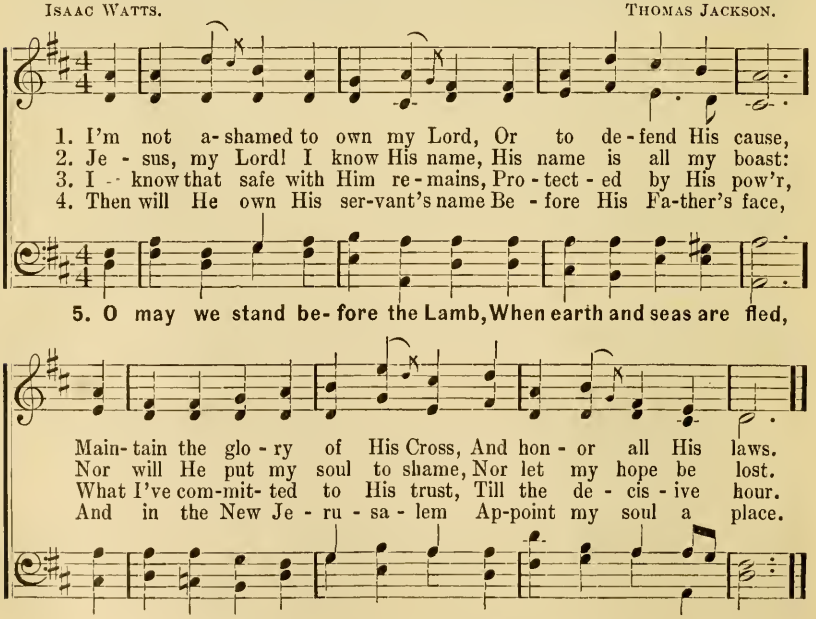
2 Fight the Good Fight of Faith.

J. S. B. Monsell. Wm. Boyd.



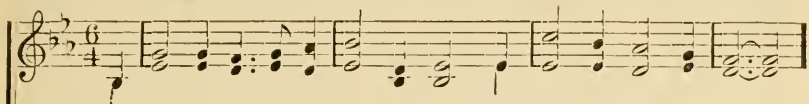
3 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord.

Isaac Watts. Thomas Jackson.

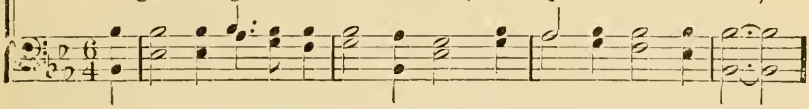


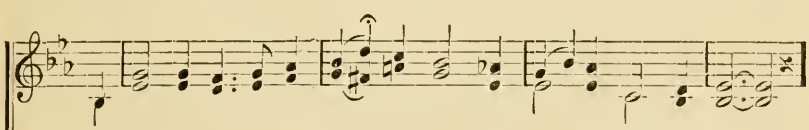
Ivory Palaces.

H. B. HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

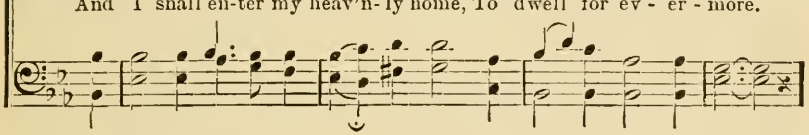


1. My Lord has garments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their texture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor - row sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. His garments too were in cas-sia dipped, With heal-ing in a touch;
4. In garments glo- ri- ous He will come, To op - en wide the door;

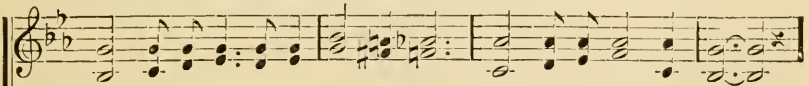




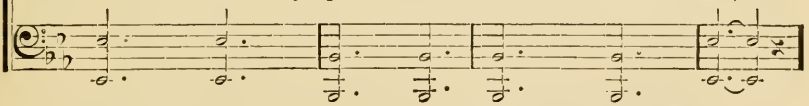
Its fragrance reach'd to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.
Each time my feet in some sin have slipp'd, He took me from its clutch.
And I shall en-ter my heav'n- ly home, To dwell for ev - er - more.



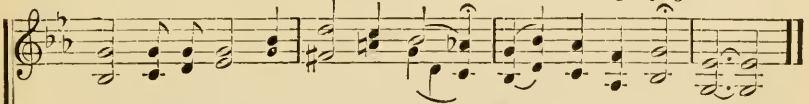
CHORUS.
DUET.—*Slowly, softly, and with much expression.*



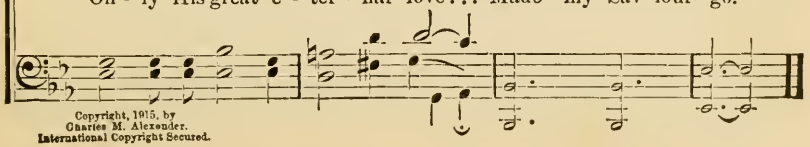
Out of the iv - o - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,



FULL CHORUS. DUET.—*Very softly.*



On - ly His great e - ter - nal love... Made my Sav- iour go.



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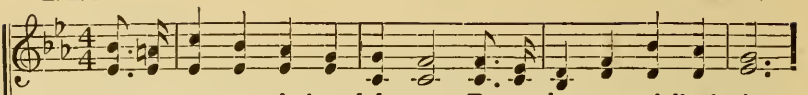
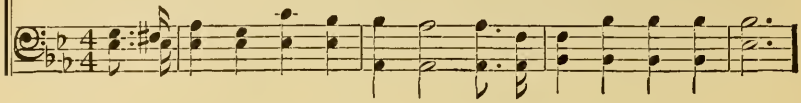
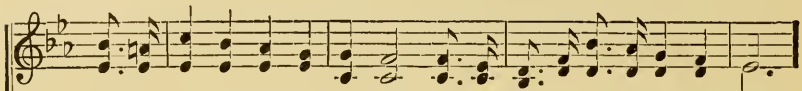
5 Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

E. E. Hewitt. B. D. Ackley.

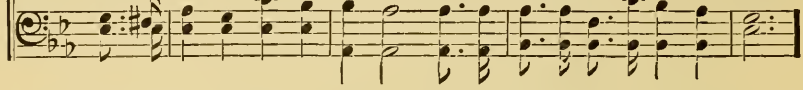


1. Once my way was dark and drear-y, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the low - ly, Grace to keep the trusting soul:
3. Let me spread a-broad the sto - ry, Oth-er souls to Je - sus win;

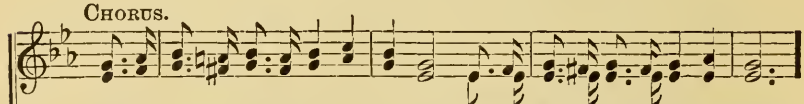




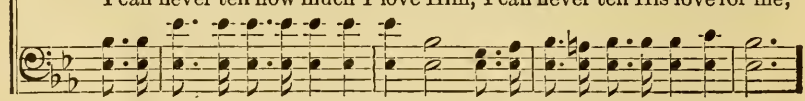
But the sky is bright and cheery, Since the fullness of His love came in.
Power to cleanse and make me holy, Je-sus shall my yielded life control.
For the cross is now my glo - ry, Since the fullness of His love came in.

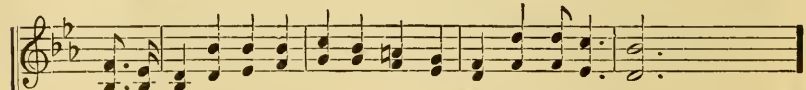


Chorus.

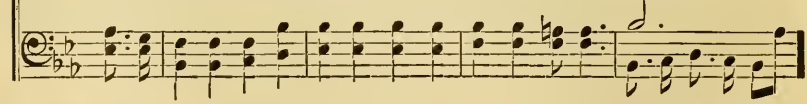


I can never tell how much I love Him, I can never tell His love for me;

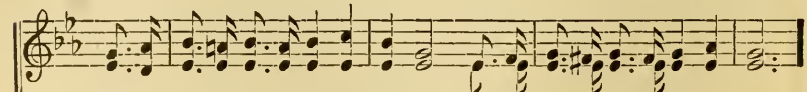




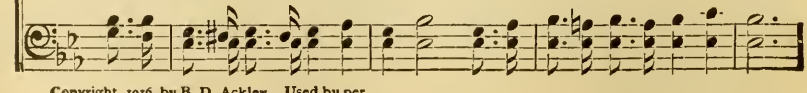
For it passeth human measure, Like a deep, unfathomed sea;



deep, unfathomed sea;



'Tis redeeming love in Christ my Saviour, In my soul the heavenly joys begin;



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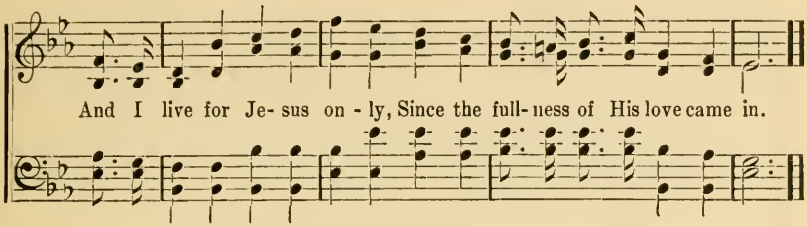
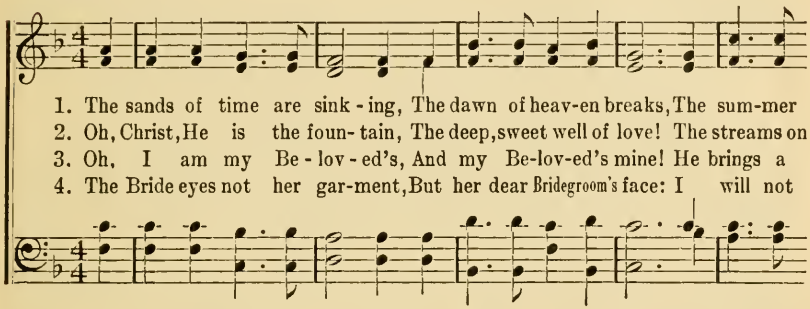
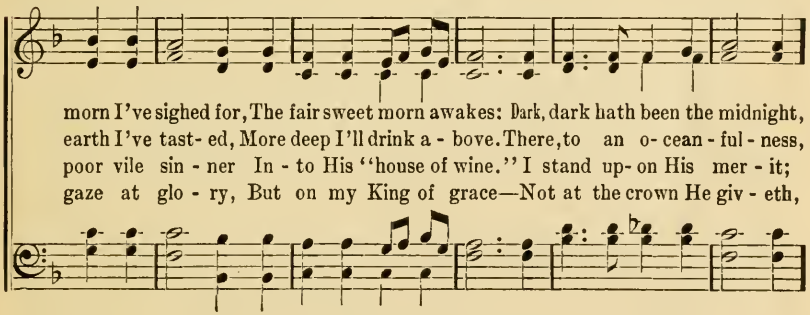


6 The Sands of Time Are Sinking.

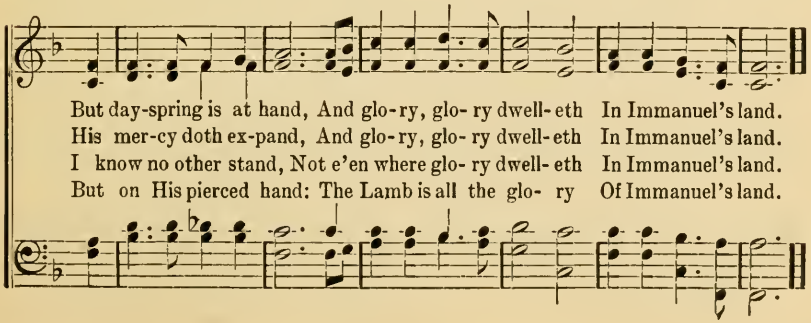
ANNIE R. COUSIN. E. F. RIMBAULT.



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The sum-mer
2. Oh, Christ, He is the foun- tain, The deep, sweet well of love! The streams on
3. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be-lov-ed's mine! He brings a
4. The Bride eyes not her gar-ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face: I will not



morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn awakes: Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
earth I've tast- ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove. There, to an o- cean - ful - ness,
poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine." I stand up- on His mer - it;
gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace—Not at the crown He giv - eth,



But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo- ry dwell- eth In Immanuel's land.
His mer-cy doth ex-pand, And glo-ry, glo- ry dwell- eth In Immanuel's land.
I know no other stand, Not e'en where glo- ry dwell- eth In Immanuel's land.
But on His pierced hand: The Lamb is all the glo- ry Of Immanuel's land.

One Day!

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D. — Chas. H. Marsh.

1. One day when heav-en was filled with His prais-es, One day when
2. One day they led Him up Cal-va-ry's mountain, One day they
3. One day they left Him a-lone in the gar-den, One day He
4. One day the grave could con-ceal Him no lon-ger, One day the
5. One day the trum-pet will sound for His com-ing, One day the

sin was as black as could be, Je-sus came forth to be
nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf-fer-ing an-guish, de-
rest-ed, from suf-fer-ing free; An-gels came down o'er His
stone rolled a-way from the door; Then He a-rose, o-ver
skies with His glo-ry will shine; Won-der-ful day, my be-

born of a vir-gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex-am-ple is He!
spised and re-ject-ed: Bear-ing our sins, my Re-deemer is He!
tomb to keep vig-il; Hope of the hope-less, my Saviour is He!
death He had conquered; Now is as-cend-ed, my Lord ev-er-more!
lov-ed ones bring-ing; Glo-ri-ous Sav-iour, this Je-sus is mine!

Chorus.

Liv-ing, He loved me; dy-ing, He saved me; Bur-ied, He

car-ried my sins far a-way; Ris-ing, He jus-ti-fied

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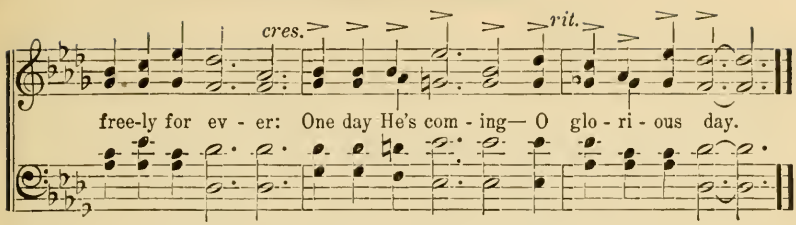
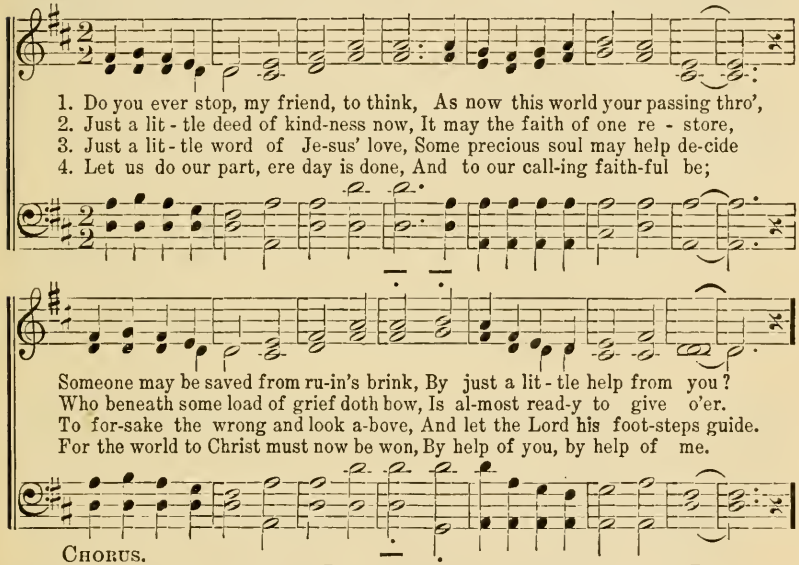
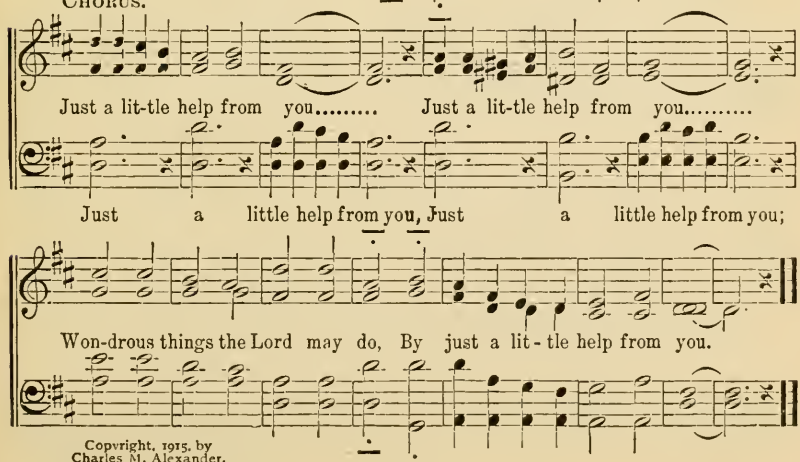


8 Just a Little Help From You.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



CHORUS.



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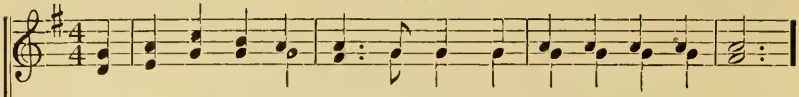
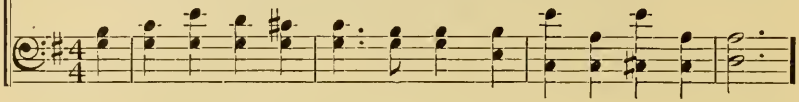
9 The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

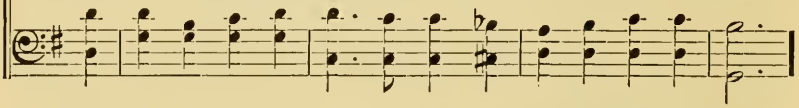
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. (St. Leonard.) HENRY HILES.



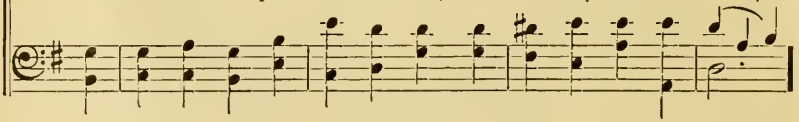
1. The shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-ening sky;
2. The sor-rows of Thy servants, Lord, O do not Thou de - spise,
3. Slow - ly the rays of day-light fade; So fade with - in our heart
4. Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God, Up - on our souls de - scend;



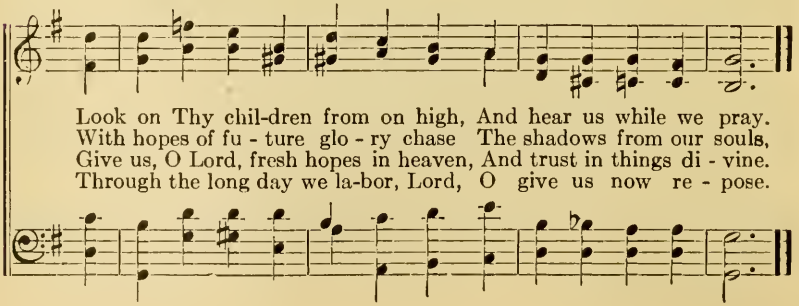
Up - on the frag-rance of the flowers The dews of eve-ning lie:
But let the in - cense of our prayers Be - fore Thy mer - cy rise.
The hopes in earth - ly love and joy That one by one de - part.
From midnight fears and per - ils, thou Our trembling hearts defend;



Be-fore Thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;
The bright-ness of the com-ing night Up - on the dark-ness rolls;
Slow-ly, the bright stars, one by one, With-in the heav-ens shine;
Give us a re - spite from our toil, Calm and sub-due our woes;



Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu - ture glo - ry chase The shadows from our souls,
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven, And trust in things di - vine.
Through the long day we la-bor, Lord, O give us now re - pose.



Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley. Cho. A. H. A.

1. Vile and sin - ful tho' my heart may be Full - y trust - ing, Lord I
2. Like a fa - ther seeks a way-ward child, Thou hast sought me o'er the
3. Plead-ing ten - der - ly, His voice I hear, Why should I re - fuse a
4. Pre-cious blood of Je - sus, may its flow Cleanse from e - vil, wash me
5. Tell my moth - er what her boy has done, God has spo - ken to her

come to Thee, Thou hast pow'r to cleanse and make me free,
des - ert wild, Sick and help - less by my sin de - filed,
friend so dear, He will take a - way my guilt and fear,
white as snow, There is hope a - lone in Thee I know,
way - ward son, To be faith - ful till my crown is won,

Chorus.

I am com - ing home. Com-ing home, com-ing
I'm com-ing home,

home, No long-er in the path of sin to roam, I'm com-ing
I'm com-ing home,

home, com-ing home, Lord Je-sus, I am com-ing home.
I'm coming home, I'm coming home,

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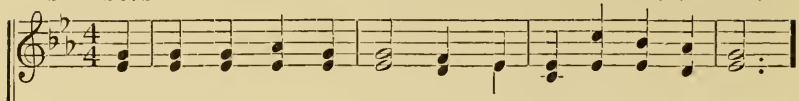
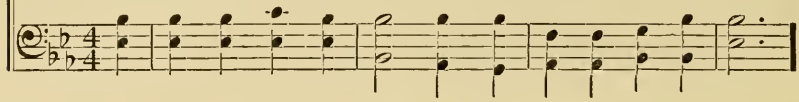
The Church's One Foundation.

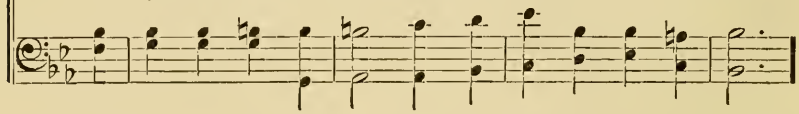
SAMUEL J. STONE — Aurelia. — S. S. WESLEY.



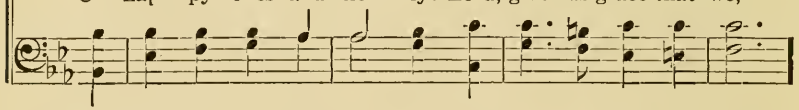
1. The Church's one Foun - da - tion, Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Though with a scorn-ful won - der Men see her sore op-pressed,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
5. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



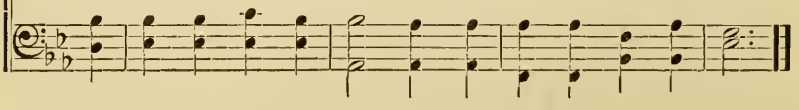
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis- tressed;
She waits the con - sum-ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride;
One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great Church vic - to - rious Shall be the Church at rest.
Like them the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee.



Let Us Crown Him.

Rev. E. Perronet. James McGranahan.

Allegro.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;
2. Let ev - ery kin-dred, ev-ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Chorus.

Let us crown Him,.... Let us crown Him,... Let us
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us

crown the great Redeemer Lord of all;.... Let us crown Him,....
Let us crown Him Lord of all.

Let us crown Him,.. Let us crown Him Lord of all
Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the great Redeemer Lord of all,

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13 The Story of Jesus Can Never Grow Old.

Major D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. They tell us the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we preach something new; They say that the Babe and the Man of the cross,
2. But what can we tell to the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal- va - tion from sin; And how can we com- fort the souls that de-part,
3. Yet the sto-ry is old as the sun-light is old, Though its new ev-ery morn all the same; As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light,
4. So with sor-row we turn from the wise of the world, To the wan- der - ers far from the fold; With hearts for the mes-sage they'll join in our song,

Chorus.

For the wise of this world will not do.
If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain.
Kindling far a - way stars by its flame.
That the sto- ry can nev - er grow old.

It can nev-er grow old, It can never grow old, Though a million times o-ver the sto-ry is told; While sin lives un- vanquished and death rules the world, The sto - ry of Je-sus can nev - er grow old.

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Holy is the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. B BRADBURY. Arr. B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Sing, O ye peo - ple,
2. Praise Him, praise Him, shout a - loud for joy, Watch-man of Zi - on,
3. King e - ter - nal, bless - ed be His name! So may His chil - dren

glad - ly a - dore Him; Let the mountains trem - ble at His word,
her - ald the sto - ry; Sin and death His king-dom shall de - stroy;
glad - ly a - dore Him; When in heav'n we join the hap - py strain,

Let the hills be joy - ful be - fore Him; Might - y in wis - dom,
All the earth shall sing of His glo - ry; Praise Him, ye an - gels,
When we cast our bright crowns be - fore Him; There in His like - ness

bound - less in mer - cy, Great is Je - ho - vah, King o - ver all.
ye who be-hold Him Robed in His splen - dor, match - less, di - vine.
joy - ful a - wak - ing, There we shall see Him, there we shall sing.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly is the Lord! Let the hills be joy-ful be - fore Him.

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I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why un - wor- thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev - ing In His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have be - liev-ed, And am per-suad-ed that He is

a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un-to Him against that day."

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He Will Hold Me Fast.

"Thy right hand shall hold me."—Psalm cxxxix, 10.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;
2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;
3. I am pre - cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;
4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

rall.

When the tempt-er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....
For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....
Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....
Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast;
hold me fast, hold me fast;

rall.

For my Sav - iour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

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17 Sweetly the Holy Hymn.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Joseph E. Sweetser.

1. Sweet - ly the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn - ing air:
2. While flowers are wet with dews, Dew of our souls, de - scend:
3. Up - on the bat - tle - field, Be - fore the fight be - gins,
4. On the lone moun-tain side, Be - fore the morn-ing's light,
5. Oh, hear us then, for we Are ver - y weak and frail,

Be-fore the world with smoke is dim We meet to of - fer prayer.
Ere yet the sun the day re - news, O Lord, Thy Spir - it send.
We seek, O Lord, Thy sheltering shield, To guard us from our sins.
The Man of sor - rows wept and cried, And rose refreshed with might.
We make the Saviour's name our plea, And sure - ly must pre - vail.

18 Softly Now the Light of Day.

George W. Doane. (Seymour.) Arr. fr. C. von Weber.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per-vad - ing eye Naught es-capes, with-out, with in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for ev - er pass a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

What Will it Be?

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. There are glo-ries un-told in that cit - y of gold, On the brink of the beau- ti - ful riv - er; Its won - der-ful light will burst on my sight, But
2. There are some who have died that His name should a-bide, There are some who have lived for His glo - ry; What bliss will it be, their fa - ces to see, But
3. When in won-der I stand with my hand in His hand, In that home with the ransomed for - ev - er, The sor - row all pass'd, triumphant at last, Oh,
4. When the love-light doth shine from His eyes into mine, While the face that was marred is up - lift - ed, With rap-ture complete, His smile I shall meet, Oh,

CHORUS.

What will it be to see Je - sus? What will it be to see Je - sus, What will it be to see Him? There are glo- ries un- told in that cit - y of gold, But what will it be to see Je - sus?

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Day is Dying In the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heaven is touching earth with rest;
2. While the deepening shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all,
3. When for ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night,

Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light
Through the glo-ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise,

REFRAIN. *pp*

Through all the sky.
Our hearts as - cend.
And shad - ows end.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

f

Lord God of hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee;

ff

Heaven and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

If Thou Shalt Confess.

JOHN R. CLEMENTE. B. D. ACKLEY,

1. O lost one in the wilds of sin, So long from God a - way;
2. So ma - ny roads a - cross the marsh, But leads to vales of night,
3. How ma - ny paths at first seem fair, That lead to loss and pain!

Be - fore thee lies an o - pen path Where thou canst walk to - day.
This one "the true and Liv-ing way," Ends in the fade-less light.
This one yields comfort all the way, The end e - ter - nal gain.

CHORUS.

For if thou shalt con - fess the Lord,.... And in thine heart be - lieve;..... His word is sure, it stands se - cure,.... "Thou shalt be saved,..... thou shalt be saved."

the Lord,
thine heart
And in thine heart believe,
rit.
se - cure, "Thou shalt be saved,"

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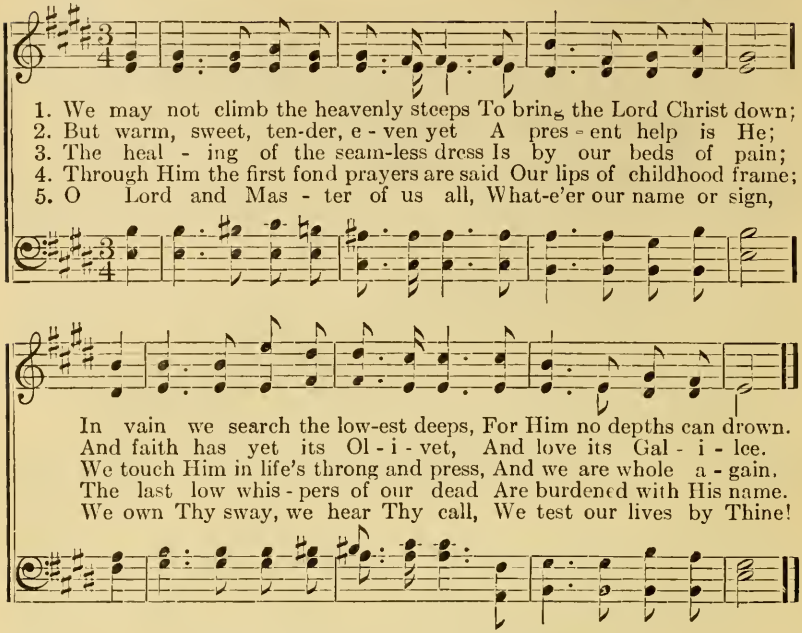
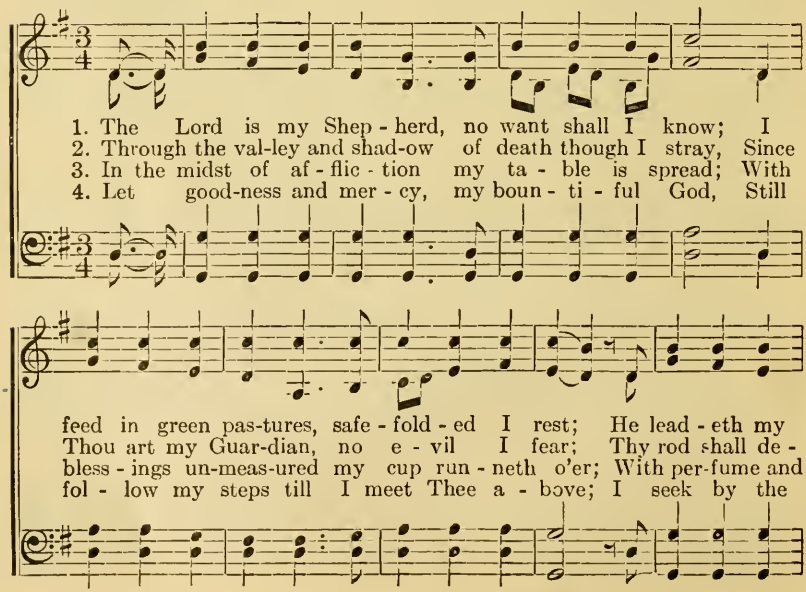
22 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

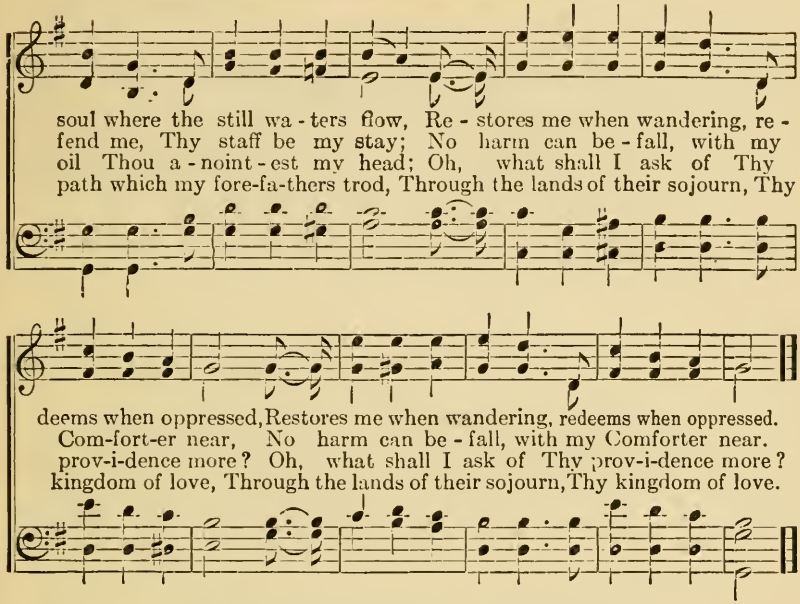
JOHN G. WHITTIER. WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



23 The Lord is My Shepherd.

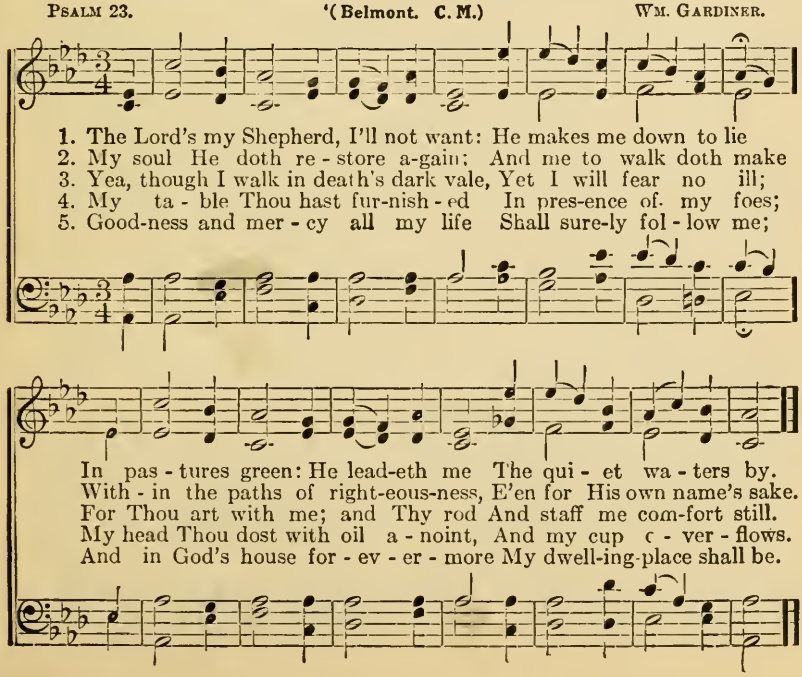
JAMES MONTGOMERY. THOMAS KOSCHAT.





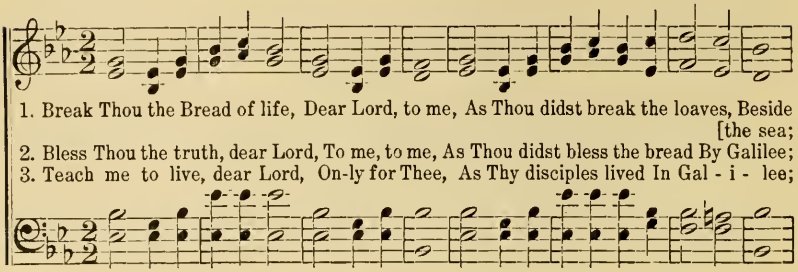
24 The Lord's My Shepherd.

PSALM 23. (Belmont. C. M.) WM. GARDINER.

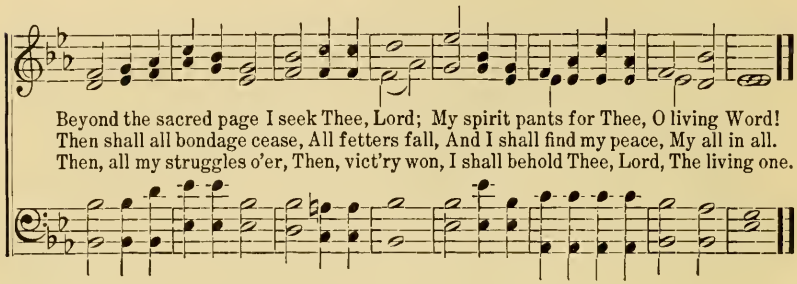


25 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY ANN LATHBURY. WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



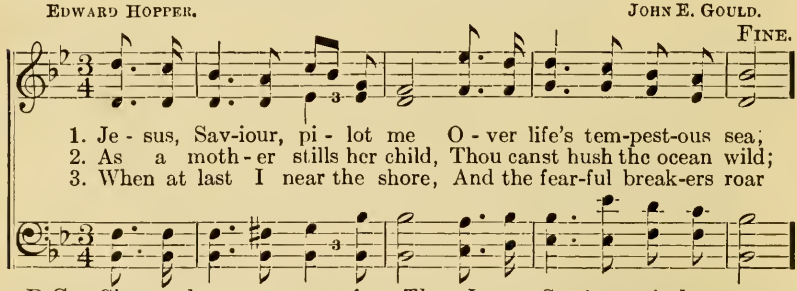
1. Break Thou the Bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves, Beside [the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy disciples lived In Gal - i - lee;



Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.

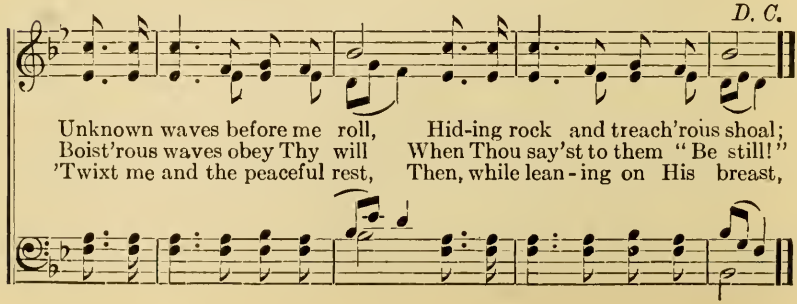
26 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. JOHN E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar

D.C.—*Chart and com-pass come from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.*
Wondrous Sov-reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on His breast,

Jesus Passed Through Jericho.

B. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je-sus pass'd thro' Jer-i-cho, as to the cross He went; To the sin-ful
2. Je-sus pass'd thro' Jer-i-cho; with joy the blind man heard; Heeding not the
3. Je-sus pass'd thro' Jer-i-cho, and still He passeth by; Would you from your

and the lost the Son of God was sent; All the suff'ring ones of earth, the
world's reproach, he begg'd a healing word; This his op-por-tun-i-ty; for
sin be free? To Him lift up your cry; Call to Him in humble faith; He

blind, the halt and lame, Called His kind com-pas-sion forth, for
him sal-va-tion's day; "Lord, I would re-ceive my sight; have
com-eth now this way! Lo, the Christ of Jer-i-cho will

Chorus.

un-to them He came.
mer-cy, now, I pray."
save your soul to-day.
Sav-iour, I be-lieve; Let me now my

sight receive; Christ of Jer-i-cho, Let me Thy sal-va-tion know.

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Lead On, O King Eternal.

(Lancashire.)

Rev. Ernest W. Shurtleff. Henry Smart.

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal: We fol - low, not with fears;

Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home:
And Hol - i - ness shall whis - per The sweet A men of peace;
For glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears,

Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums,
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light:

And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'nly kingdom comes.
The crown awaits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A - men.

Saved by Grace.

F. J. Crosby. "By grace ye are saved."—Eph. ii : 5. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Solo, or Duet.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 't will be,
3. Some day, when fades the golden sun Beneath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal-ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
My bless-ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en- ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav-iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

Chorus.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see to face,

sto - ry—Sav'd by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see

rit.

face, And tell the sto - ry— Sav'd by grace.
to face,

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30 Come Ye Yourselves Apart.

"And Jesus said unto them, Come ye yourselves into a desert place and rest awhile."—MARK 6: 31.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. JAMES LANGRAN.

1. Come ye your-selves a - part and rest a - while, Wea - ry, I know it of the press and throng, Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil, And in My qui-et strength a - gain be strong.
2. Come ye a - side from all the world holds dear, For con-verse which the world has nev - er known, A - lone with Me and with My Fa- ther here, With Me and with My Fa- ther not a - lone.
3. Come, tell Me all that ye have said and done, Your vic - tor - ies and fail-ures, hopes and fears. I know how hard - ly wooed and won: My choic- est wreaths are al- ways wet with tears.
4. Come ye and rest: the jour-ney is too great, And ye will faint be - side the way and sink: The bread of life is here for you to eat, And here for you the wine of love to drink.
5. Then fresh from con - verse with your Lord, re - turn, And work till day - light soft-ens in - to even: The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn More of your Mas- ter and His rest in heav'n.

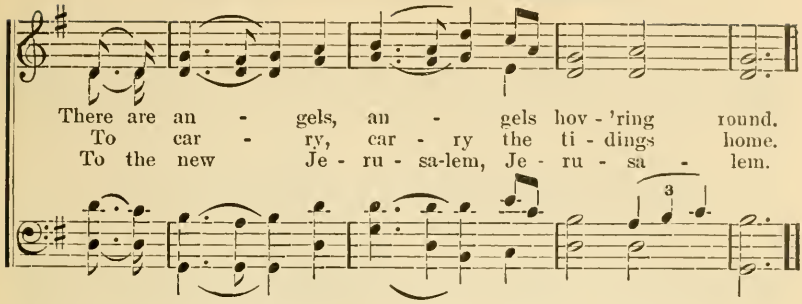
31 Angels Hovering Round.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"—HEBREWS. i: 14.

Old Melody, arr.

1. There are an - gels hov'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring round
2. To car- ry the ti-dings home, To car-ry the ti-dings home
3. To the new Je - ru - sa - lem, To the new Je - ru - sa - lem,

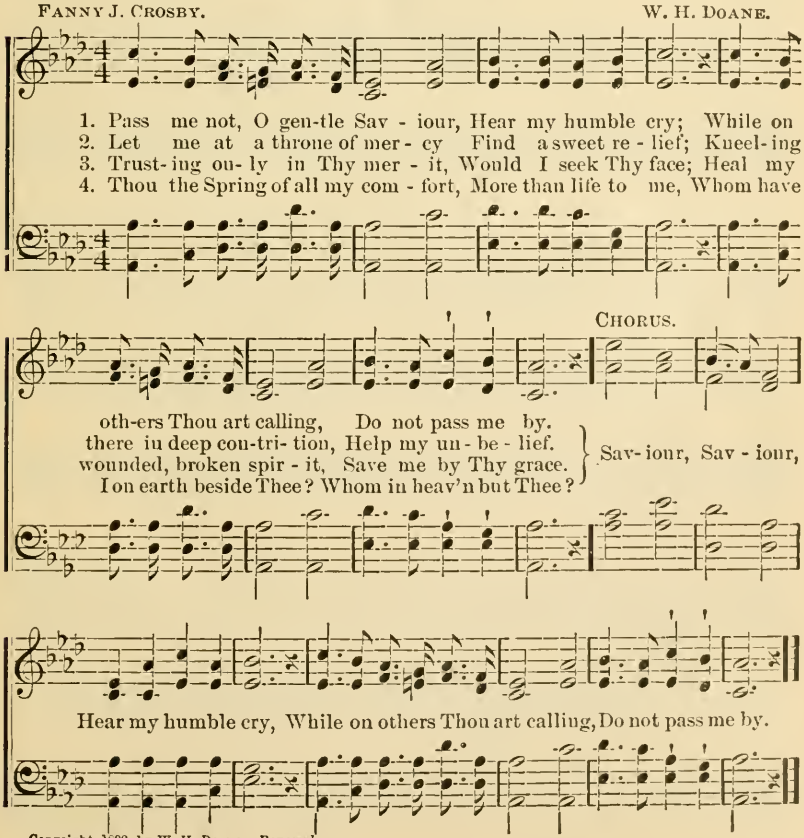
Angels Hovering Round.—Concluded.



4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 And children too may come.
7 All heaven is full of joy.
8 For Jesus loves to save.
9 Come, children, trust Him now.

32 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.



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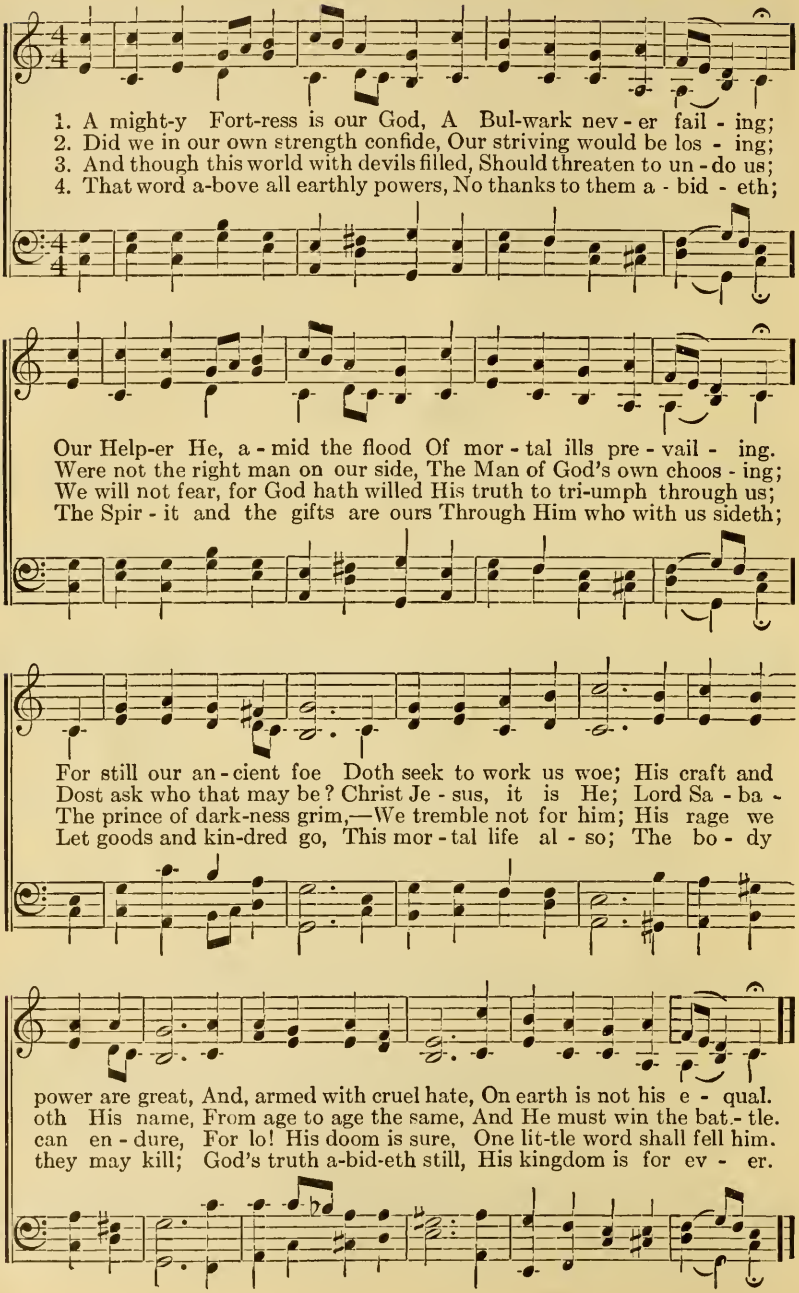
33 A Mighty Fortress is Our God.

Tr. F. H. Hedge. Martin Luther.



'For My Sake and the Gospel's, Go.'

Bishop E. H. Bickersteth. Sir Arthur Sullivan.

Stately.

1. 'For My sake and the Gos- pel's, go And tell Redemption's sto - ry:'
2. Hark, hark! the trump of Ju - bi - lee Proclaims to ev - 'ry na - tion,
3. Still on and on the anthems spread Of hal - le - lu - jah voic - es,
4. He comes, whose advent trumpet drowns The last of Time's e - van - gels,

His her- alds an- swer, "Be it so, And Thine, Lord, all the glo - ry!"
From pole to pole, by land and sea, Glad ti - dings of sal - va - tion:
In con-cert with the ho - ly dead The war- rior church re - joic - es:
Em - man-uel crowned with ma - ny crowns, The Lord of saints and an - gels:

They preach His birth, His life, His cross, The love of His a - tone- ment,
As near - er draws the day of doom, While still the bat - tle ra - ges,
Their snow-white robes are washed in blood, Their gold-en harps are ring - ing;
O Life, Light, Love, the great I AM, Tri-une, who changest nev - er,

For whom they count the world but loss, His Eas- ter, His en - throne-ment.
The heavenly Dayspring thro' the gloom Breaks on the night of a - ges.
Earth and the Par - a - dise of God One triumph-song are sing - ing.
The throne of God and of the Lamb Is Thine, and Thine for ev - er!

35 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. Hamburg. L. M. LOWELL MASON.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

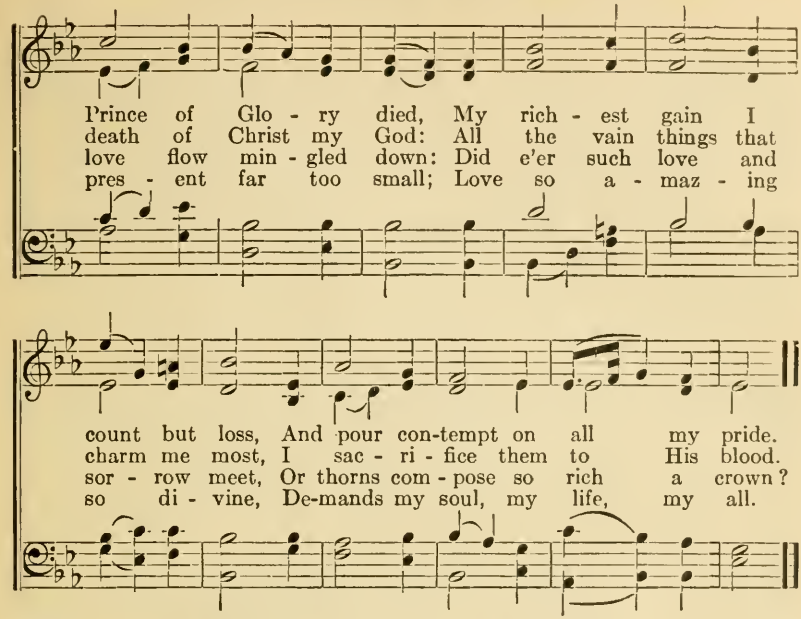
Prince of Glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
death of Christ my God: All the vain things that
love flow min - gled down: Did e'er such love and
pres - ent far too small; Love so a - maz - ing,

count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
charm me most. I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
sor - row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

36 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

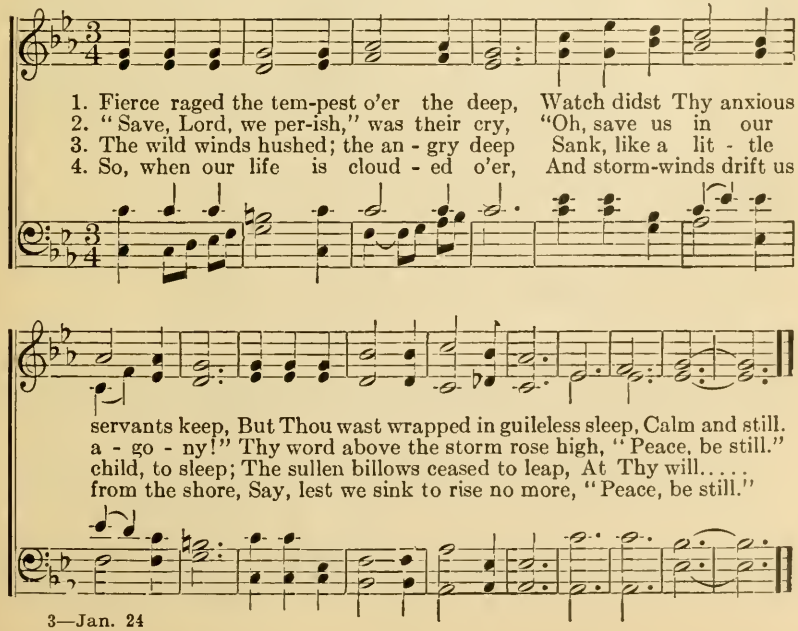
ISAAC WATTS. Rockingham. L. M. Arr. by EDWARD MILLER.

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a



37 Fierce Raged the Tempest.

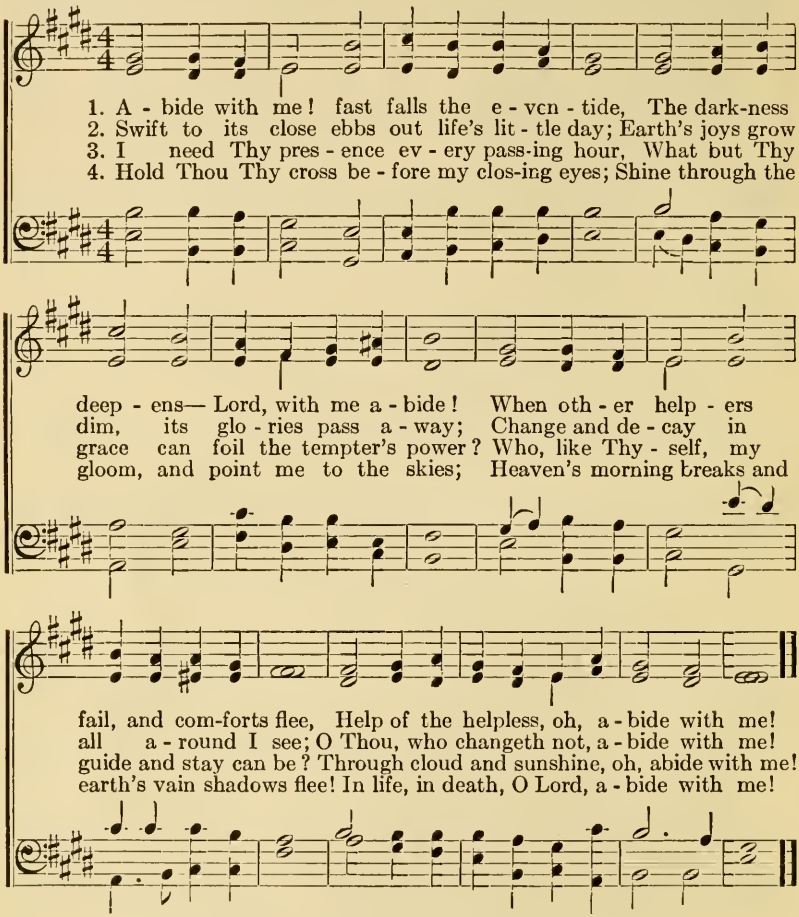
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. St. Aelred. 8, 8, 8, 3. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



38 Abide With Me.

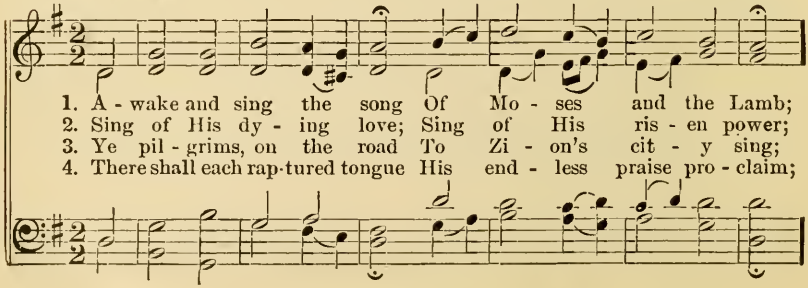
"Abide with us, for it is toward evening." LUKE 24: 29.

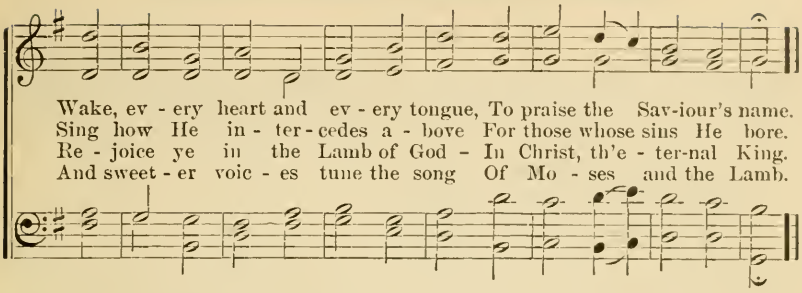
H. F. LYTE. WM. H. MONK.



39 Awake, and Sing the Song.

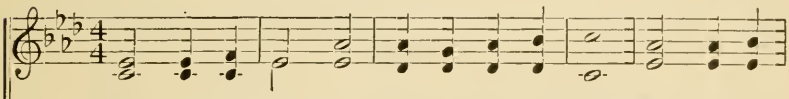
REV. WM. HAMMOND. G. F. HANDEL.



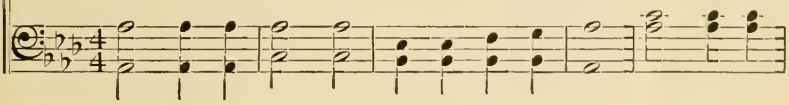


40 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

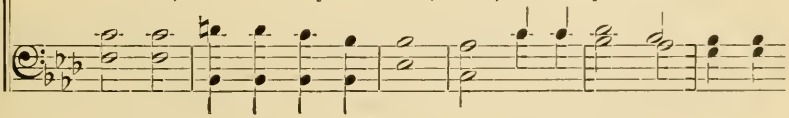
J. Ellerton. (Ellers. 10, 10, 10, 10.) Edward J. Hopkins.

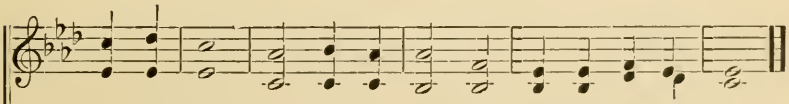


1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be -
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night: Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

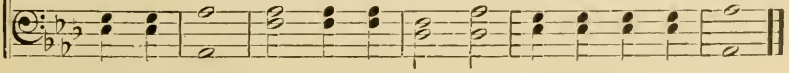


cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our
gun, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark - ness in - to light: From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
sor - row, and our stay in strife, Then, when Thy voice shall bid our





wor - ship cease; Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up-on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.



Jesus Christ is Risen To-day.

(Easter Hymn.)

C. Wesley. Lyra Davidica.

1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day,
2. Hymns of praise then let us sing
3. But the pains which He en - dured
4. Sing we to our God a - bove

Al - - le - lu - ia!

Our tri-umph-ant ho - ly day,
Un - to Christ, our heav'n-ly King,
Our sal - va - tion have pro - cured;
Praise e - ter - nal as His love;

Al - - le - lu - ia!

Who did once, up - on the cross,
Who en - dured the cross and grave,
Now a - bove the sky He's King,
Praise Him, all ye heav'n-ly host,

Al - - le - lu - ia!

Suf - fer to re - deem our loss.
Sin - ners to re - deem and save.
Where the an - gels ev - er sing.
Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost,

Al - - le - lu - ia! A-men.

42 Go to the Deeps of God's Promise.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas H. Gabriel.

1. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; Ask free - ly of
2. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; And know of His
3. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; The bless - ing is
4. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; And claim what - so -

Him, and re - ceive; All good may be had for the ask - ing,
won - der - ful might; What - ev - er would be a true bless - ing,
nev - er de - nied; He loves, and re - mem - bers His chil - dren,
ev - er ye will; The bless - ing of God will not fail thee,

Chorus.

If, seek - ing, ye tru - ly be - lieve.
For Je - sus' sake, comes as thy right.
And ev - ery good thing is sup - plied.
His word He will sure - ly ful - fill.

Go to the deeps of God's

prom - ise; There's wideness of mean - ing un - told In the prom - is - es

giv - en His peo - ple, And the treasures they ev - er un - fold.

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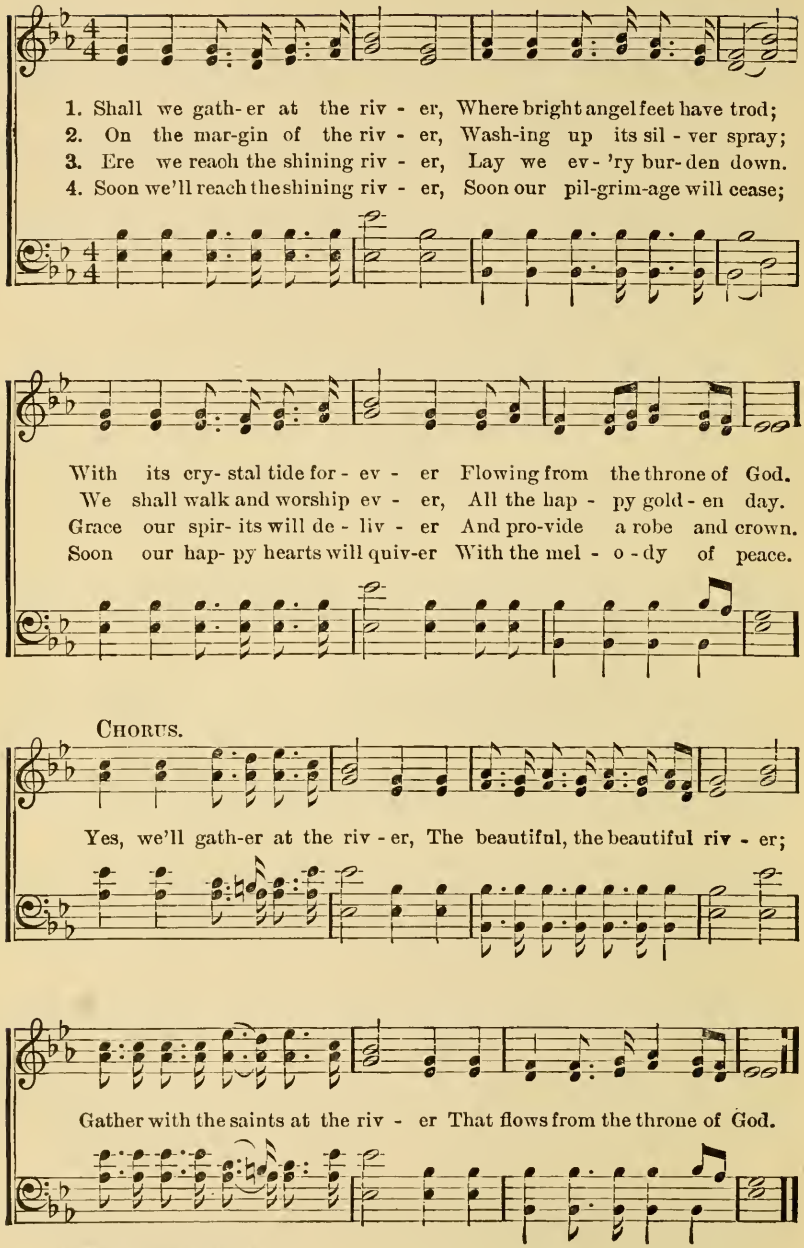
43 Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.



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Christ Arose!

"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv, 6.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Low in the grave He lay—Je- sus, my Sav-iour! Wait-ing the coming day—
2. Vainly they watch His bed—Je- sus, my Sav-iour! Vainly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Je- sus, my Sav-iour! He tore the bars a-way—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord!
Je - sus, my Lord!
Je - sus, my Lord!
} Up from the grave He a - rose, With a might-y triumph o'er His foes; He a-rose a Vic - tor from the dark do-main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign: He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!

He a-rose, He a-rose! He a - rose! He a - rose!

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'Tis Jesus!

Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D. Robert Harkness.

Duet.

1. I know of a world That is sunk in shame, Where hearts oft faint and tire; But I know of a Name, A prec-ious Name, That can set that world on fire: Its sound is sweet, Its let - ters flame.
2. I know of a Book, A mar-vel-ous Book, With a message for all who hear; And the same dear Name, His wonderful Name, Il - lum-ines its pa - ges clear: The Book is His Word, Its mes-sage I've heard.
3. I know of a Home In Im-man - u-el's land, Where hearts ne'er faint nor tire; And His mar-vel-ous Name, His own dear Name, In - spires the heaven-ly choir: Hear the mel-o - dy ring-ing, My own heart sing-ing.
4. I know of a Day, A glo - ri-ous Day, When He will come a - gain; Then crown Him King, His prais - es sing When He be- gins His reign. 'Tis the Day of the Lord, fore - told in His Word;

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REFRAIN.

I know of a name, a pre-cious name, 'Tis Je - - sus.
'Tis Je - sus.

46 I Have a Saviour.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He died for me In cru-el an-guish
2. I have a Keep-er He now pre-vails, I fear no e-vil
3. I have a Mas-ter He bids me go Res-cue lost sin-ners

On Calvary's tree. I do not mer-it Such love di-vine,
Whate'er as-sails. His arms en-fold me Safe and se-cure,
From sin and woe. I love to serve Him, This Mas-ter true,

CHORUS.

On-ly God's mer-cy Makes Je-sus mine.
In His blest keep-ing Vic-tory is sure.
Now I am will-ing His will to do.
} Je-sus, my Sav-iour,

I come to Thee In full sur-ren-der Thine own to be.

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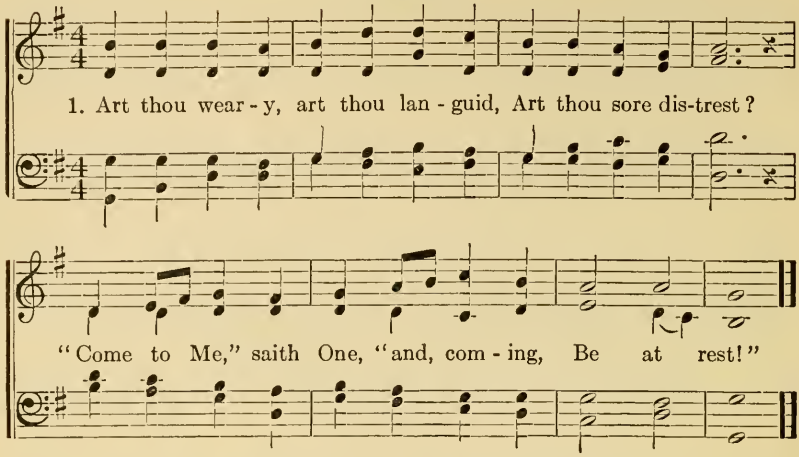
47 Art Thou Weary?

J. M. Neale. (Stephanos.) H. W. Baker.



2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His feet and hands are wound-
And His side." [prints,

3 Is there diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

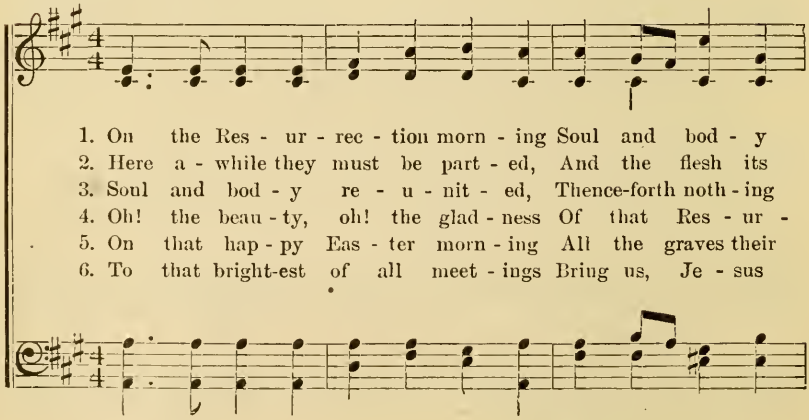
5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

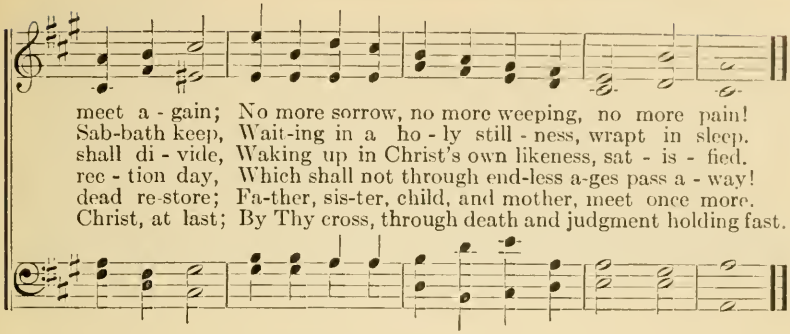
6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-
Is He sure to bless? [gling,
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, 'Yes.'"

48 On the Resurrection Morning.

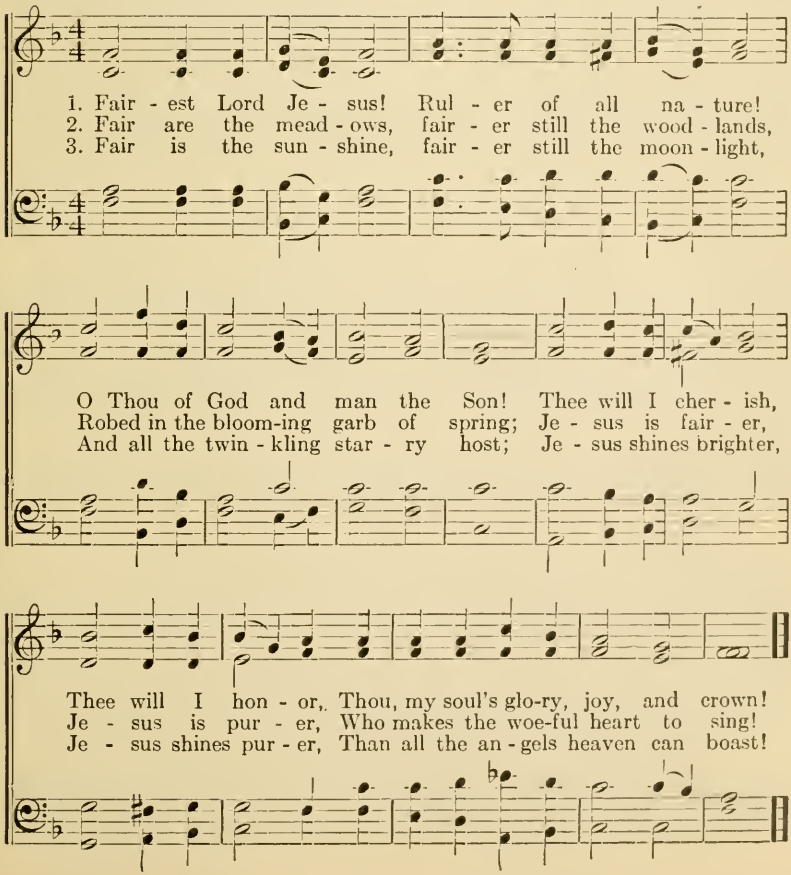
S. Baring-Gould.





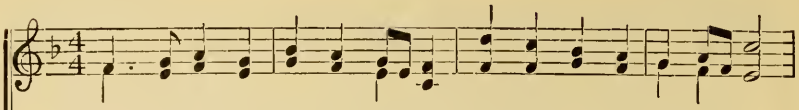
49 Fairest Lord Jesus.

Crusaders' Hymn. Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS.

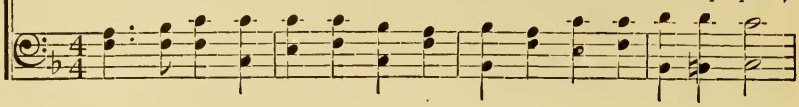


50 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken.

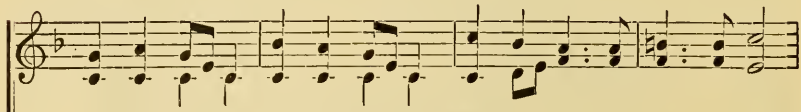
JOHN NEWTON. F. J. HAYDN.



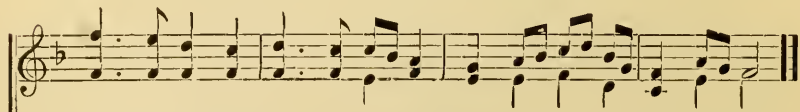
1. Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv-ing wa-ters, Springing from e-ter-nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta-tion hovering, See the cloud and fire ap - pear,



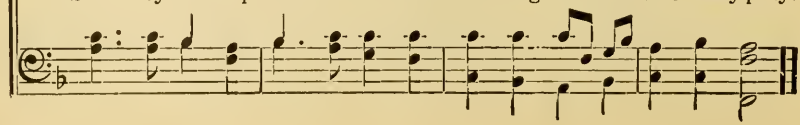
He whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a-bode;
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a covering, Show-ing that the Lord is near:



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev-er flows their thirst to assuage?
Thus de-riv-ing from their ban-ner Light by night, and shade by day,



With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver, Nev - er fails from age to age.
Safe they feed up - on the man-na Which He gives them when they pray.



He Thought of You.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

Andante.

1. When Je - sus hung on Cal - va - ry He thought of you, and me.
2. He wore a crown on Cal - va - ry: He thought of you, and me.
3. On that dread cross of Cal - va - ry He thought of you, and me.
4. At last He cried on Cal - va - ry: He thought of you, and me.

'Twas love that held Him there to be A sac - ri-fice for you, for me.
He knew His thorn-y crown would be A di - a-dem for you, for me.
He thought not of His ag - o - ny: His heart went out to you, to me.
"'Tis fin-ished for e - ter - ni- ty" O bless - ed cry for you, for me.

CHORUS. *In Unison.*

He thought of you, He thought of me While hanging there in a - go- ny:

rall.

O won- der-love to you and me: It broke His heart on Cal - va - ry.

Harmony unaccompanied.

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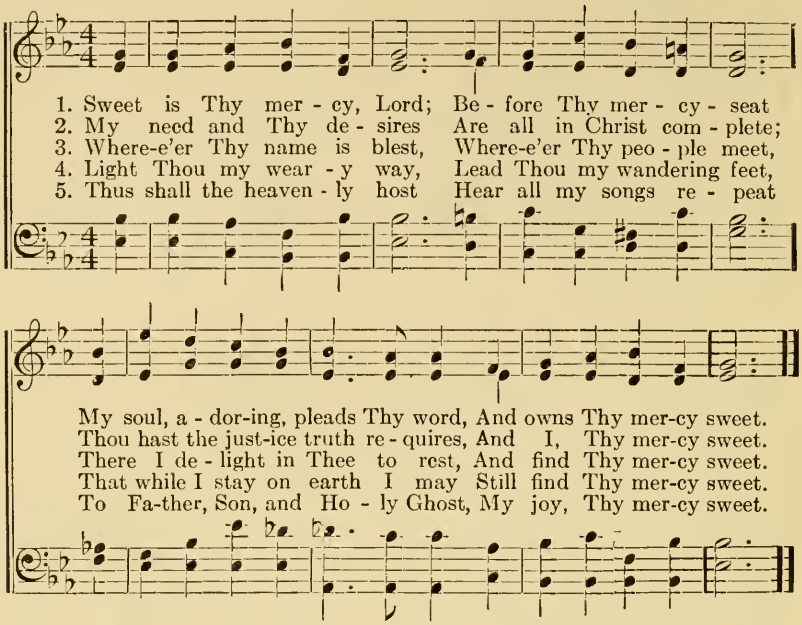
52 Sweet is Thy Mercy, Lord.

J. S. B. Monsell. (St. Andrew. S. M.) Joseph Barnby.



53 Tomorrow, Lord, is Thine.

(St. Andrew. S. M.)

1 Tomorrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand,
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away:
O make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live today!

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by Thine Almighty power
The aged and the young!

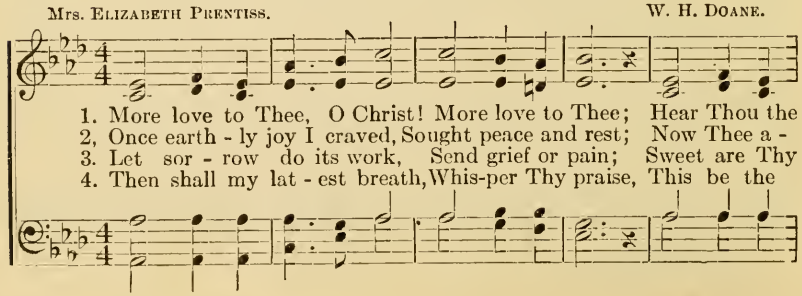
4 One thing demands our care,
O! be it still pursued!
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed!

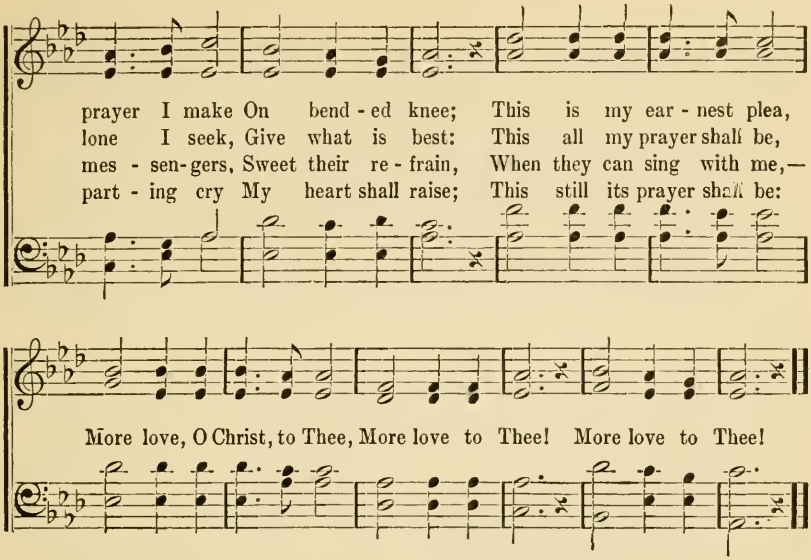
5 To Jesus may we fly
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden endless night.

Philip Doddridge.

54 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

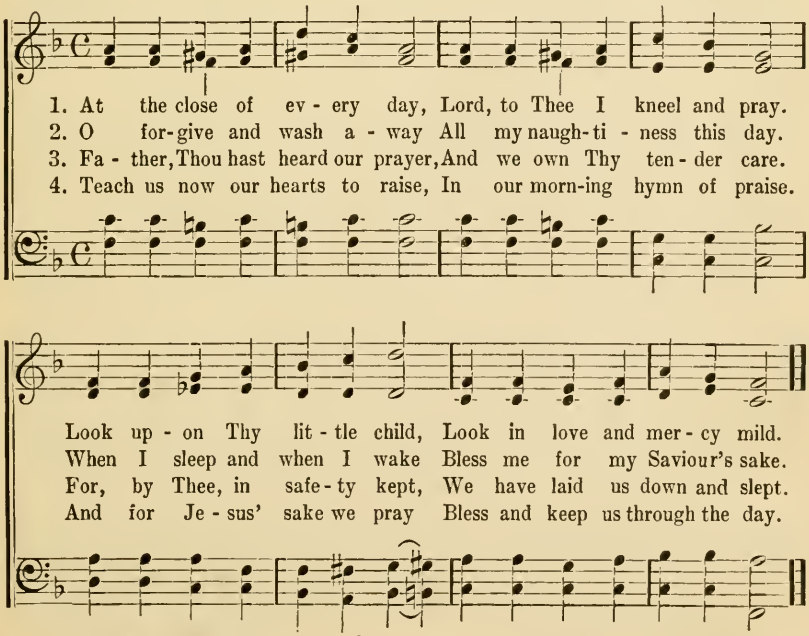
Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss. W. H. Doane.





55 At the Close of Every Day.

Anon. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



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56 O God of Bethel!

P. Doddridge. Haydn.

1. O God of Beth - el! by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our prayers we now pre - sent Be - fore Thy throne of grace;
3. Thro' each per - plex - ing path of life Our wand'ring foot-steps guide;
4. O spread Thy cov-'ring wings a-round, Till all our wand'rings cease,
5. Such bless- ings from Thy gra- cious hand Our hum- ble pray'rs im - plore;

Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led:
God of our fa - thers! be the God Of their suc - ceed - ing race.
Give us each day our dai - ly bread, And rai - ment fit pro- vide.
And at our Fa- ther's loved a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace,
Aud Thou shalt be our chos - en God And por - tion ev - er - more.

57 I Will Arise and Go To Jesus.

Rev. J. Hart. Arr. Robert Harkness.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
2. Now ye need- y, come and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy,
3. Let not conscience make you lin- ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream,
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav-y la- den, Bruised and man- gled by the fall,

Cho.—I will a- rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;

D. C. for Chorus.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y love and power.
True be - lief, and true re - pentance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev- er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav-iour, Oh, there are ten thous-and charms.

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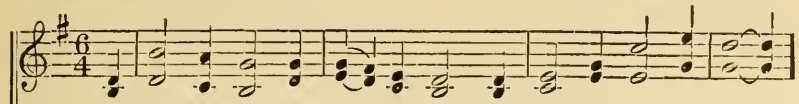
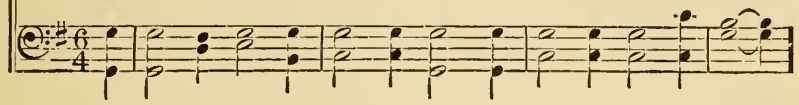
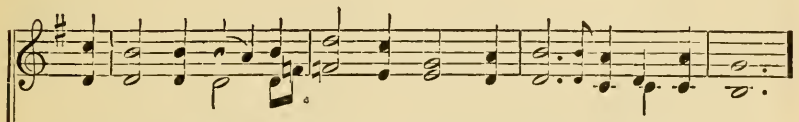
Christ Liveth In Me.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

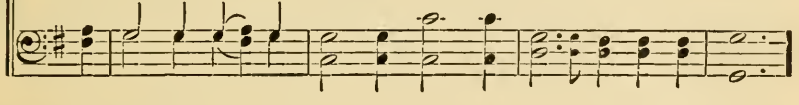


1. Once far from God and dead in sin, No light my heart could see;
2. As rays of light from yon-der sun, The flowers of earth set free,
3. As lives the flower with-in the seed, As in the cone the tree,
4. With long-ing all my heart is filled, That like Him I may be,



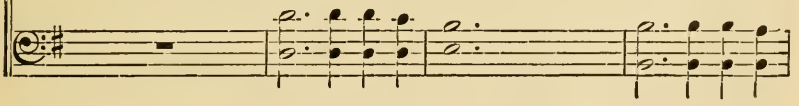


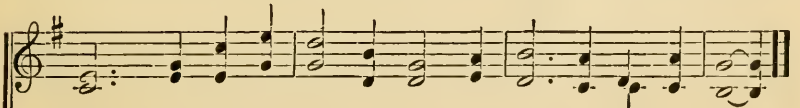
But in God's Word the light I found, Now Christ liv-eth in me.
So life and light and love came forth From Christ liv-ing in me.
So, praise the God of truth and grace, His Spir-it dwelleth in me.
As on the wondrous thought I dwell That Christ liv-eth in me.



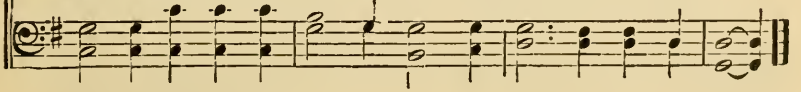
CHORUS.

Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in me,
Christ liv-eth in me, Christ liv-eth in





Oh! what a sal-va-tion this, That Christ liv-eth in me.
me, Oh!



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59 Children of the Heavenly King.

JOHN CENNICK. Arr. fr. IGNACE PLEYEL.

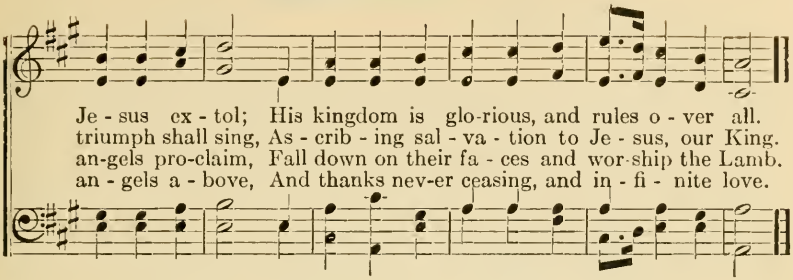
1. Chil - dren of the heaven-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet ly sing:
2. We are travelling home to God In the way the fa-thers trod;
3. Shout, ye lit - tle flock and blest; You on Je - sus' throne shall rest;
4. Lift your eyes, ye sons of light, Zi - on's cit - y is in sight;
5. Fear not, breth-ren; joy - ful stand On the bor - ders of your land;
6. Lord, o - be - dient - ly we go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;

Sing your Sav-iour's worth-y praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
There your seat is now pre-pared, There's your kingdom and re - ward.
There our end - less home shall be, There our Lord we soon shall see.
Je - sus Christ, your Fa-ther's son, Bids you un-dis - mayed go on.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee.

60 Ye Servants of God.

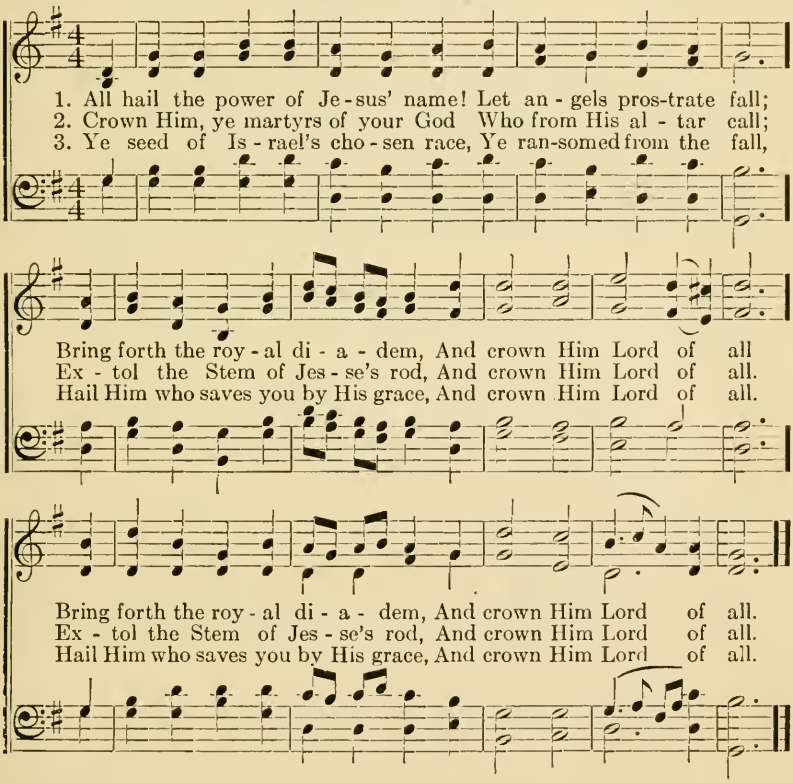
CHARLES WESLEY. Lyons. 10, 10, 11, 11. Arr. fr. MICHAEL HAYDN.

1. Ye serv-ants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub - lish a - broad His won - der - ful name; The name all vic - to - rious, of
2. God rul - eth on high, al - might - y to save; And still He is nigh— His pres - ence we have. The great con - gre - ga - tion His
3 Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne! Let all cry a - loud, and hon - or the Son. The prais - es of Je - sus the
4. Then let us a - dore, and give Him His right, All glo - ry and power, and wis - dom and might, All hon - or and bless - ing, with



61 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET. **(Coronation. C. M.)** C. HOLDEN.



4 Hail Him the Heir of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Safe In the Fold.

GERTRUDE BENEDICT CURTIS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

SOLO.

1. There is ma-ny a wea - ry foot-sore lamb; That no tender arms en - fold:
2. There is ma-ny a lamb that has gone astray, There are wanderers young and old.
3. O hearts that are mourn-ing a wee one gone, Who long its face to be - hold;

But for aye at rest on the Shepherd's breast, Are our wee white lambs in the Fold.
But how pure and sweet at the Shepherd's feet, Lie our wee white lambs in the Fold.
Thank God for the care that protects them There, The wee white lambs in the Fold.

REFRAIN.

There are storms for those on the mountain side, There is snow and bitter cold;

Faster.

pp

But safe and warm and sheltered from harm, Are our wee white lambs in the Fold.

rit. *p* *pp*

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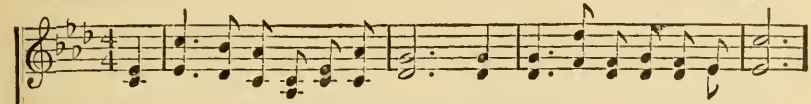
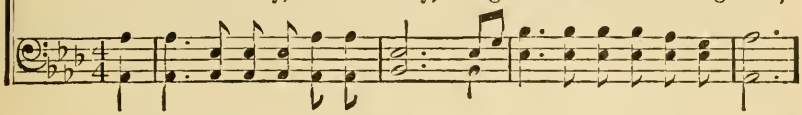
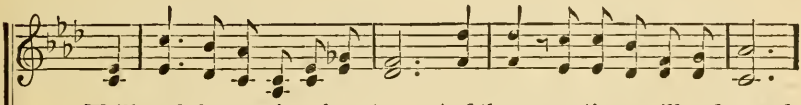
Some Time We'll Understand.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

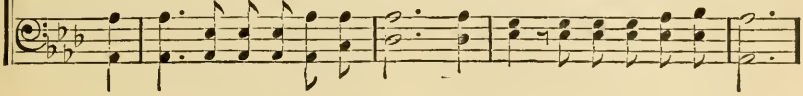


1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken thread a-gain, And fin - ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o - ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E - ludes so oft our eag- er hand;
5. Gods knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;

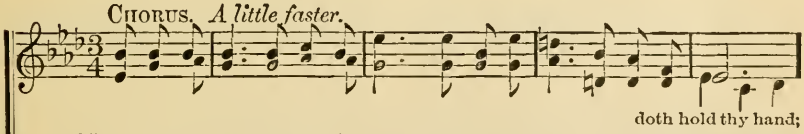




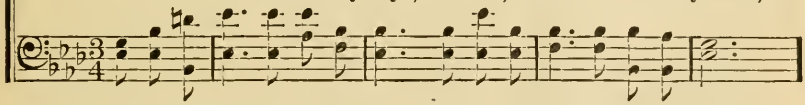
We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
Heav'n will the mysteries ex - plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.



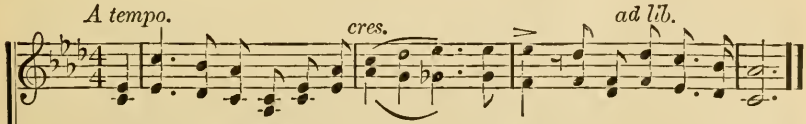
CHORUS. *A little faster.*



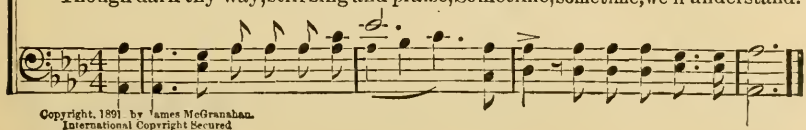
doth hold thy hand;
Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;



A tempo. *cres.* *ad lib.*



Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.



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Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

CHARLES WESLEY. (Mendelssohn. 7s, 4 l, D.) F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2, Christ, by high - est heaven a-dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord!
3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec-on-ciled!"
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off-spring of the Vir-gin's womb:
Light and life to all He brings, Risen with healing in His wings.

Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' In-car-nate De - i - ty,
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,

With th' an-gel-ic host pro-claim, "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!"
Pleased as man with men to dwell, Je - sus our Im - man - u - el,
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King."

Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth in ev-ery mine
2. The glo-rious sun, the sil - ver moon, And all the stars that shine,
3. He dai - ly spreads a bounteous feast, And at His ta - ble dine,
4. And when He comes in bright ar - ray, And leads the conquering line,

Be-longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.
Are His a - lone, yes, ev - 'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.
The whole cre - a - tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.
It will be glo - ry then to say, That He's a Friend of mine.

Chorus.

Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;

Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine, Why should I have a

care? For Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

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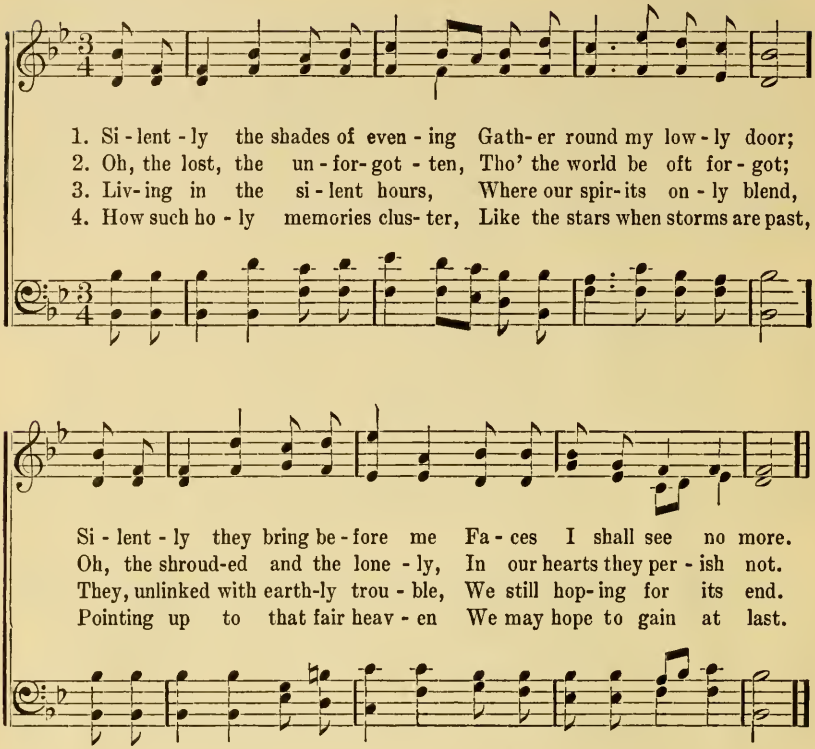
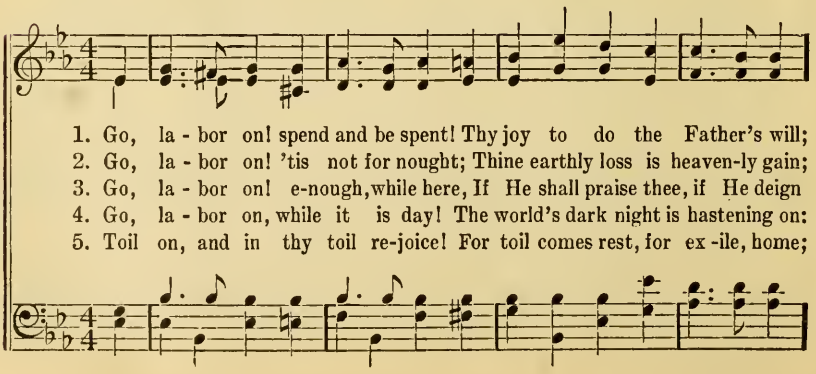
66 Silently the Shades of Evening.

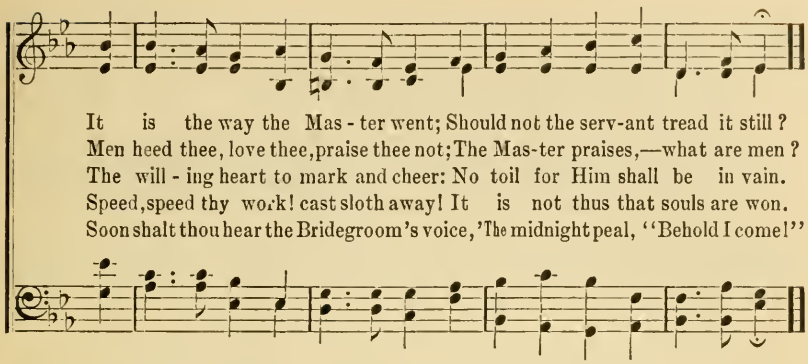
CHRISTOPHER C. COX. DARIUS E. JONES.



67 Go, Labor On! Spend and Be Spent!

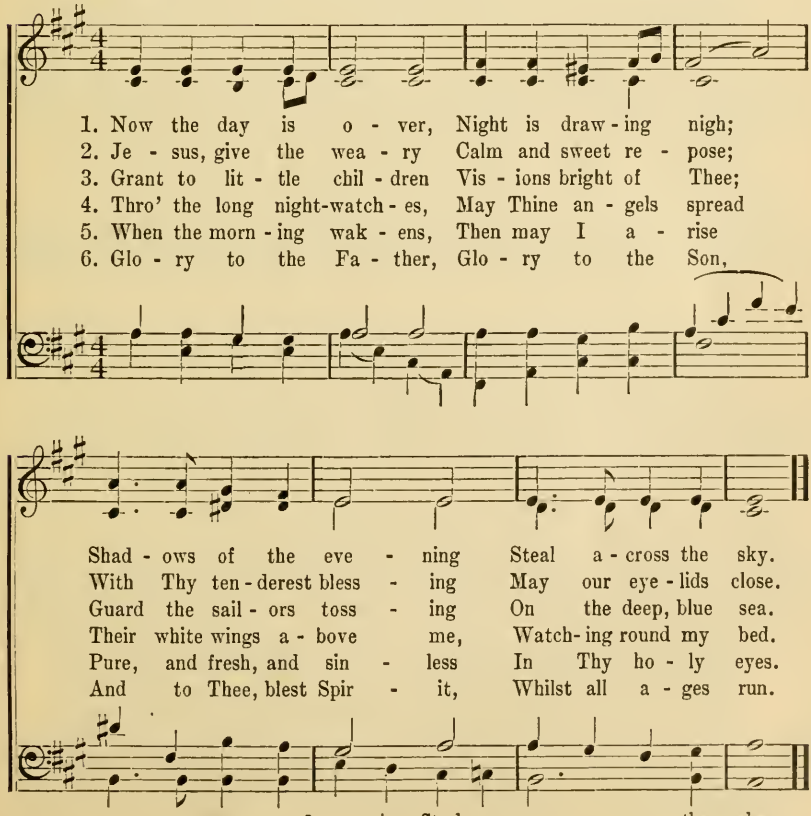
H. BONAR. J. B. CALKIN.





68 Now the Day is Over.

S. Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.



The Prodigal Son.

T. O. Chisholm. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out in the wilderness wild and drear, Sadly I've wandered for many a year,
2. Why should I perish in dark despair, Here where there's no one to help or care,
3. Sweet are the mem'ries that come to me, Faces of loved ones again I see,
4. O that I nev - er had gone a-stray! Life was all radiant with hope one day,

Driv-en by hun-ger and filled with fear, I will a - rise and go;
When there is shelter and food to spare? I will a - rise and go;
Vis- ions of home where I used to be,— I will a - rise and go;
Now all its treasures I've thrown a-way, Yet I'll a - rise and go.

Backward with sorrow my steps to trace, Seeking my heavenly Father's face,
Deeply repenting the wrong I've done, Worthy no more to be called a son,
Others have gone who had wandered, too, They were forgiven, were clothed anew,
Something is saying "God loves you still, Tho' you have treated His love so ill,"

Will-ing to take but a servant's place,—I will a - rise and go,—
Hop-ing my Fa-ther His child may own, I will a - rise and go,—
Why should I linger, with home in view? I will a - rise and go,—
I must not wait for the night grows chill, I will a - rise and go,—

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The Prodigal Son.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Back to my Fa-ther and home, Back to my Fa-ther and home,
and home,

I will a-rise and go Back to my Fa-ther and home.
and go

70 Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

A. A. P. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter, I am the clay. Mould me and make me
try me Mas - ter, to day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
wea - ry, Help me I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.
Wash me just now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum-bly I bow.
Sure-ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

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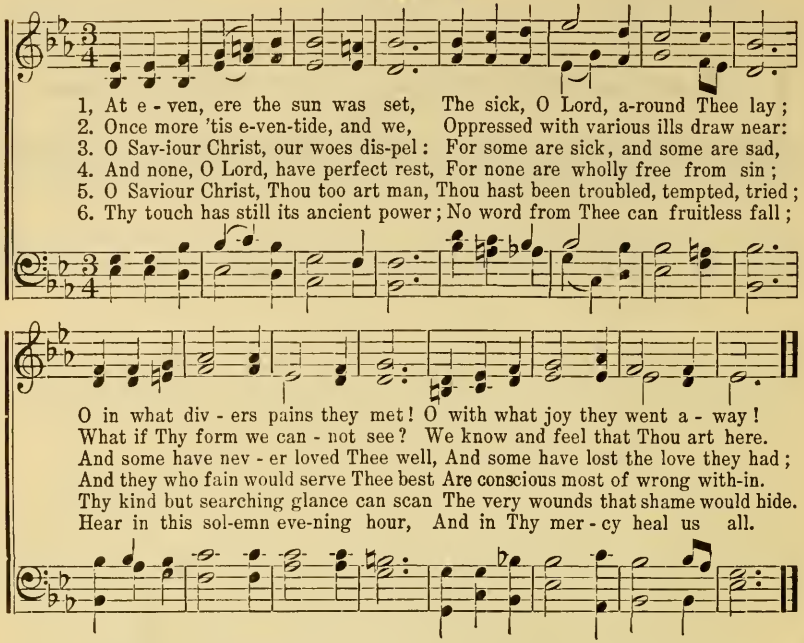
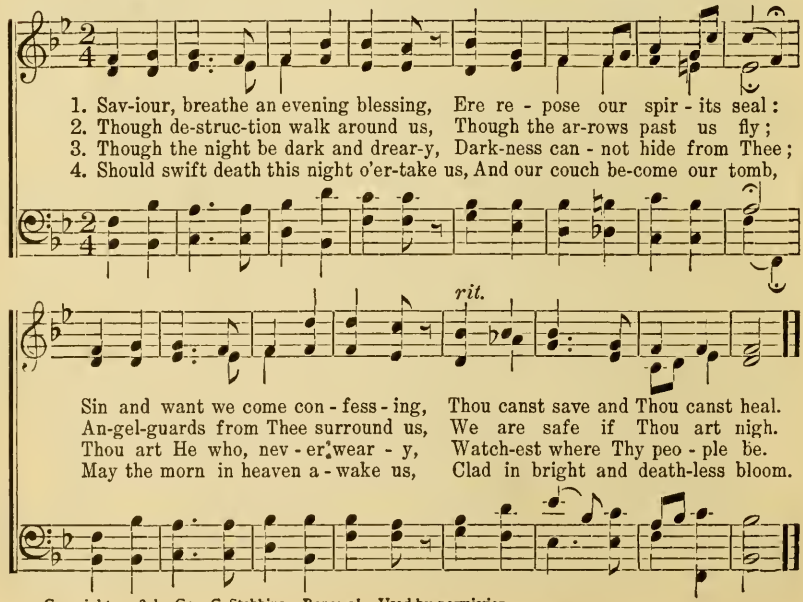
71 At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set.

HENRY TWELLS. (Angelus. L. M.) Alt. from GEORGE JOSEPHI.



72 Saviour, Breathe An Evening Blessing.

JAMES EDMESTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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A Homeless Stranger.

A. N. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. A home - less Stran-ger a - mongst us came, To this land of sin and mourn-ing; He walked in a path of sor-row and shame, Through in-sult, and hate, and scorn-ing: A Man of sor - rows, of toils, of tears, An out - cast man, and lone-ly, But He looked on me, and through end-less years, Him must I serve, Him on - ly.
2. And then from this sad and sor - row-ful land, This land of tears He de-part-ed; But the light of His eyes and the touch of His hand, Had left me bro - ken-heart-ed: And I clave to Him, as He turned His face From the land that was mine no lon-ger, The land I'd loved in the old - en days, Ere I knew the love that was stron ger.
3. And I must a - bide where He a - bode, And fol - low His steps for - ev - er; His peo-ple, my peo-ple; His God, my God, In the land be-yond the riv - er: And where He died would I al - so die; Far dear - er a grave be - side Him, Than a king - ly crown a-mong liv - ing men, The place that they de - nied Him.

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74 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per- suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per- suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per- suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per- suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per- suad - ed," har- vest is past! "Al - most per- suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can-not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con- ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear. O wan-derer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

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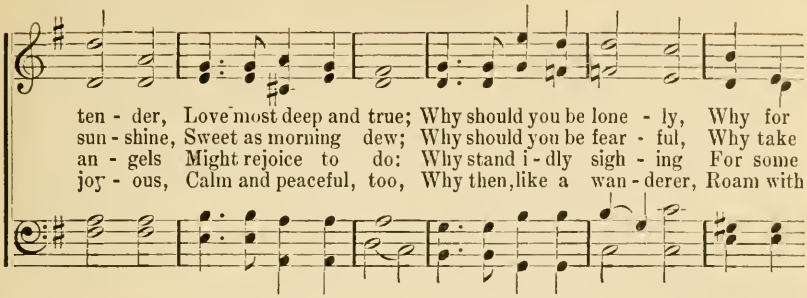
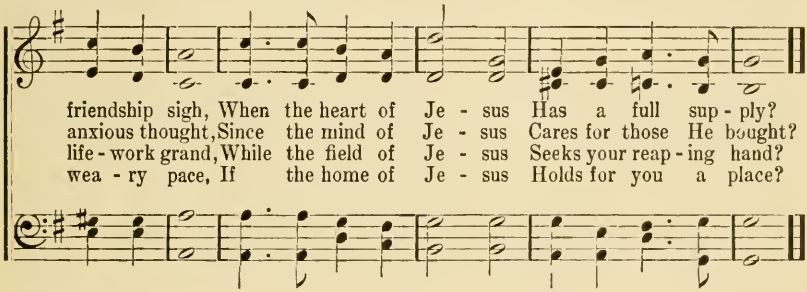
75 In the Heart of Jesus.

C. H. Forrest.

1. In the heart of Je - sus There is love for you, Love most pure and
2. In the mind of Je - sus There is thought for you. Warm as sum-mer
3. In the field of Je - sus There is work for you; Such as e - ven
4. In the home of Je - sus There's a place for you; Glo-rious, bright and



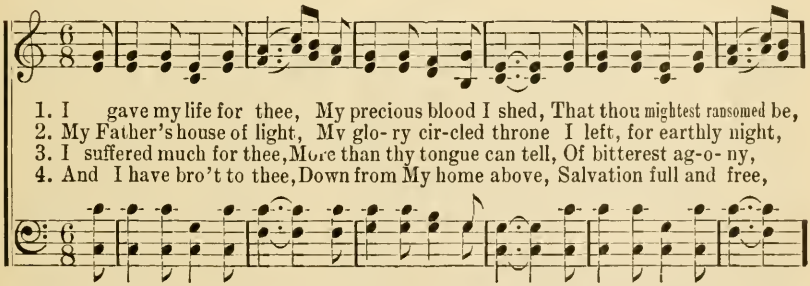
ten - der, Love most deep and true; Why should you be lone - ly, Why for
sun - shine, Sweet as morning dew; Why should you be fear - ful, Why take
an - gels Might rejoice to do: Why stand i - dly sigh - ing For some
joy - ous, Calm and peaceful, too, Why then, like a wan - derer, Roam with



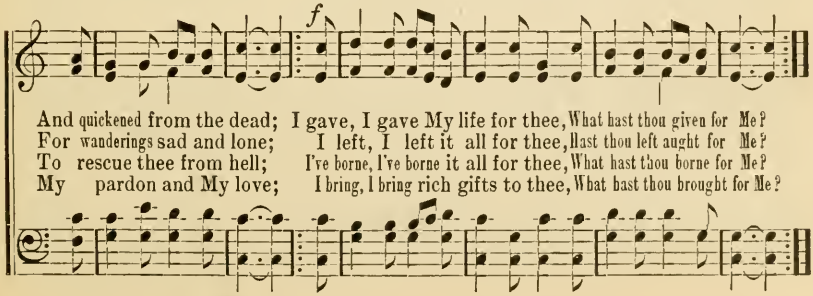
friendship sigh, When the heart of Je - sus Has a full sup - ply?
anxious thought, Since the mind of Je - sus Cares for those He bought?
life - work grand, While the field of Je - sus Seeks your reap - ing hand?
wea - ry pace, If the home of Je - sus Holds for you a place?

76 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.



1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou mightest ransomed be,
2. My Father's house of light, My glo- ry cir-cled throne I left, for earthly night,
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest ag-o- ny,
4. And I have bro't to thee, Down from My home above, Salvation full and free,



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And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
For wanderings sad and lone; I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
To rescue thee from hell; I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
My pardon and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought for Me?

O Come, O Come, Emmanuel.

Tr. J. M. Neale. (Veni Emmanuel. 8s, 6l.) Ancient Plain Song Melody.

Voices in Unison.

1. O come, O come, Em - man - u - el, And ran - som cap - tive
2. O come, Thou Rod - of - Jes - se, free Thine own from Sa - tan's
3. O come, Thou Day - spring, come and cheer Our spir its by Thine
4. O come, Thou Key - of - Da - vid, come, And o - pen wide our
5. O come, O come, Thou Lord of Might! Who to Thy tribes on

Is - ra - el; That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile
tyr - an - ny; From depths of hell Thy peo - ple
ad - vent here; Dis - perse the gloom - y clouds of
heav'n - ly home; Make safe the way that leads on
Si - nai's height, In an - cient times didst give the

here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear. Re - joice! Re -
save, And give them vic - tory o'er the grave. Re - joice! Re -
night, And death's dark shadows put to flight. Re - joice! Re -
high, And close the path to mis - er - y. Re - joice! Re -
law, In cloud, and maj - es - ty and awe. Re - joice! Re -

joice! Em - man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!

Is He Yours?

(The Pilot Song.)

ADA R. HABERSHON. SOLO, or Unison. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. A Sav-iour who died our sal - va- tion to win, A Sav-iour who knows how to save us from sin,— Yes, He is the Sav-iour, the
2. A Shepherd who giv - eth His life for the sheep, A Shepherd both might - y to save and to keep,—Yes, this is the Shepherd, the
3. A Pi - lot who knoweth the dangers at hand, A Pi - lot who bring - eth all ves - sels to land,— Yes, this is the Pi - lot, the
4. A Shel-ter from tem-pest, from wind and from storm, A Shel- ter from judg- ment, a Shel - ter from harm,—Yes, this is the Shel-ter, the

rall. *a tempo.*

Sav - iour we need, And He is a Sav- iour in - deed! . .
Shepherd we need, And He is a Shep-herd in - deed! . .
Pi - lot we need, And He is a Pi - lot in - deed! . .
Shel - ter we need, And He is a Shel-ter in - deed! . .

CHORUS.

Is He yours? Is He yours? Is this Saviour, who loves you, yours?
Is He yours? Is He yours?

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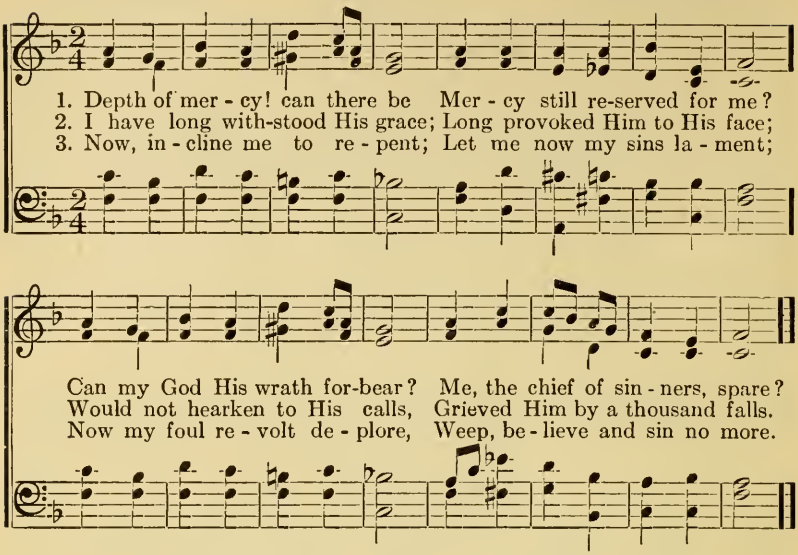
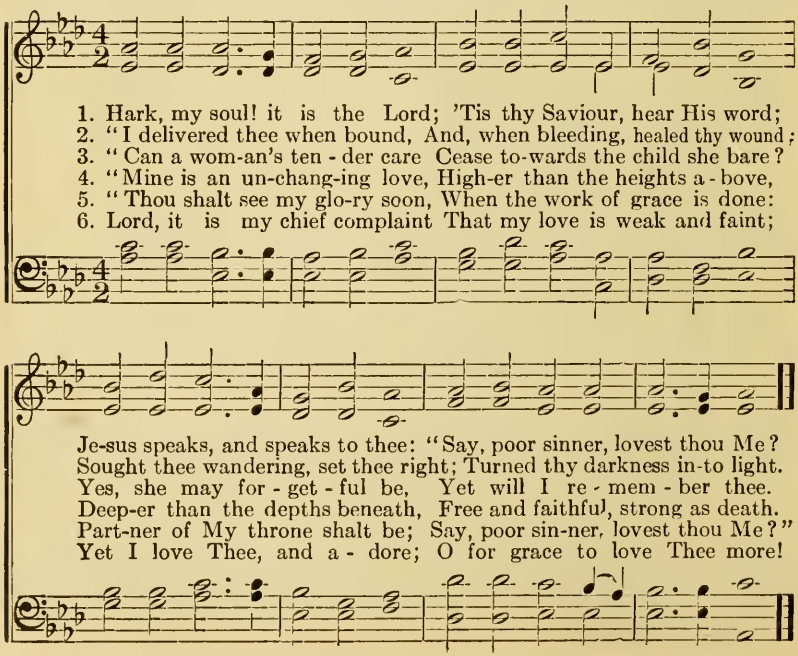
79 Depth of Mercy!

Rev. Chas. Wesley. Seymour. 7s. C. M. von Weber.



80 Hark, My Soul! It is the Lord.

William Cowper. St. Bees. J. B. Dykes.

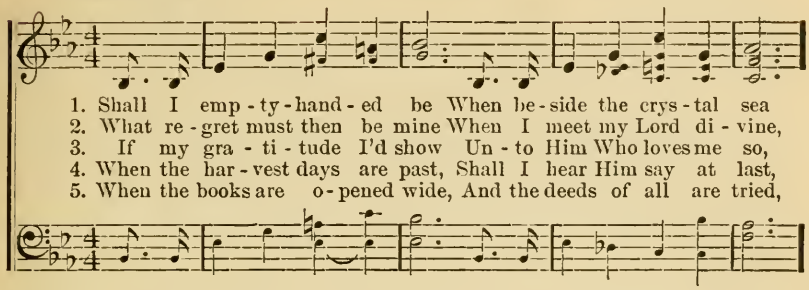


81 Shall I Empty-Handed Be?

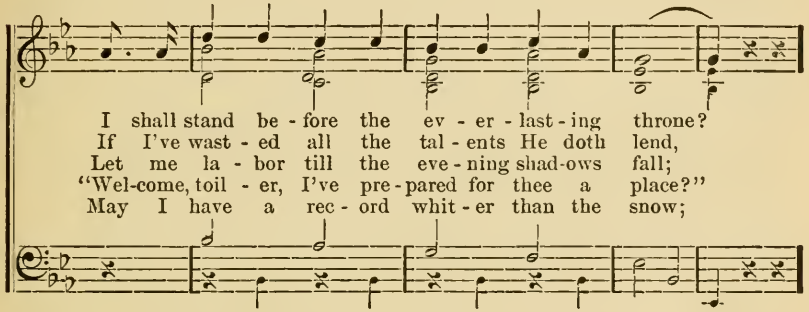
Rev. Neal A. McAulay.
Maud Frazer.

A Hymn for Workers.

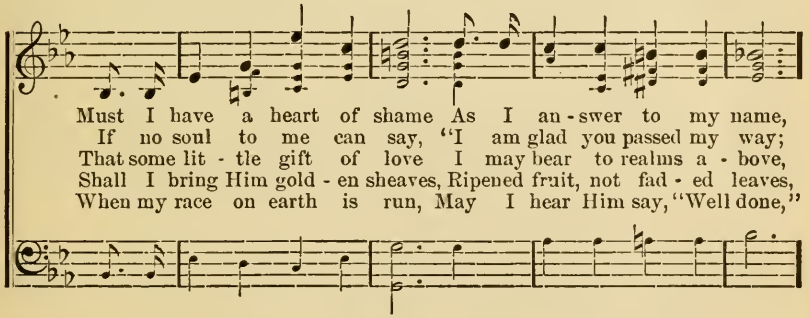
John P. Hillis.



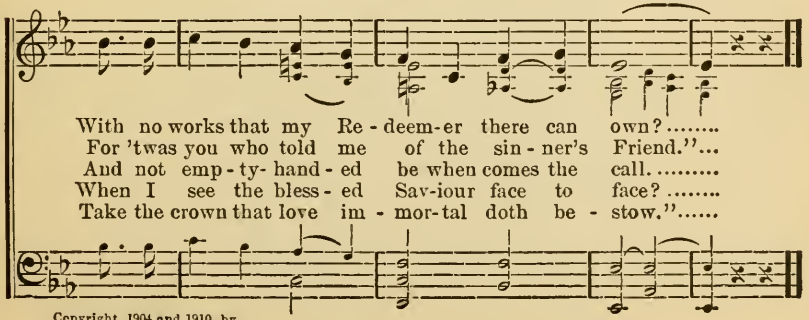
1. Shall I emp - ty - hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
2. What re - gret must then be mine When I meet my Lord di - vine,
3. If my gra - ti - tude I'd show Un - to Him Who loves me so,
4. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear Him say at last,
5. When the books are o - pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,



I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?
If I've wast - ed all the tal - ents He doth lend,
Let me la - bor till the eve - ning shad-ows fall;
"Wel-come, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"
May I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow;



Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,
If no soul to me can say, "I am glad you passed my way;
That some lit - tle gift of love I may bear to realms a - bove,
Shall I bring Him gold - en sheaves, Ripened fruit, not fad - ed leaves,
When my race on earth is run, May I hear Him say, "Well done,"



With no works that my Re - deem-er there can own? .....
For 'twas you who told me of the sin - ner's Friend."...
And not emp - ty- hand - ed be when comes the call. .....
When I see the bless - ed Sav-iour face to face? .....
Take the crown that love im - mor-tal doth be - stow."....

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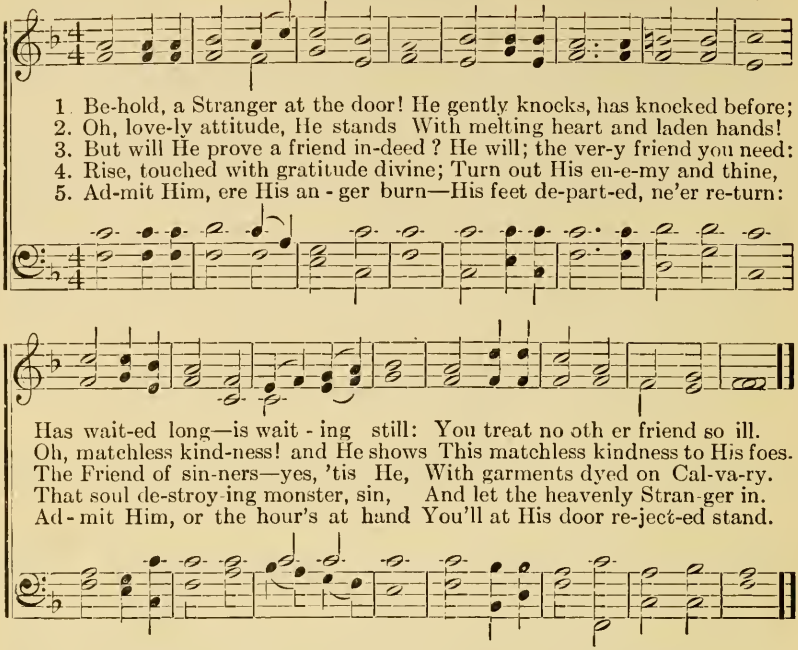
82 Behold a Stranger At the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG. Federal Street. HENRY K. OLIVER.



83 Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be.

Federal Street.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Tis midnight with my soul till He,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

The Valley of the Shadow.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Psalm xxiii, 4.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO.

1. They tell me that there is a shad-ed vale Thro' which I must surely go,
2. It may be that some day my path may lead Where death casts its gloomy shade;
3. Since Jesus my Saviour en-dured the cross, I need not fear a- ny - thing,
4. But why should I think of the valley's shade, When Jesus my Lord may come,

But passing that way it could not be dark, My Lord would be there I know.
Since death by His dying has lost it pow'r, Will shadows make me a-fraid?
For He tasted death, and He gives me life, Oh death, where is now thy sting?
For Him I am looking and not for death, Come quickly, Lord Jesus, come.

CHORUS.

My Lord will be there I know, My Lord will be there I know,

My Lord will be there I know, I know, My Lord will be there I know, I know,

My Lord will be there I know.

The shad-ows can-not harm me, My Lord will be there I know, I know.

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85 Somebody's Here with an Aching Heart.

Rev. J. Stuart Holden. Robert Harkness.

Solo.

1. Some-body's here with an ach-ing heart, No rest and no peace with - in;....
2. Some-body's here with a burden'd soul, A heart that's inclined to pray;
3. Some-body's here whom the Lord doth seek, That somebody may be you;
4. Some-body's wait-ing to hear the news, The glo - ri-ous Gos- pel - sound;

Some- bod-y's here, and the tear-drops start, As God con-victs of sin.
Seek- ing for cleansing, for peace and pow'r, To you doth the Spir - it say:
Come as you are and make no de- lay, And prove ev-'ry prom-ise true.
Je - sus has died to save all from sin: Go tell it to all a - round!

Chorus—*Unison.*

Je - sus will give you rest,.... Je - sus will give you rest;....

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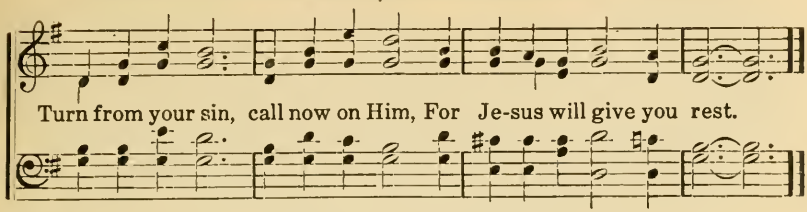
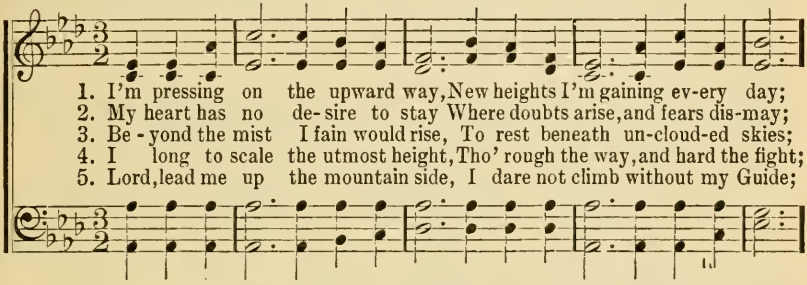
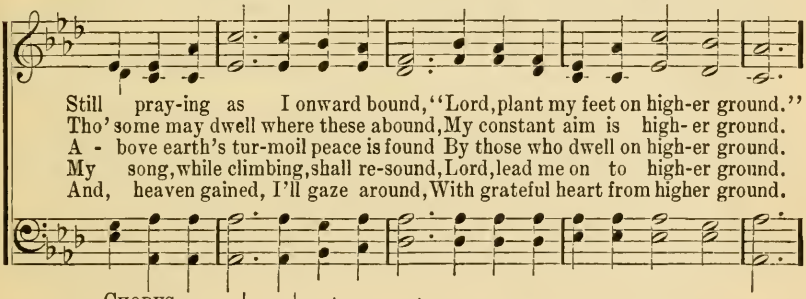


86 Higher Ground.

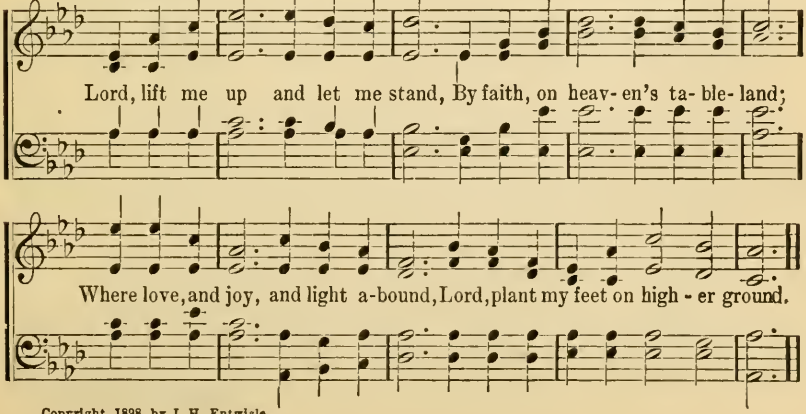
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.
Ada R. Habershon.

Chas. H. Gabriel.





Chorus.



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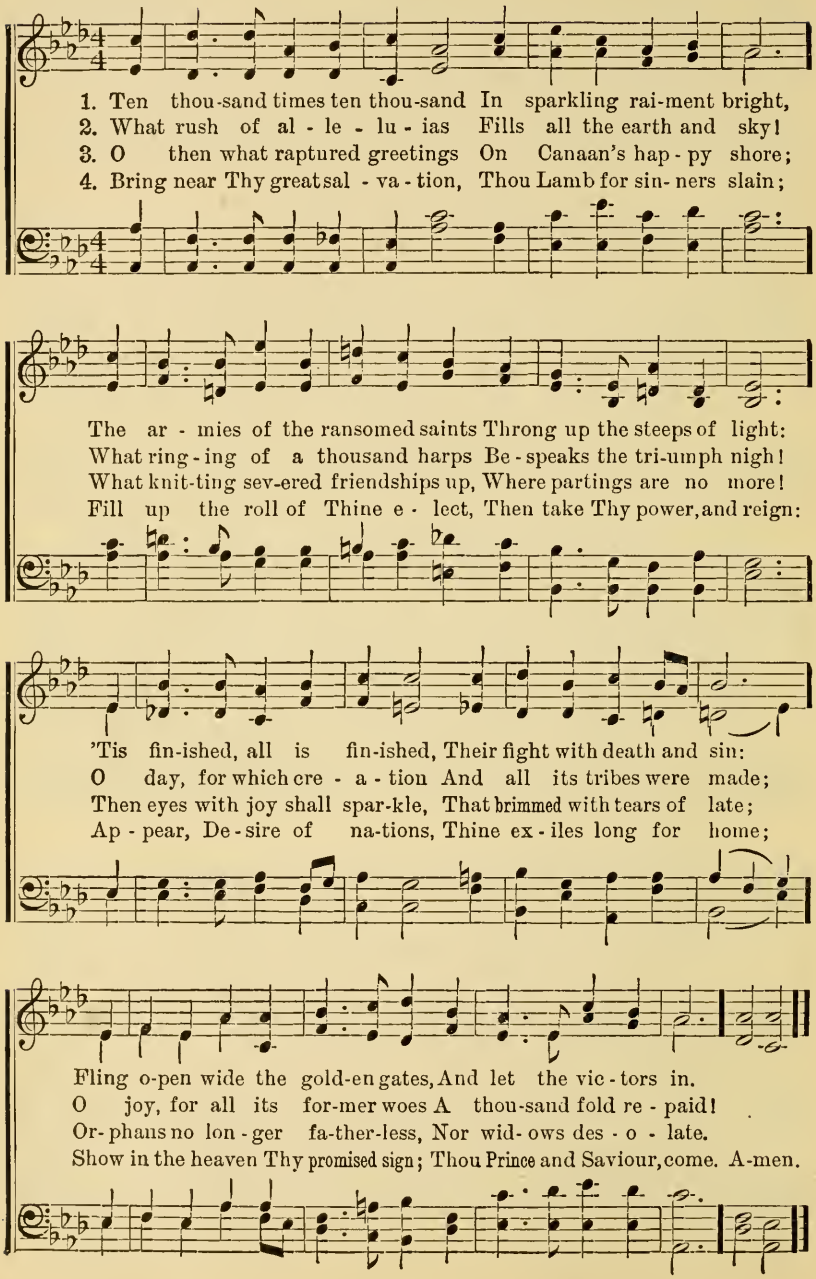
87 Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

HENRY ALFORD. (Alford.) J. B. DYKES.



Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN and Mrs. C. M. ALEXANDER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. A-ny-where with Je- sus I can safe - ly go; A - ny-where He
2. A-ny-where with Je- sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-ta-tions
3. A-ny-where with Je- sus I am not a - lone; Other friends may
4. A-ny-where with Je- sus o - ver land and sea, Tell- ing souls in
5. A-ny-where with Je- sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning

leads me in this world be - low; A- ny-where without Him dear-est
gather round my path-way still; He Him-self was tempted that He
fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
darkness of sal - va - tion free; Read - y as He summons me to
shadows round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en, nev - er -

joys would fade; A-ny-where with Je- sus I am not a - fraid.
might help me; A-ny-where with Je- sus I may vic - tor be.
drea - ry ways, A-ny-where with Je- sus is a house of praise.
go or stay, A-ny-where with Je- sus when He points the way.
more to roam, A-ny-where with Je- sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

A - ny-where! A - ny-where! Fear I can - not know;

A - ny- where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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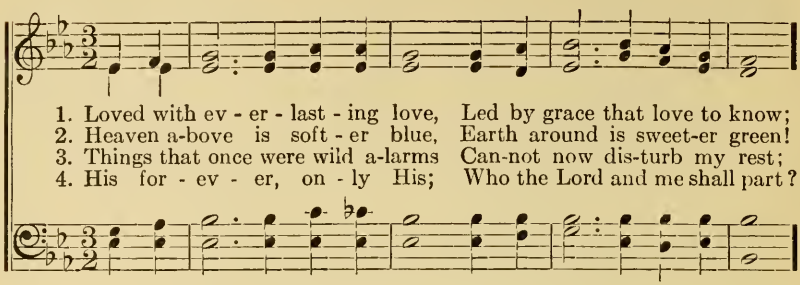
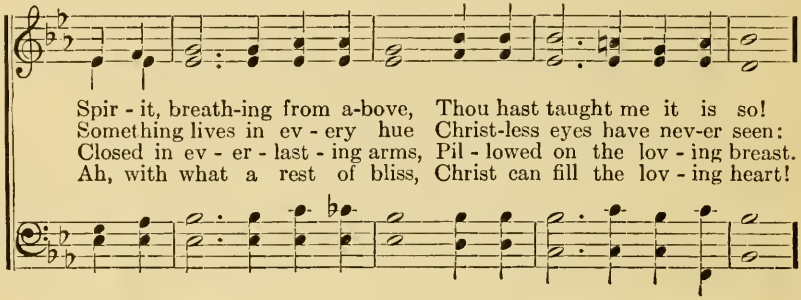
* Verse 5 to be sung softly and slowly, omitting the Chorus.

I Am His and He is Mine.

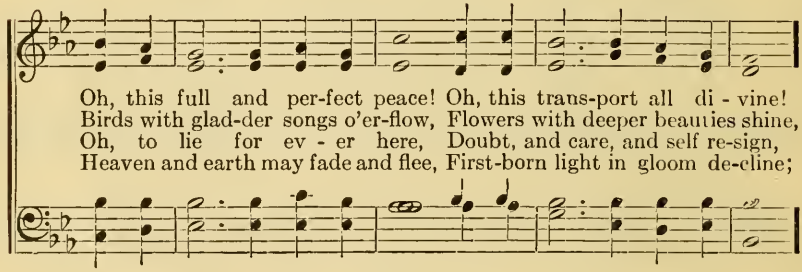
Rev. WADE ROBINSON. Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.



1. Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
2. Heaven a-bove is soft - er blue, Earth around is sweet-er green!
3. Things that once were wild a-larms Can-not now dis-turb my rest;
4. His for - ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?

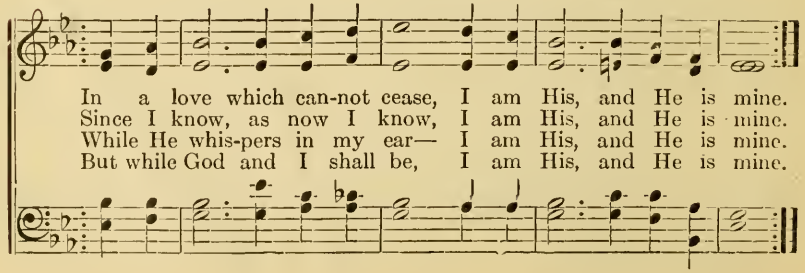


Spir - it, breath-ing from a-bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
Something lives in ev - ery hue Christ-less eyes have nev-er seen:
Closed in ev - er - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast.
Ah, with what a rest of bliss, Christ can fill the lov - ing heart!



Oh, this full and per-fect peace! Oh, this trans-port all di - vine!
Birds with glad-der songs o'er-flow, Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Oh, to lie for ev - er here, Doubt, and care, and self re-sign,
Heaven and earth may fade and flee, First-born light in gloom de-cline;

Repeat last two lines of each verse as Chorus.



In a love which can-not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.
While He whis-pers in my ear— I am His, and He is mine.
But while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.

From the "Keswick Hymn Book." Used by per.

"No More."

Maj. D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the triumph wins;
2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac - es, No forms bowed with disease;
3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing: The Lord is draw-ing near;
4. "No more the curse," no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
O'er all the earth the Lord re- plac - es His Par- a - dise of Peace.
With Him shall come the longed-for morning When night shall dis-ap - pear.
No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor- row more.

Chorus.

"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor - row nor cry - ing;
There shall be no more pain, Neith-er dark- ness nor dy - ing;
And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."

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Sons of God, Beloved in Jesus!

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sons of God, be - loved in Je - sus! O the wondrous word of grace;
2. Bles- ed hope, now bright-ly beaming, On our God we soon shall gaze;
3. By the pow'r of grace transforming, We shall then His im - age bear;

f

In His Son the Fa - ther sees us, And as sons He gives us place.
And in light ce - les - tial gleaming, We shall see our Saviour's face.
Christ His prom-ised word per-form-ing, We shall then His glo - ry share.

CHORUS.

"Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, And it doth not yet ap-

pear what we shall be: But we know..... that when He shall ap -
But we know, we know, we

pear,..... We know..... that when He shall ap -
know, that when He shall ap - pear, We know, we know, we

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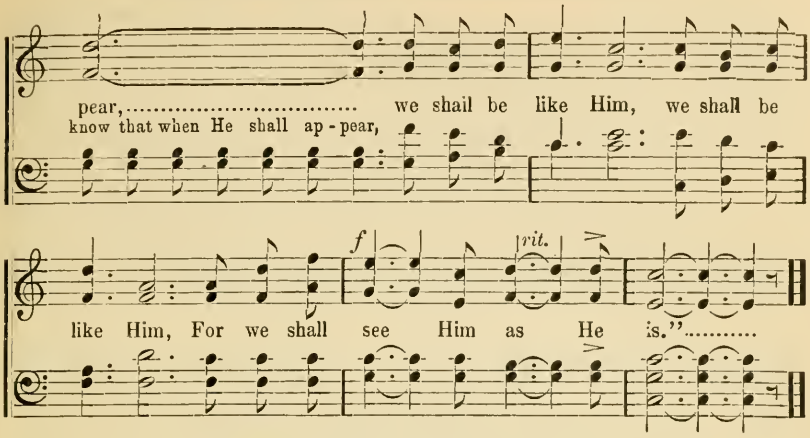
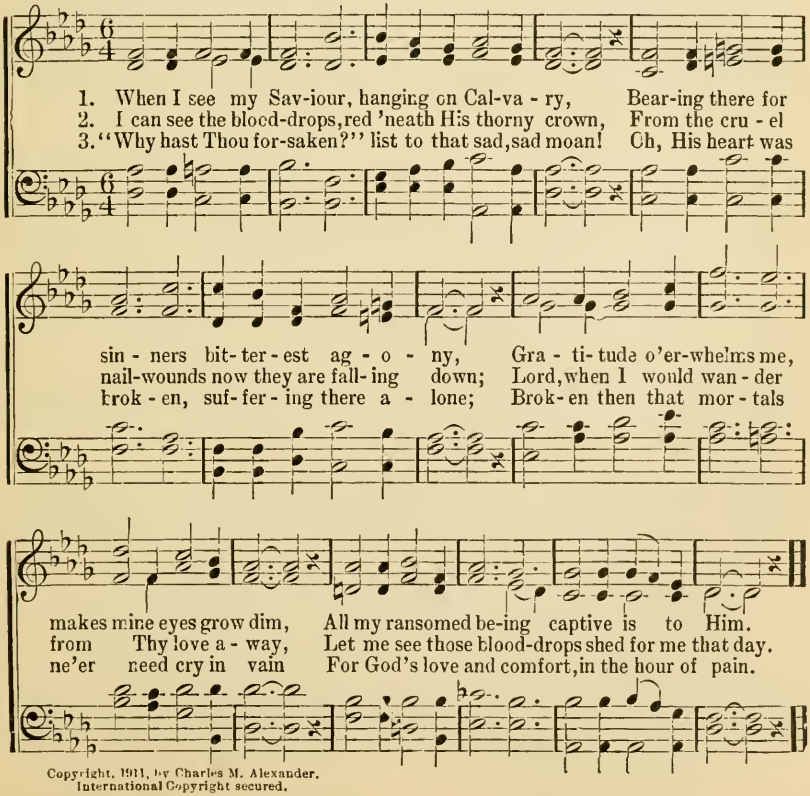


92 When I See My Saviour.

MAUD FRAZER. ROBERT HARKNESS.



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93 I Left it All With Jesus.

Mrs. E. H. Willis. James McGranahan.

1. Oh, I left it all with Je-sus, long a-go (long a-go); All my sins I brought Him and my woe (and my woe); When by faith I saw Him bleed-ing on the tree (on the tree); Heard His still small whisper "'Tis for thee ('Tis for thee)" From my wea-ry heart the bur-den roll'd a-
2. Oh, I leave it all with Je-sus, for He knows (for He knows) How to steal the bitter from life's woes (from life's woes) How to gild the tear of sor-row with His smile (with His smile), Make the des-ert garden bloom a-while (bloom a-while). Then with all my weakness lean-ing on His
3. Oh, I leave it all with Je-sus, day by day (day by day); Faith can firmly trust Him, come what may (come what may); Hope has dropp'd for aye her an-chor, found her rest (found her rest), In the calm, sure ha-ven of His breast (of His breast). Love es-teems it joy of heav-en to a-
4. Leave, oh, leave it all with Je-sus, drooping soul (droop-ing soul), Tell not half thy sto-ry, but the whole (but the whole); Worlds on worlds are hanging ev-er on His hand (on His hand), Life and death are wait-ing His com-mand (His com-mand). Yet His ten-der, lov-ing mer-cy makes thee

Chorus.

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way: Hap-py day! hap-py day! From my wea-ry heart the
might, All is light! all is light! Then with all my weakness
bide At His side! at His side! Love es-teems it joy of
room: Oh, come home! oh, come home! Yes, His ten-der lov-ing

bur-den roll'd a-way (roll'd a-way); Hap-py day! hap-py day!
lean-ing on His might (on His might), All is light! all is light!
heav-en to a-bide (to a-bide), At His side! at His side!
mer-cy makes thee room (makes thee room), Oh, come home! Oh come home!

94 When I Can Read My Title Clear.

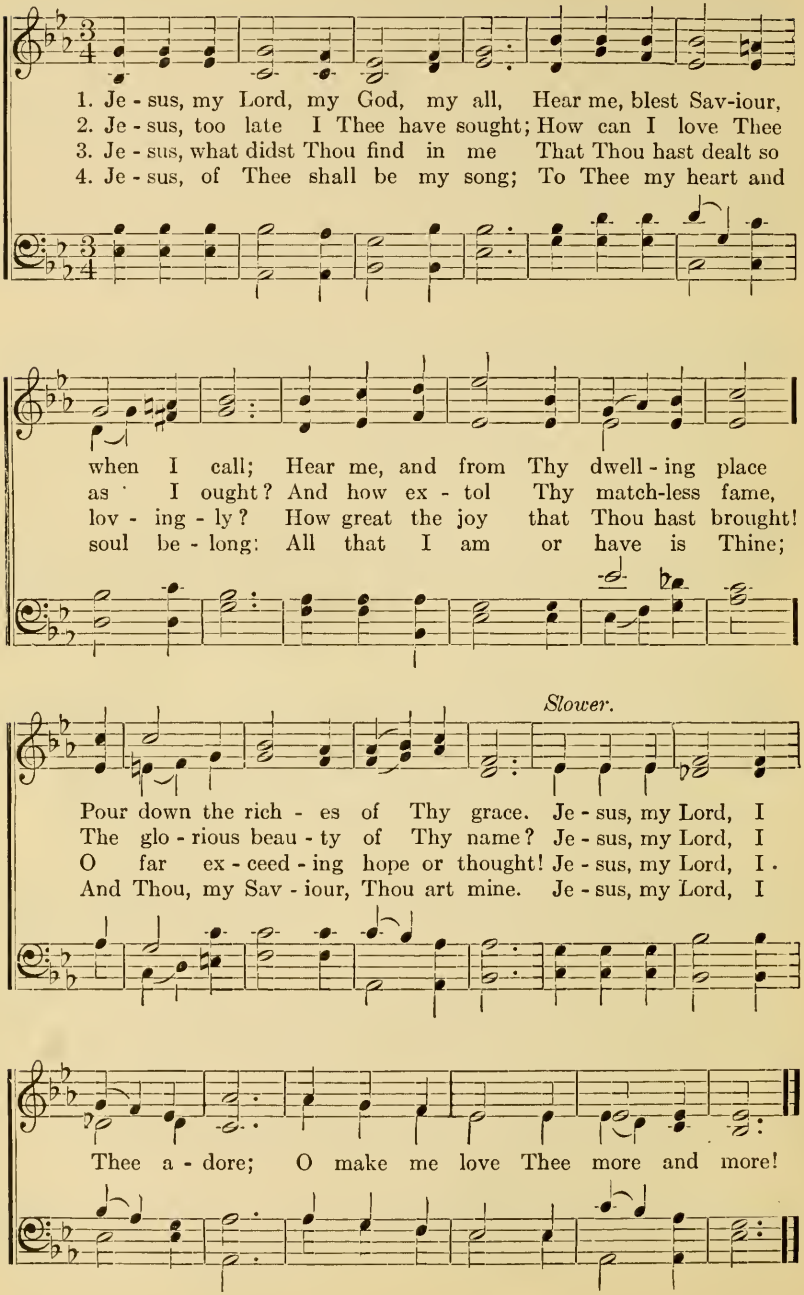
ISAAC WATTS.

1. When I can read my ti-tle clear, To mansions in the skies,.....
2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fier-y darts be hurled,...
3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sorrows fall,.....
4. There I can bathe my wea-ry soul In seas of heav'nly rest, ...

I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.
But let me safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n my all.
And not a wave of troub-le roll A-cross my peace-ful breast.

95 Jesus, My Lord, My God, My All.

H. Collins. Adoro. Te. J. Barnby.



I Can Trust.

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Prelude.

1. I can - not see be-yond to-day, But I can trust That He who
2. I can - not see the far - off land; But o - ver there, Built by my
3. I can - not know the realms of space From star to star; But this I
4. I may not know the rea-son why Of sim - ple things; But o'er the

guides me all the way Is wise and just..... And He will let no
Fa - ther's lov - ing hand Are man-sions fair;..... And God will welcome
know, God's wondrous grace Can reach as far:..... And yet it cares for
great-est I can fly On faith's strong wings,.... And live a life of

accel. e cres. *ff* *rit.*

tem - pest wild O'er-whelm His child, o'er-whelm His child.
when I come, His child at home, His child at home.
e - ven me, Wher-e'er I be, wher-e'er I be.
trust and love In God a - bove, in God a - bove.

accel. e cres. *ff* *rit.*

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97 God Calling Yet!

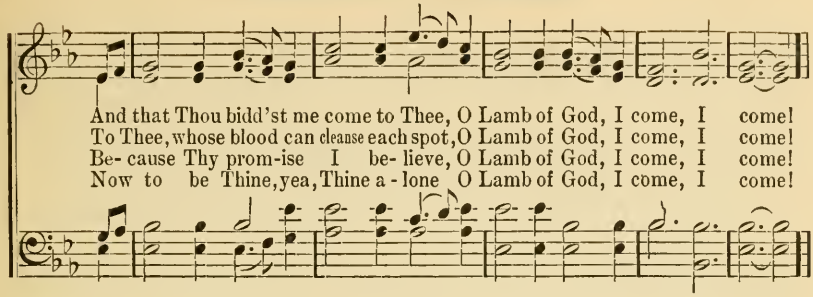
W. Smallwood.

1. God call - ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift pass - ing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?
2. God call - ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov - ing voice de - spise, And base - ly His kind care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay?
3. God call - ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock? He still is wait - ing to re - ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?
4. God call - ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond - age live? I wait, but He does not for - sake; He calls me still; my heart, a - wake!
5. God call - ing yet! I can - not stay; My heart I yield with - out de - lay; Vain world, fare - well, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

98 Just As I Am.

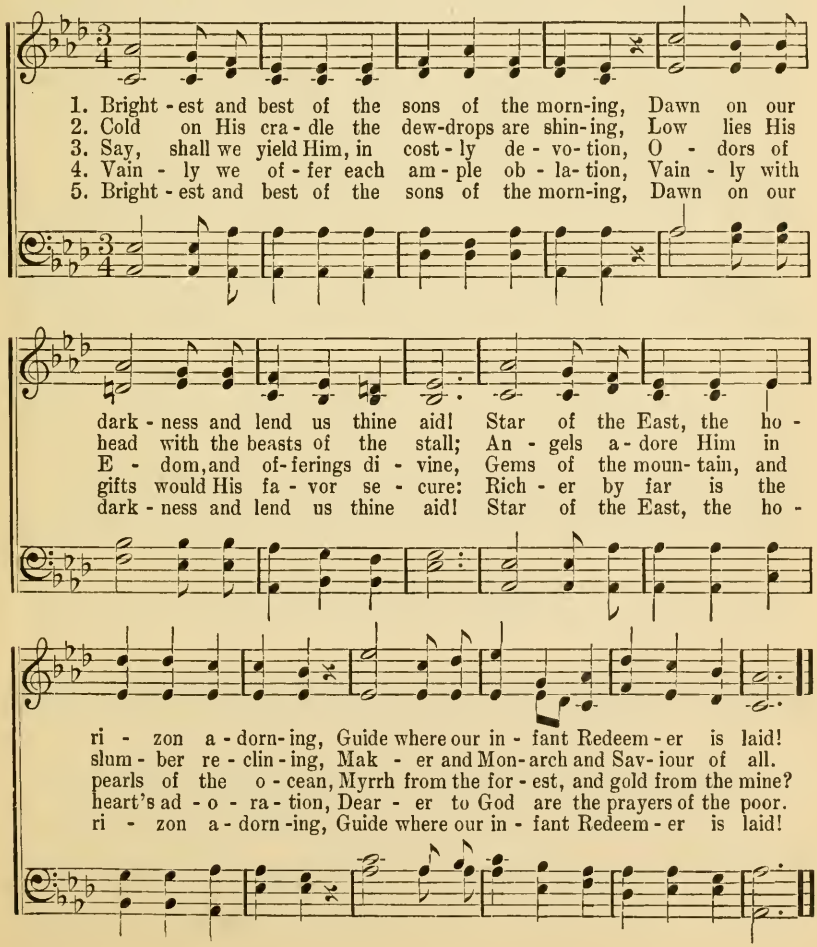
Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with- out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait- ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
4. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Has bro - ken ev -'ry bar-rier down;



99 Brightest and Best.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.



100 There is a Fountain.

WM. COWPER. Western Melody.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That foun - tain in his day,
3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
4. Then in a no- bler, sweet - er song I'll sing Thy power to save,

:S: FINE.

And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp- ing, stammering tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.

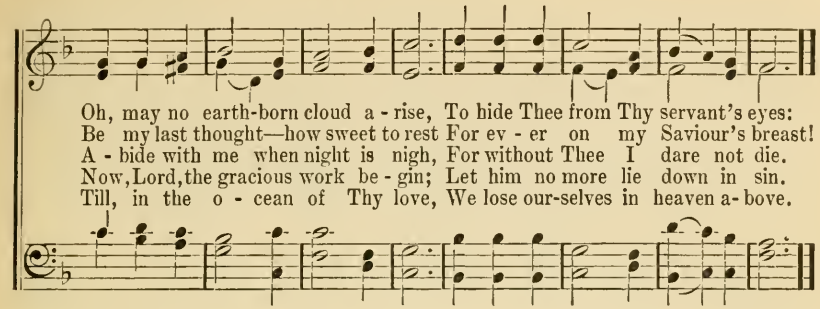
D. S.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt- y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;
And shall be till I die; And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave;

101 Sun of My Soul.

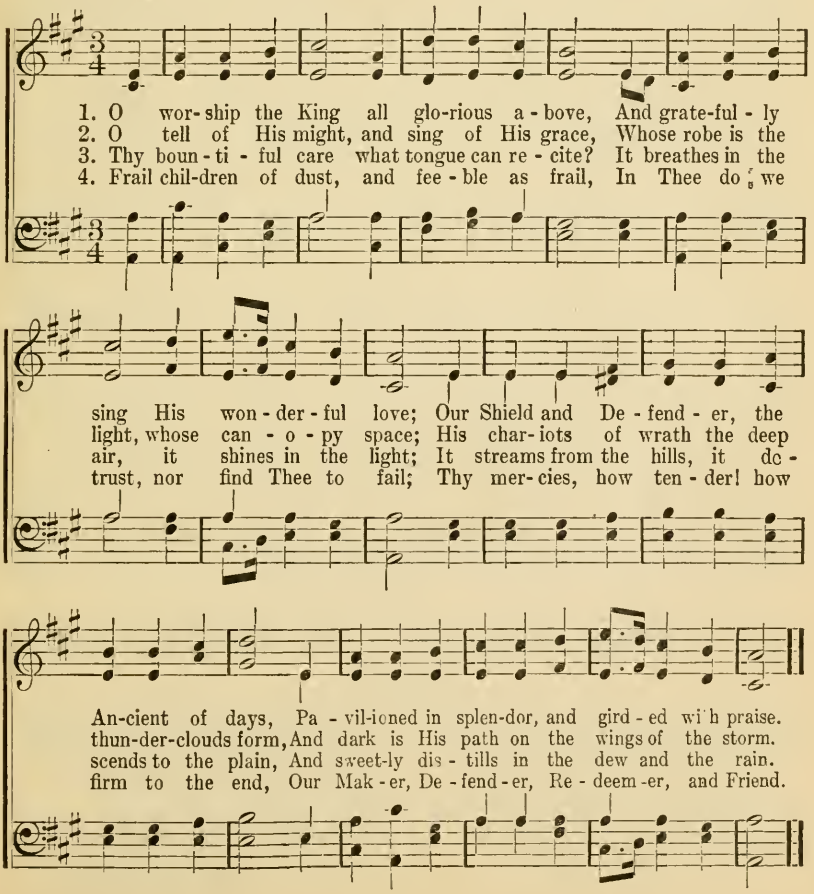
JOHN KEBLE. PAUL RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye- lids gent-ly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live!
4. If some poor wandering child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice Di-vine,
5. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;



102 O Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. F. J. HAYDN.



103 I Worship Thee, Sweet Will of God.

F. W. Faber. Holy Trinity. Joseph Barnby.

1. I wor - ship Thee, sweet will of God' And
2. I love to kiss each print where Thou Hast
3. I have no cares, O bless - ed will! For
4. He al - ways wins who sides with God, To
5. Ill, that He bless - es, is our good, And

all Thy ways a - dore, And ev - ery day I
set Thine un - seen feet: I can - not fear Thee,
all my cares are Thine; I live in tri - umph,
him no chance is lost; God's will is sweet - est
un - blest good is ill; And all is right that

live I seem To love Thee more and more.
bless - ed will, Thine em - pire is so sweet.
Lord, for Thou Hast made Thy tri - umph mine.
to him when It tri - umphs at His cost.
seems most wrong, If it be His sweet will.

104 I Would Commune With Thee, My God.

Holy Trinity.

1 I would commune with Thee, my God;
E'en to Thy seat I come:
I leave my joys, I leave my sins,
And seek in Thee my home.

2 I stand up on the mount of God,
With sunlight in my soul:
I hear the storms in vales beneath,
I hear the thunders roll;

3 But I am calm with Thee, my God,
Beneath these glorious skies;
And to the height on which I stand,
Nor storms nor clouds can rise.

4. O this is life! O this is joy!
My God, to find Thee so!
Thy face to see, Thy voice to hear,
And all Thy love to know.

G. B. Bubier.

Lord, is it I?

J. R. Clements. "Lord, is it I?"—Matthew 26: 22 Robert Harkness.

1. Some-one is slight-ing the Sav-iour of men; Lord, is it I?
2. Some-one is halt-ing, and count-ing the cost; Lord, is it I?
3. Some-one's be-tray-ing his Mas-ter to-day; Lord, is it I?
4. Some-one is liv-ing in self-ish de-light; Lord, is it I?
5. Some-one in si-lence is mak-ing the choice; Lord, is it I?

Lord, is it I? Some-one is spurn-ing His love once a-gain;
Lord, is it I? Some-one in dark-ness and sin may be lost;
Lord, is it I? Some-one is walk-ing a per-il-ous way;
Lord, is it I? Some-one is turn-ing his face from the light,
Lord, is it I? Some-one will yield to the Lord, and re-joice,

Chorus.

Lord, is it I?..... Lord,..... is it
Lord, is it I? is it I?..... Lord, is it I?

I?..... Lord,..... is it I? Par-don our
Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

rall.

weakness, and blot out each sin; Hear us, dear Lord, as we cry!

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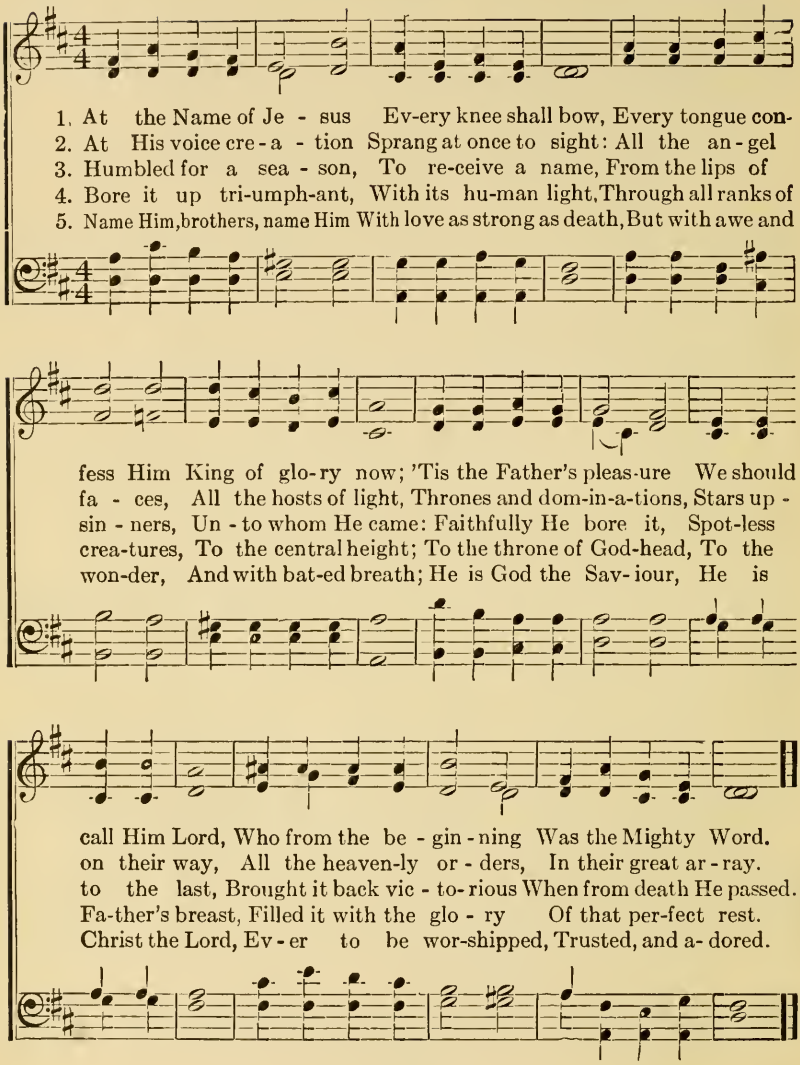
At the Name of Jesus.

C. M. Noel. Vespers. H. A. Prothero.



6 In your heart enthrone Him,
There let Him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true;
Crown Him as your Captain
In temptation's hour;
Let His will enfold you
In its light and power.

7 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With His Father's glory,
With His angel-train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon His brow,
And our hearts confess Him
King of glory now.

Moment by Moment.

"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Isa. 27:3.

D. W. Whittle. Mary Whittle.

1. Dy-ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Living with Je-sus, a new life di - vine; Looking to Je-sus 'till glo-ry doth shine, Moment by
2. Nev-er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev-er a bur-den that He doth not bear, Nev - er a sorrow that He doth not share, Moment by
3. Nev-er a heart-ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev-er a tear-drop and nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan-ger but there on the throne, Moment by
4. Nev-er a weak-ness that He doth not feel, Nev-er a sick-ness that He can - not heal; Moment by moment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

Chorus.

moment, O Lord, I am Thine.
moment I'm un- der His care.
moment He thinks of His own.
Sav-iour, abides with me still.
} Moment by moment I'm kept in His love;

Mo-ment by mo-ment I've life from a- bove; Look-ing to Je-sus 'till glo - ry doth shine; Mo-ment by mo-ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

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108 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov- ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de- light I'll ev - er a

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va- ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend- est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter- ing

Sav- iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now,

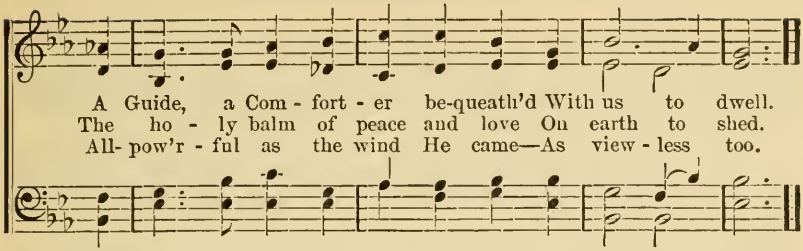
109 Our Blest Redeemer.

"The Comforter . . . shall teach you . . . and bring all things to your remembrance."—John xiv : 26.

Harriet Auber. (St. Cuthbert. 8. 6. 8. 4.) Dr. J. B. Dykes.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten - der, last fare- well,
2. He came in sem-blance of a dove, With shelt'ring wings out-spread.
3. He came in tongues of liv - ing flame, To teach, con-vince, sub- due;

Our Blest Redeemer.—Concluded.



4 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

5 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each fault, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

6 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

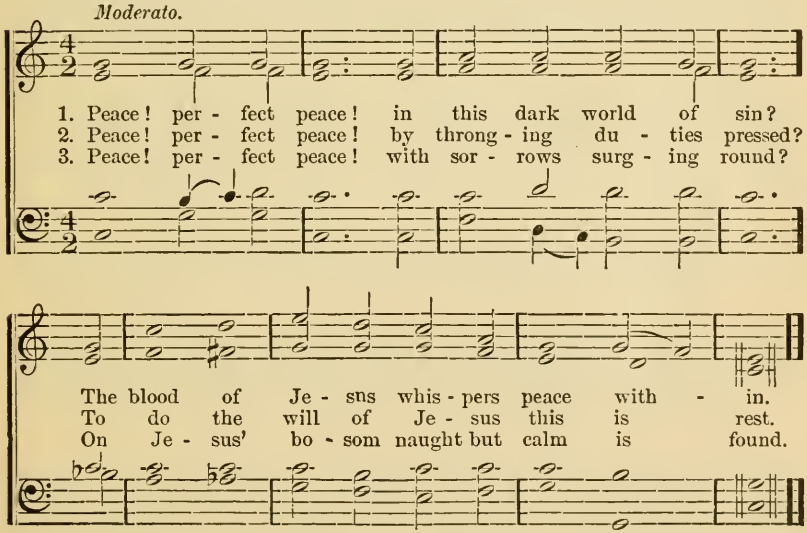
7 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

110 · Peace! Perfect Peace.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."—Isa. xxvi: 3.

Rt. Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, D. D. (Pax Tecum. 10. 10.) G. T. Caldbeck.

Moderato.



4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.

5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown,
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.

6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

111 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

HORATIUS BONAR — Vox Dilecti. — J. B. DYKES

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be-hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;

Lay down, thou wear-y one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast."
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink, and live."
Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y and worn and sad,
I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I found in Him a rest - ing place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till travelling days are done.

He Lifted Me.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be- fore my sin- ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.

CHORUS.

From sinking sand He lift - ed me, With ten-der hand He lift - ed me,

From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift- ed me!

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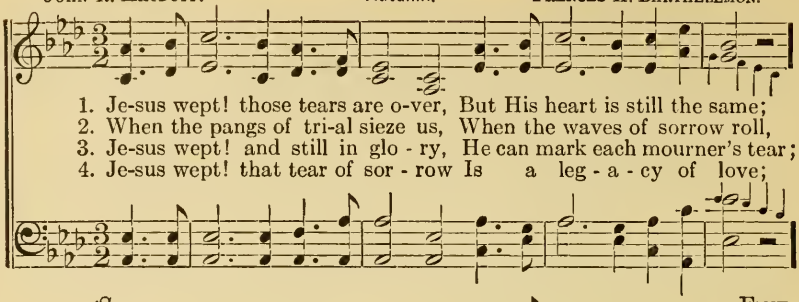
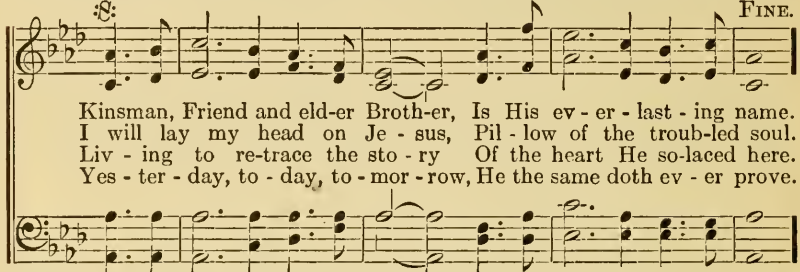
113 Jesus Wept! Those Tears Are Over.

JOHN R. MACDUFF. Autumn. FRANCES H. BARTHELEMON.

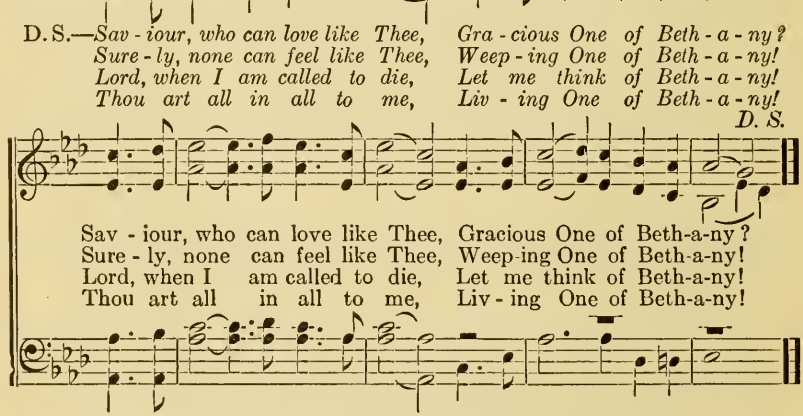


1. Je-sus wept! those tears are o-ver, But His heart is still the same;
2. When the pangs of tri-al sieze us, When the waves of sorrow roll,
3. Je-sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He can mark each mourner's tear;
4. Je-sus wept! that tear of sor - row Is a leg - a - cy of love;



Kinsman, Friend and eld-er Broth-er, Is His ev - er - last - ing name.
I will lay my head on Je - sus, Pil - low of the troub-led soul.
Liv - ing to re-trace the sto - ry Of the heart He so-laced here.
Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove.

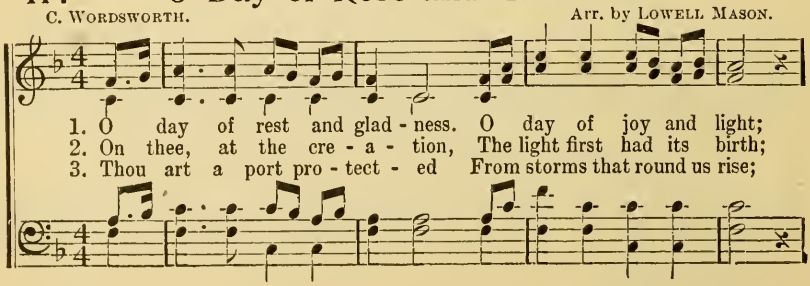
D. S.—*Sav - iour, who can love like Thee, Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny?*
Sure - ly, none can feel like Thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - a - ny!
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny!
Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny!



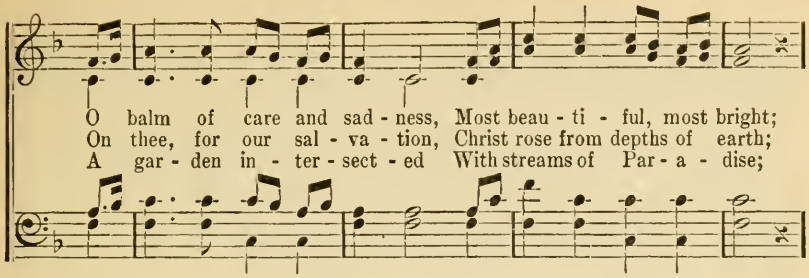
Sav - iour, who can love like Thee, Gracious One of Beth-a-ny?
Sure - ly, none can feel like Thee, Weep-ing One of Beth-a-ny!
Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth-a-ny!
Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth-a-ny!

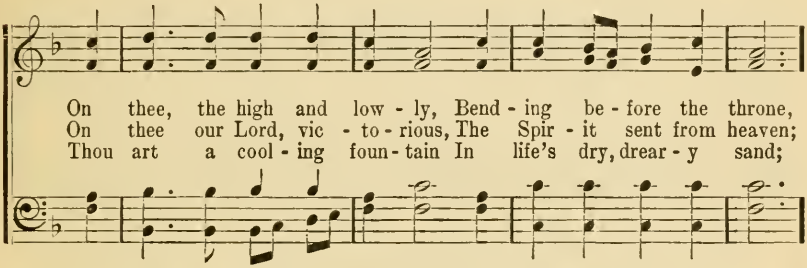
114 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

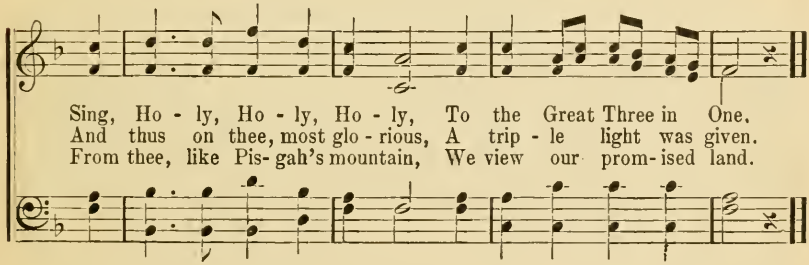
C. WORDSWORTH. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. O day of rest and glad - ness. O day of joy and light;
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. Thou art a port pro - tect - ed From storms that round us rise;







115 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

(AUTUMN.)

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be!
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them untrue;
Oh, while Thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

4 Take, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirits dwell within thee,
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee;
Child of heaven, shouldst Thou repine?

Henry F. Lyte.

A Clean Heart.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God."—PSALM li: 10.

Rev. WALTER G. SMITH. FRED. H. BYSHE.

Andante con espressione.

1. One thing I of the Lord desire, For all my path hath mir-y been:
2. I watch to shun the mir- y way, And staunch the springs of guilty thought;
3. If clearer vis - ions Thou impart Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
4. Yea, on- ly as this heart is clean May larger vis - ion yet be mine,

rit.

Be it by wa - ter or by fire, Oh make me clean, oh make me clean!
But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, pure I am not.
But yet to have a pur - er heart Is more to me, is more to me.
For mirror'd in the depths are seen The things Divine, the things Divine.

REFRAIN.

So wash me, Thou, without, with - in Or purge with fire, if that must be;
Wash me, Thou, with-out, with-in, Or purge with fire, if that must be;

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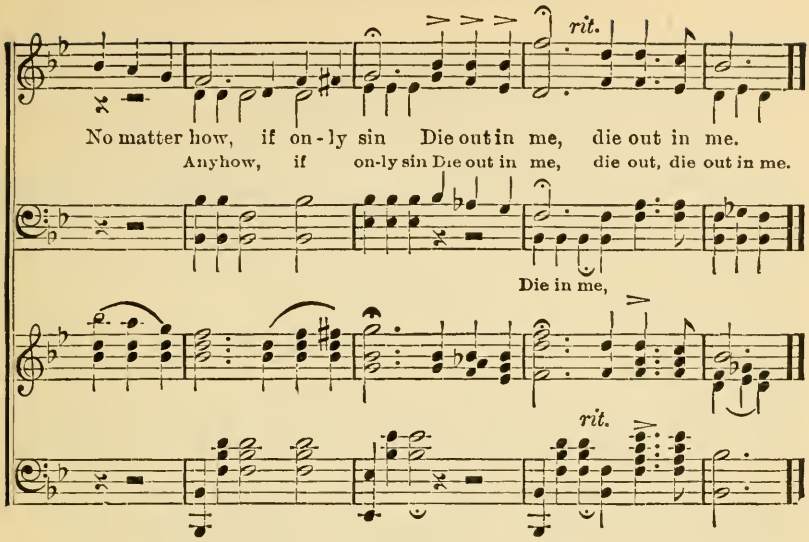
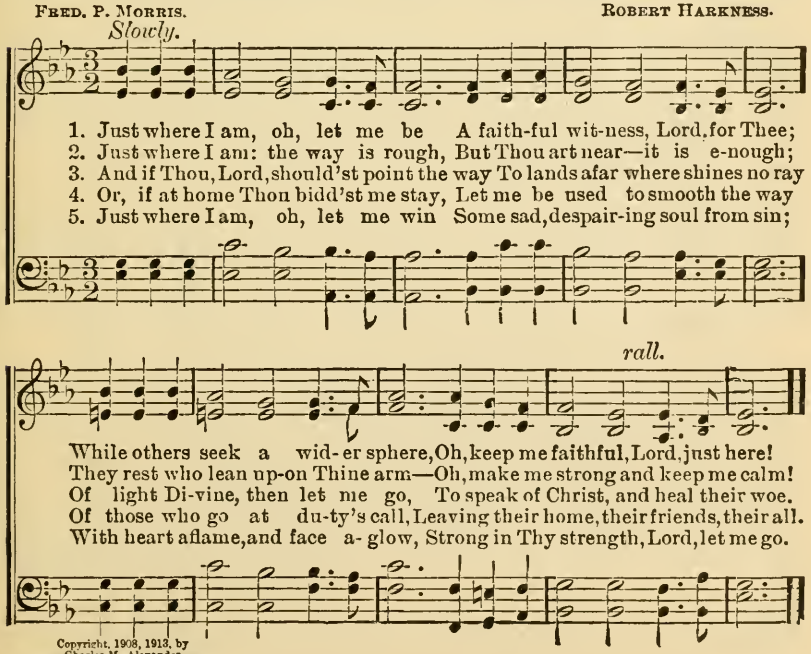


117 Just Where I Am.

"In the strength of the Lord."—PSALM lxxi : 16.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.



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Tell Mother I'll Be There.

C. M. F. CHARLES M. FILLMORE.

1. When I was but a lit - tle child, how well I re - col - lect How
2. Though I was oft - en wayward, she was al-ways kind and good, So
3. When I be-came a prod - i - gal, and left the old roof-tree, She
4. One day a message came to me, it bade me quickly come If

I would grieve my moth- er with my fol - ly and neglect; And
pa-tient, gen - tle, lov - ing, when I act - ed rough and rude; My
al- most broke her lov - ing heart in mourning aft - er me, And
I would see my moth- er ere the Sav-iour took her home; I

now that she has gone to heav'n, I miss her ten - der care, O
child-hood griefs and tri - als she would glad-ly with me share; O
day and night she pray'd to God to keep me in His care; O
prom-ised her, be - fore she died, for heav- en to pre - pare; O

Sav-iour, tell my mother I'll be there!

CHORUS.

Tell moth-er I'll be there In
Tell moth-er I'll be there Heav'n's

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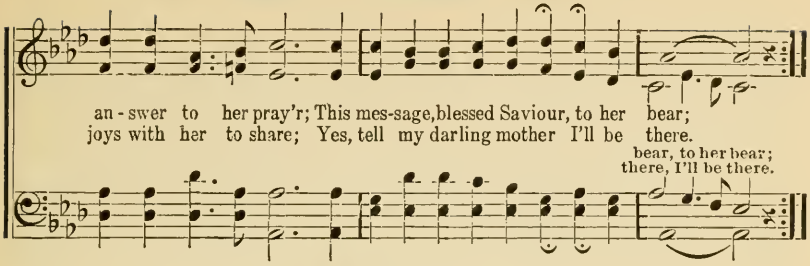
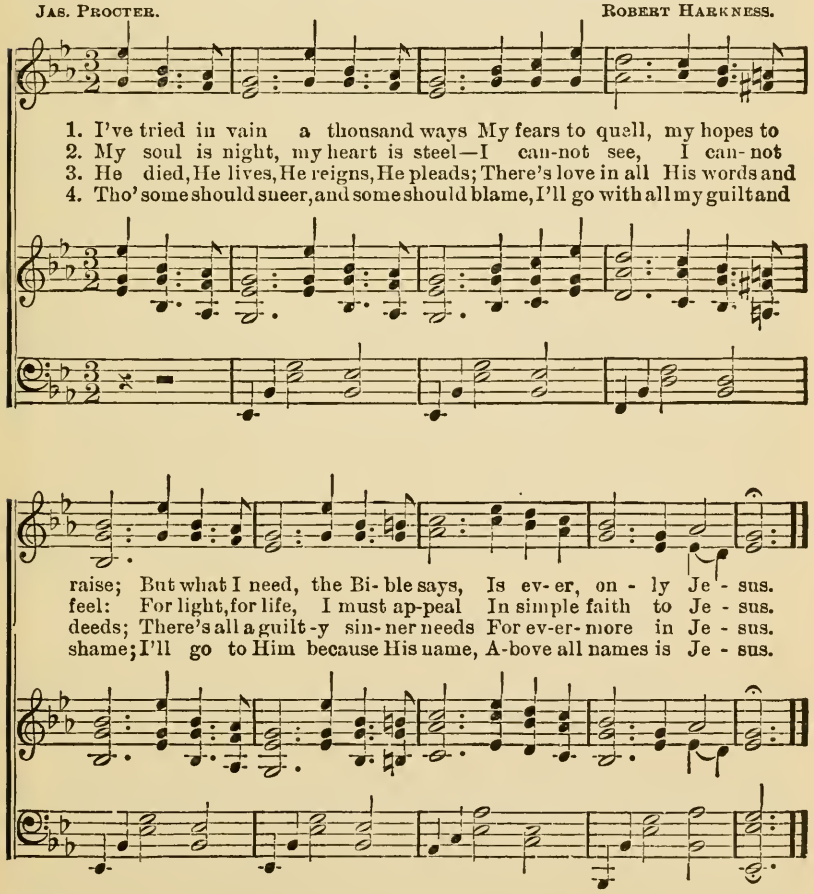


119 In Jesus.

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

JAS. PROCTER. ROBERT HARKNESS.



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120 In the Hour of Trial.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me; Lest by base de -
2. With for-bid-den pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sor-did
3. Should Thy mer-cy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe, Or should pain at -
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re-

ni - al, I de-part from Thee! When Thou seest me waver, With a
treasures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-
tend me On my path be - low, Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy
turn-eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re-ly-ing Through that

look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
se - ma - ne, Or, in dark-er sem-blance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
hand to see: Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
mor-tal strife, Je-sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

121 Breathe On Me, Breath of God.

EDWIN HATCH. MISS MARY WHITTLE.

1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new;
2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure;
3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine;
4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die,

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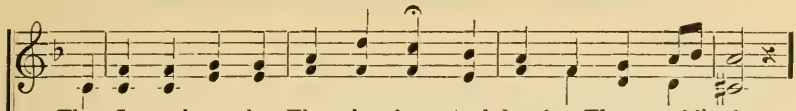
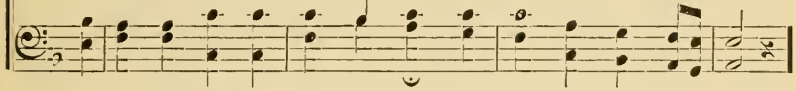
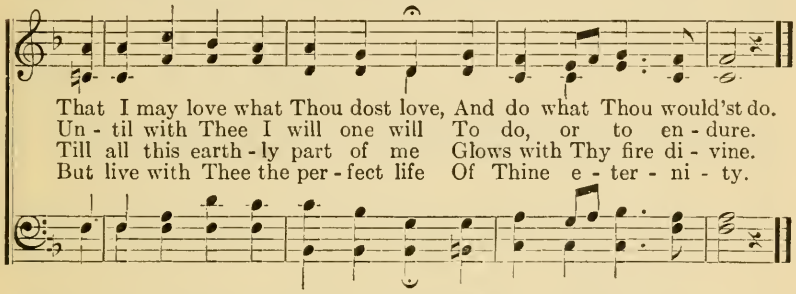


That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou would'st do;
Un - til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure;
Till all this earth-ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine;
But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty,

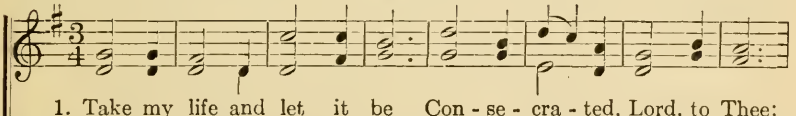




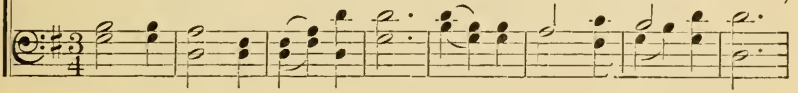
That I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou would'st do.
Un - til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure.
Till all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
But live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

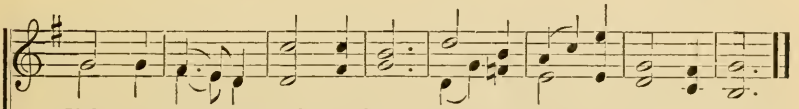
122 Take My Life and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal. Nottingham. From Mozart.

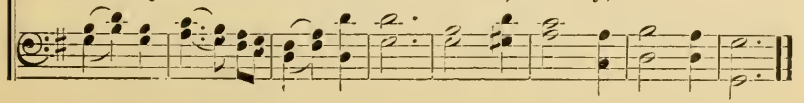


1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King:
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold—Not a mite would I with-hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine—It shall be no long - er mine:
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure-store;





Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.
Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.
Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev-ery power as Thou shalt choose.
Take my heart—it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Take my - self and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.



123 Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

SAMUEL MEDLEY. Ariel MOZART.

1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-iour shine, I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine.
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious right-eous-ness, In which all per - fect, heavenly dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come Whe my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

124 I Have Nothing to Do With Tomorrow.

Major D. W. Whittle. May Whittle Moody.

1. I have noth-ing to do with to-mor-row, Its sun-light I
2. Oth-er work-ers may gath-er the har-vest, And reap from the
3. So I've noth-ing to do with to-mor-row, Its bur-dens then

nev-er may see; So to-day with the plow in the fur-row,
fields I have sown, But if still I am faith-ful in sow-ing,
why should I bear? Should He fill it with joy or with sor-row,

In the vine-yard I faith-ful would be.
I shall hear from my Mas-ter "Well done."
He will help me, with Him all to share.

Refrain.

I have noth-ing to do with to-mor-row, My Sav-iour will make that His care,

His care,

Its grace and its strength I can't borrow, So why should I borrow its care?

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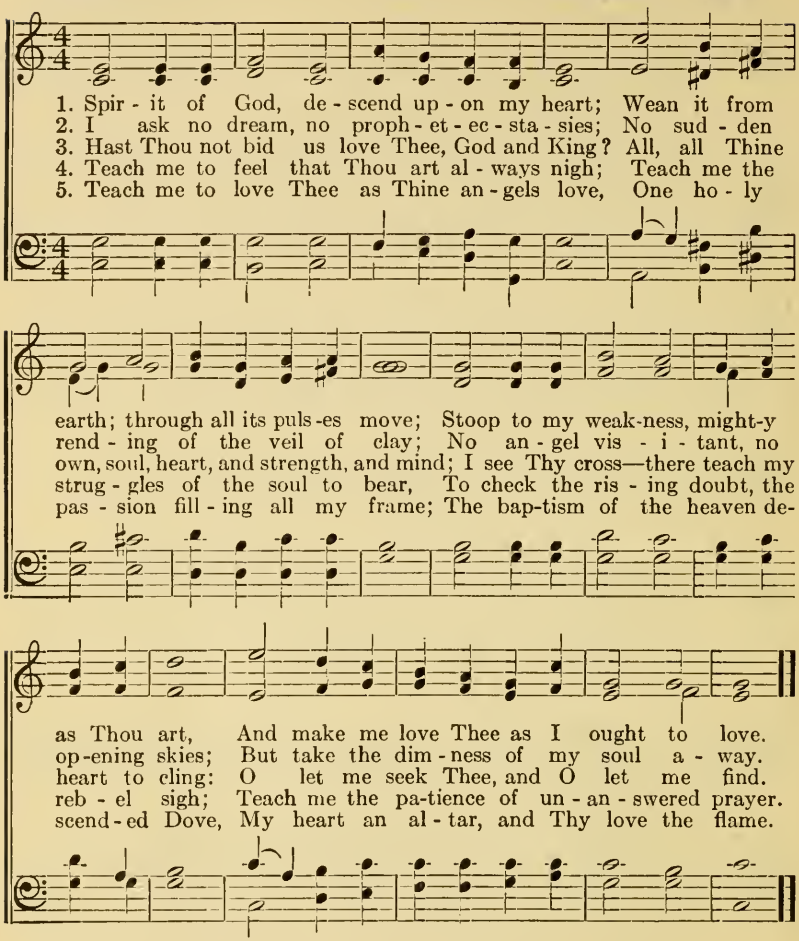
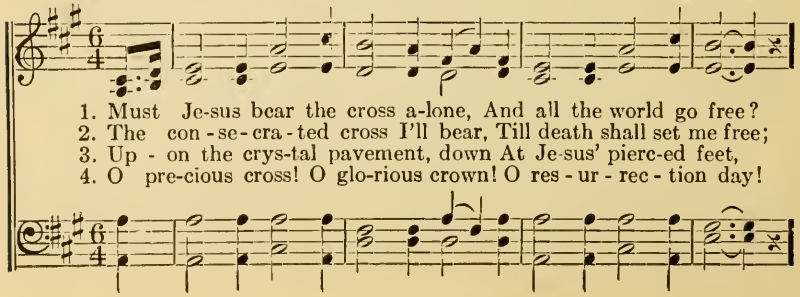
125 Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart.

GEORGE CROLY. Morecambe. FREDERICK C. ATKINSON.

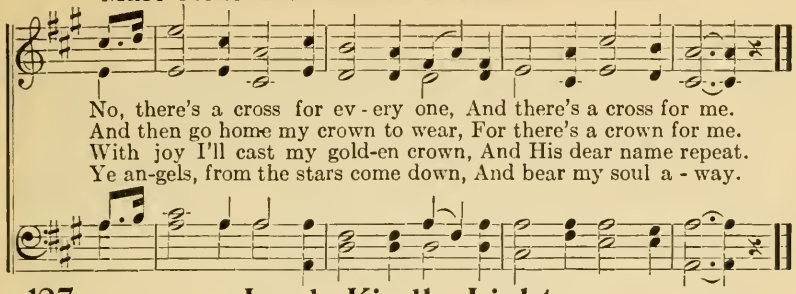


126 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

THOMAS SHEPHERD. GEORGE N. ALLEN.

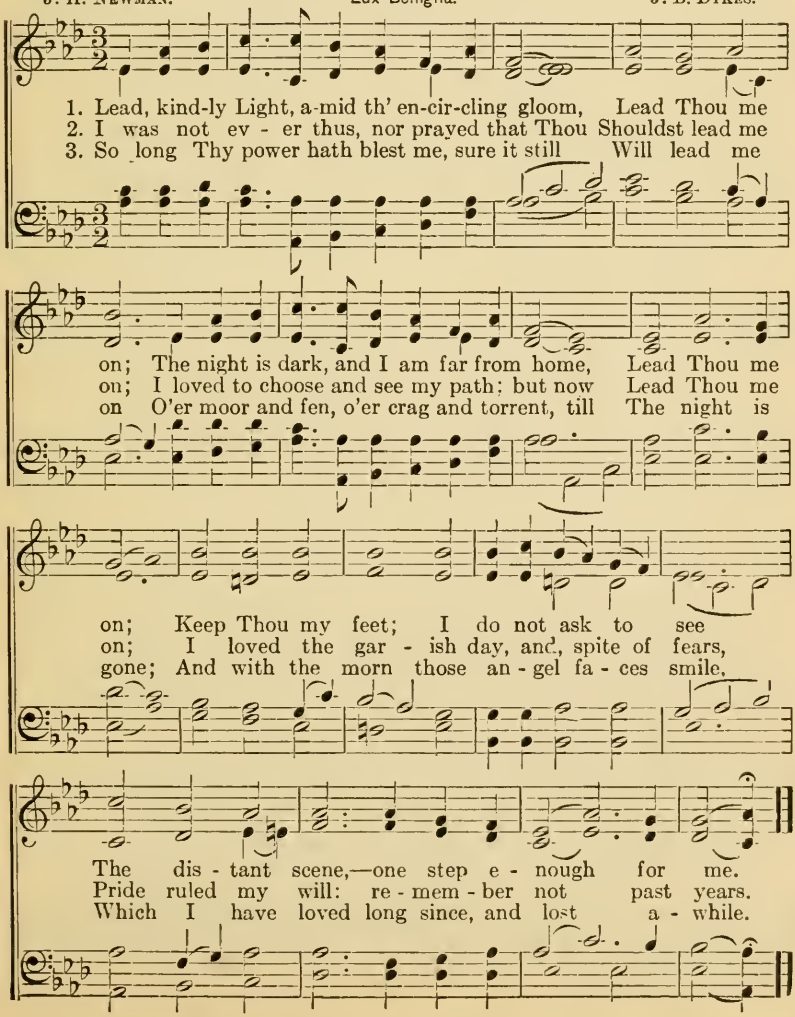


Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?—Concluded.



127 Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. Lux Benigna. J. B. Dykes.



He is Not Here, but is Risen!

D. W. Whittle. James McGranahan.

p Andantino. *pp*

1. Oh, day of aw - ful sto - ry— Je - sus is dead!
2. A wea - ry night of weep - ing— Je - sus is dead!
3. A day in sor - row dawn - ing— Je - sus is dead!

pp

Sad end to hope of glo - ry— Je - sus is dead!
A night that knew no sleep - ing— Je - sus is dead!
A sad and gloom - y morn - ing— Je - sus is dead!

f Chorus. *Allegro.*

Be- hold the stone is rolled a-way! And shining ones have come to say: "He

cres.

is not here, but is ris - en! He is not here, but is ris - en!" The

night of death is past and gone—A - rise, and greet the glorious morn!—He

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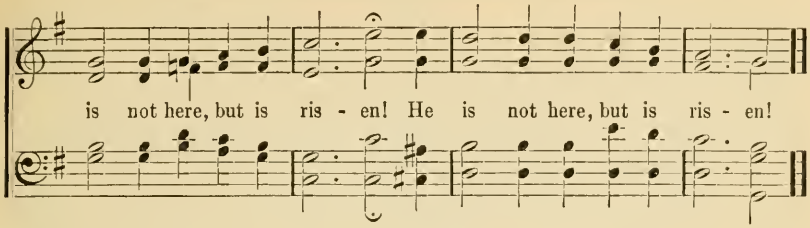
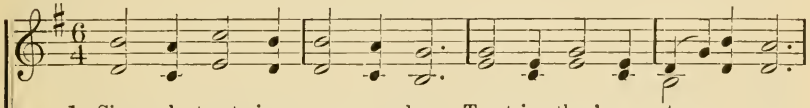
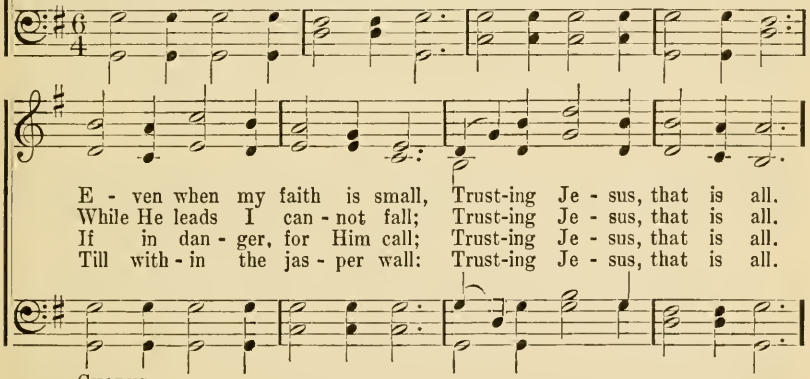


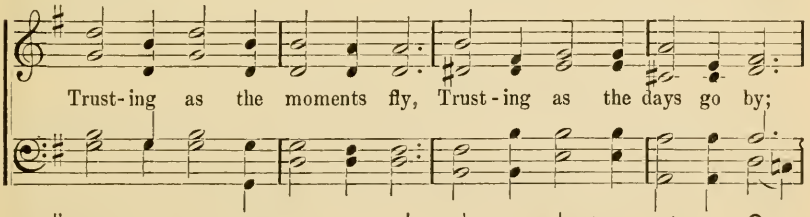
129 Trusting Jesus.

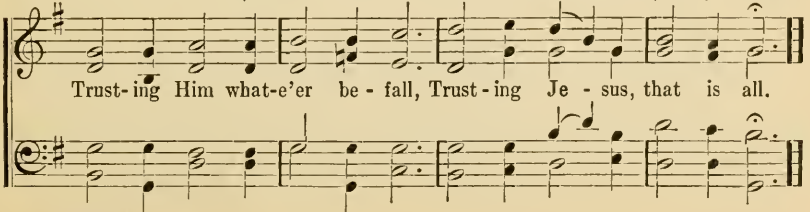
E. Page. Ira D. Sankey.





Chorus.





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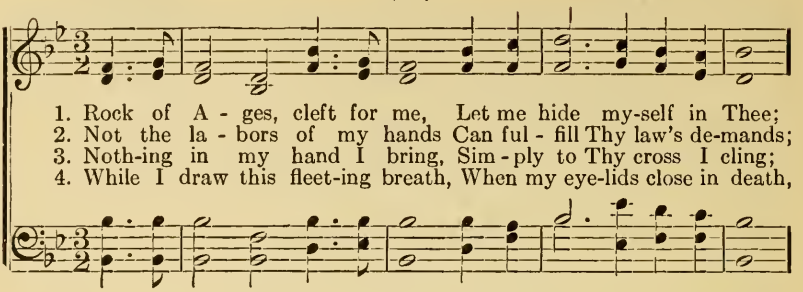
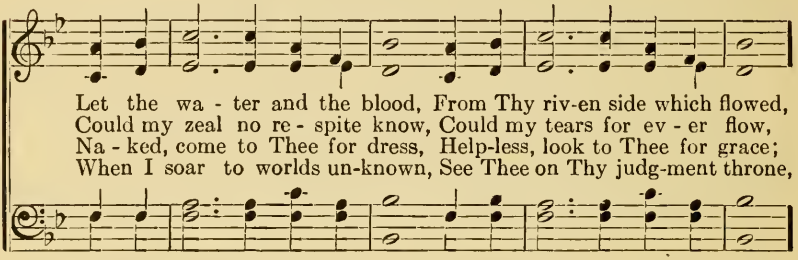
130 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

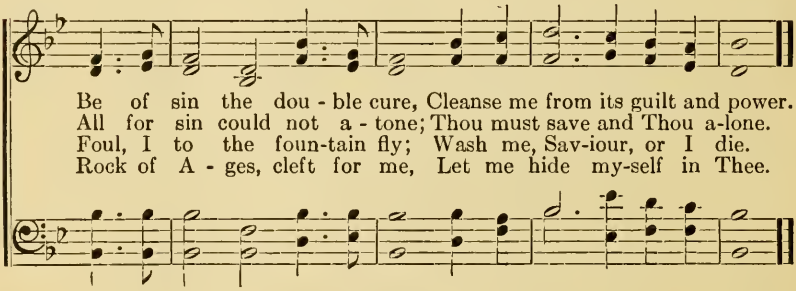
A. N. Toplady. Toplady. Thomas Hastings.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eye-lids close in death,



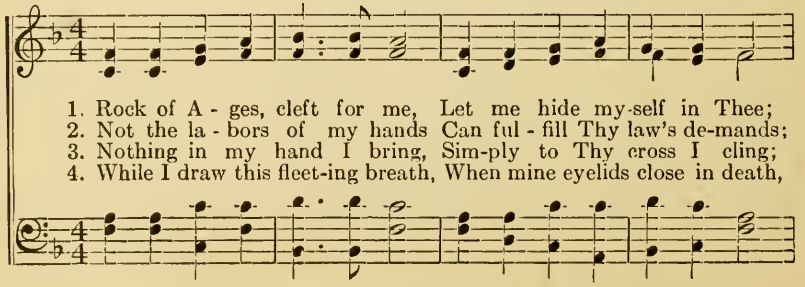
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv-en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,



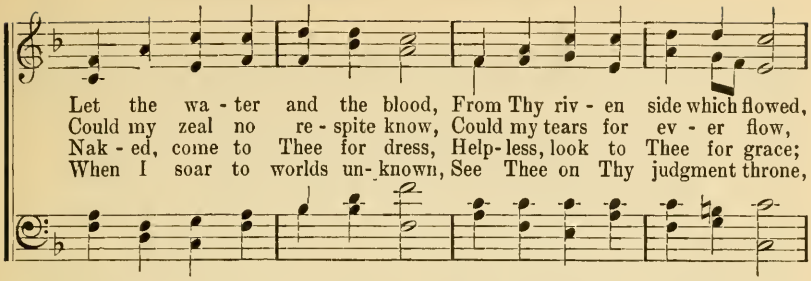
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save and Thou a-lone.
Foul, I to the foun-tain fly; Wash me, Sav-iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

131 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

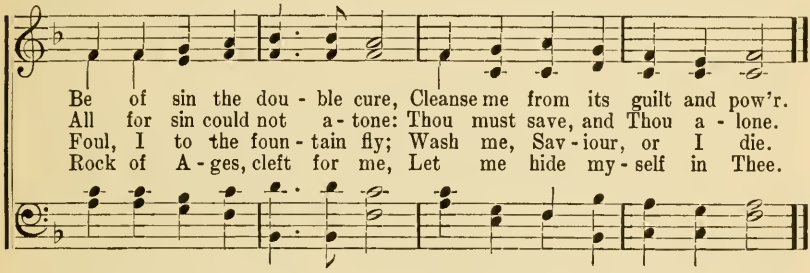
A. M. Toplady. Gethsemane. Richard Redhead.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de-mands;
3. Nothing in my hand I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When mine eyelids close in death,



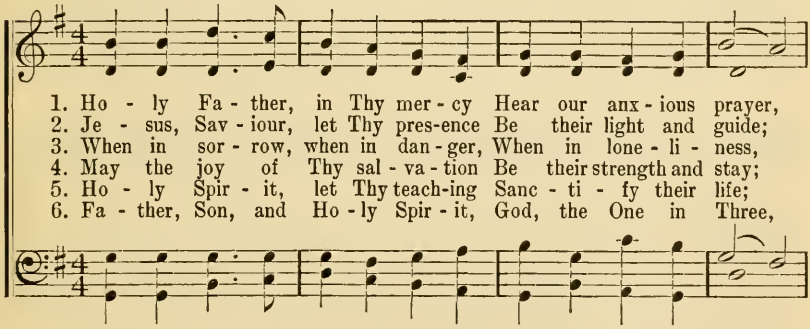
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,



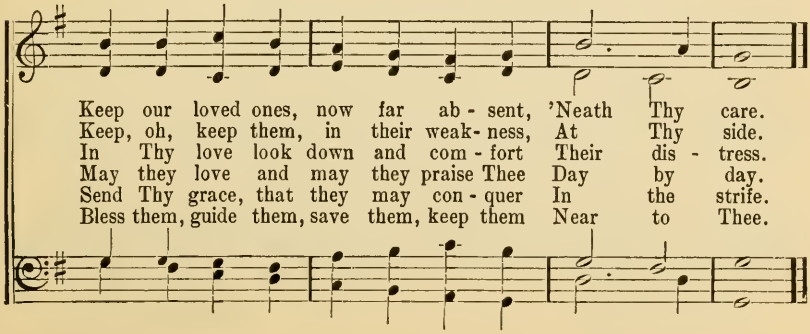
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
All for sin could not a - tone: Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Foul, I to the foun - tain fly; Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

132 Holy Father, in Thy Keeping.

ISABEL S. STEPHENSON. E. PROUT.



1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, in Thy mer - cy Hear our anx - ious prayer,
2. Je - sus, Sav - iour, let Thy pres-ence Be their light and guide;
3. When in sor - row, when in dan - ger, When in lone - li - ness,
4. May the joy of Thy sal - va - tion Be their strength and stay;
5. Ho - ly Spir - it, let Thy teach-ing Sanc - ti - fy their life;
6. Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, God, the One in Three,



Keep our loved ones, now far ab - sent, 'Neath Thy care.
Keep, oh, keep them, in their weak - ness, At Thy side.
In Thy love look down and com - fort Their dis - tress.
May they love and may they praise Thee Day by day.
Send Thy grace, that they may con - quer In the strife.
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them Near to Thee.

O Friend Without Jesus.

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT. D. B. TOWNER.

1. I have a Saviour Who's pleading a-bove; Have you? Have you?
2. I have a Shepherd Who leads all the way; Have you? Have you?
3. I have a Father, Who hears when I call; Have you? Have you?
4. Who could reject Him, my Saviour and King! Will you? Will you?
Have you? Have you?

I have a Sav-iour Who keeps by His love; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have a Shepherd Who seeks when I stray; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have a Fa-ther Who warns ere I fall; O friend without Jesus, Have you?
I have believ'd Him; His love makes me sing; O friend, I receiv'd Him; Will you?

CHORUS.

My dear lov-ing Sav-iour, my Keep-er, my King, My bless-ed Re-deem-er, Thy prais-es I sing! Yes, I have a Mas-ter so gen-tle and true; O friend without Je-sus, Have you?

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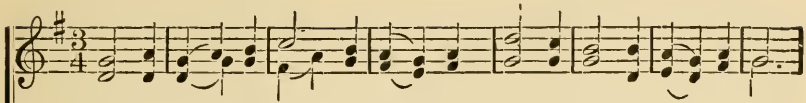
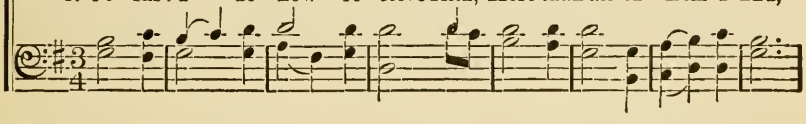
Our Great Saviour.

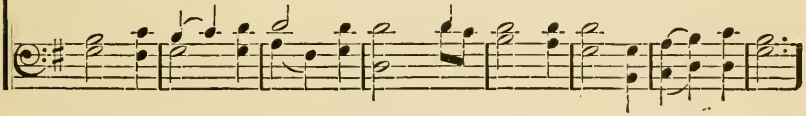
Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman. Arr. by Robert Harkness.



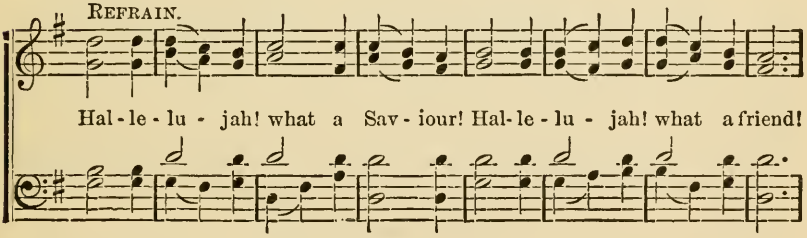
1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin - ners! Je- sus! Lov-er of my soul;
2. Je - sus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hide my - self in Him;
3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the billows o'er me roll,
4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tempest still is high,
5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,



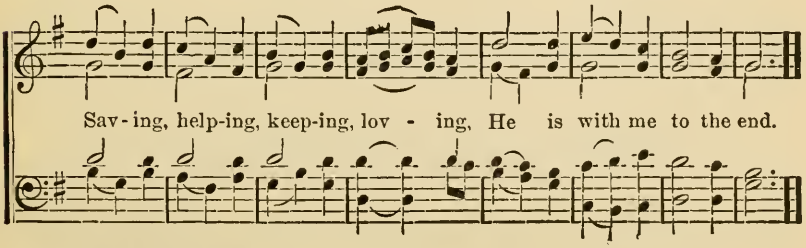
Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Saviour, makes me whole.
Tempt- ed, tried, and sometimes fail - ing, He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.
Ev - en when my heart is break-ing, He, my com-fort, helps my soul.
Storms a - bout me, night o'er- takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
He hath grant- ed me for - give - ness, I am His, and He is mine.



Refrain.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Hal- le - lu - jah! what a friend!



Sav - ing, help-ing, keep-ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.

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135 A Little While.

Mrs. Jane Crewdson. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Oh, for the peace that flow-eth as a riv - er, Mak-ing life's
2. A lit - tle while for pa-tient vi - gil keep - ing, To face the
3. A lit - tle while the earth - en pitch-er tak - ing, To way - side
4. A lit - tle while to keep the oil from fail - ing, A lit - tle

desert places bloom and smile; Oh, for the faith to grasp heaven's bright for-
storm and wrestle with the strong: A lit-tle while to sow the seed with
brooks, from far off fountains fed; Then the parched lip its thirst for ev-er
while faith's flickering lamp to trim; And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps

ev - er, A - mid the shad-ows of earth's lit - tle while.
weep - ing, Then bind the sheaves and sing the har-vest song.
slak - ing Be-side the ful - ness of the Foun - tain - head.
hail - ing, We'll haste to meet Him with the Brid - al hymn.

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136 A Sunset Nearer.

Ada R. Habershon. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. We're just a sun - set near - er, Each time the day-light fades;
2. It may be we shall see Him Ere sinks the sun to - day,
3. If Christ should come to - mor - row, This night would be our last,
4. A sun - set near - er day - break, When suns will set no more;

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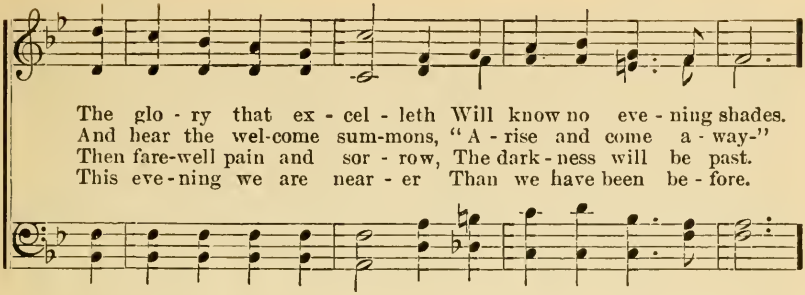
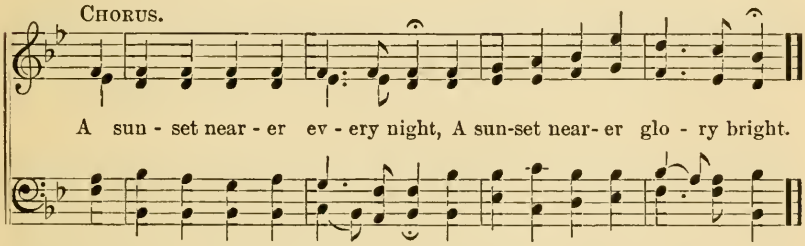
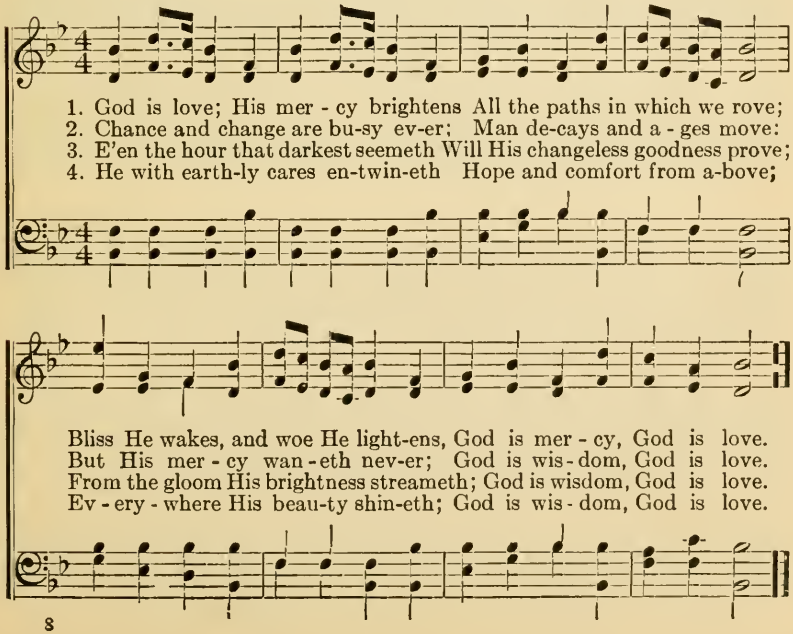




137 God Is Love.

JOHN BOWRING. Wilmot. Arr. from WEBER.



Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
2. Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang Pro-
3. Thou cam-est, O Lord, with the liv - ing Word That should

cam-est to earth for me; But in Bethlehem's home there was
claiming Thy roy - al de-cree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock-ing scorn, and with

pp

found no room, For Thy Ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,
come to earth, And in great - est hu - mil - i - ty. Oh,
crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. Oh,

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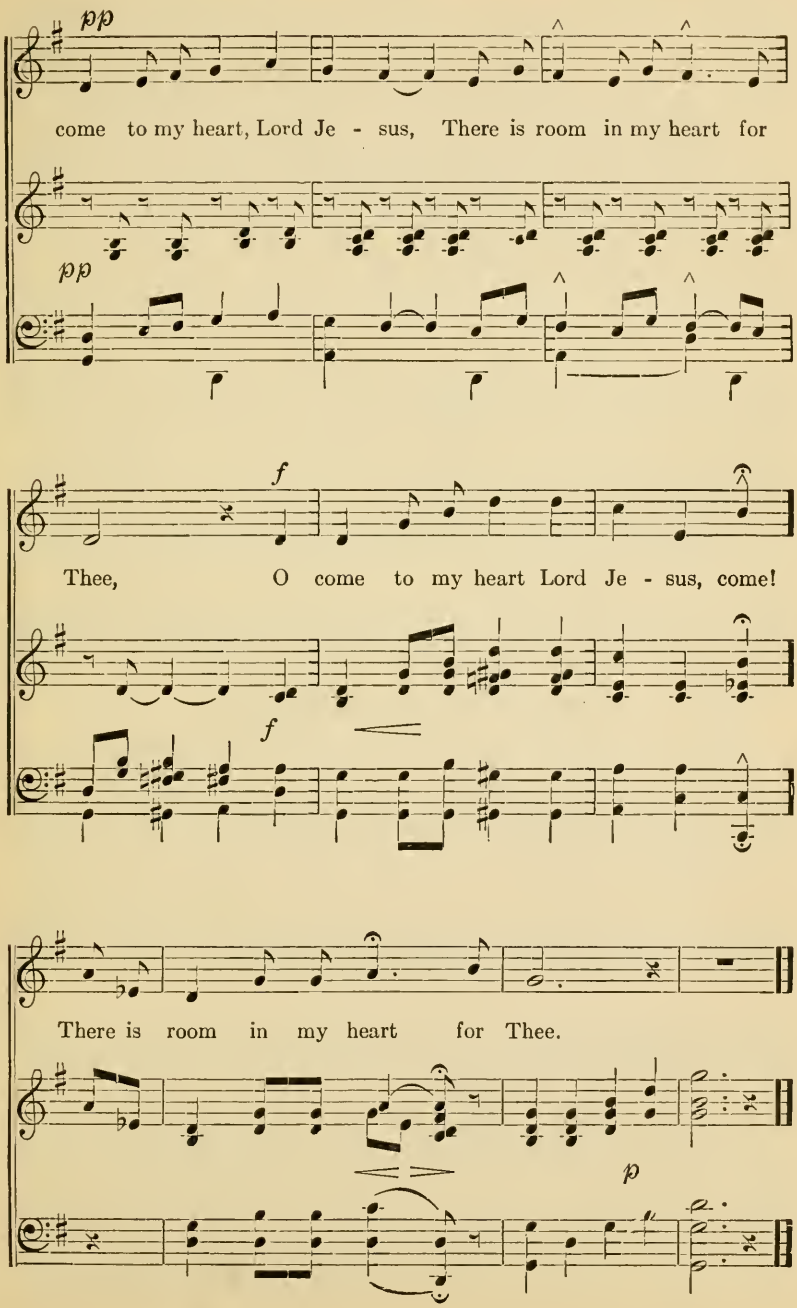
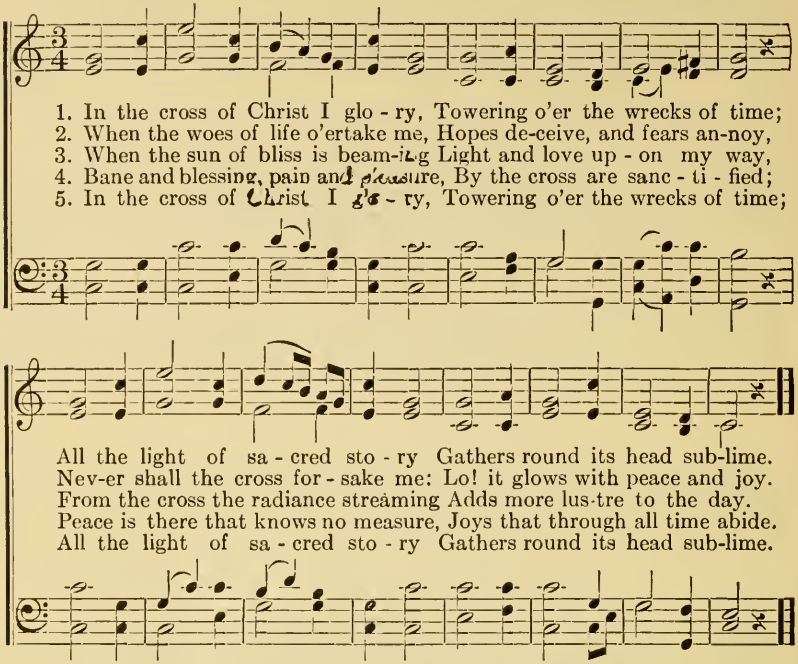
Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.—Concluded.



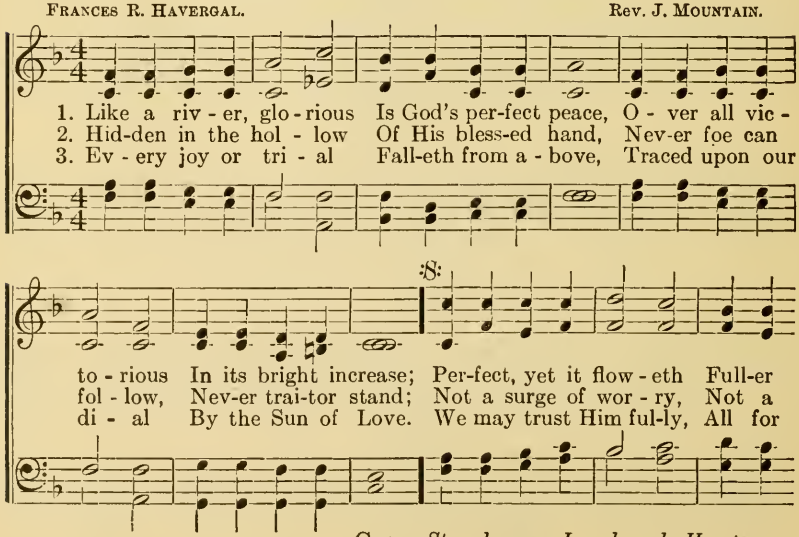
139 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

JOHN BOWRING. Rathbun. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



140 Like a River, Glorious.

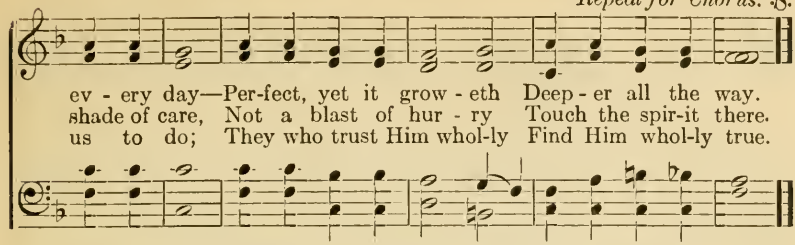
FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.



CHO.—*Stayed up-on Je - ho-vah, Hearts are*

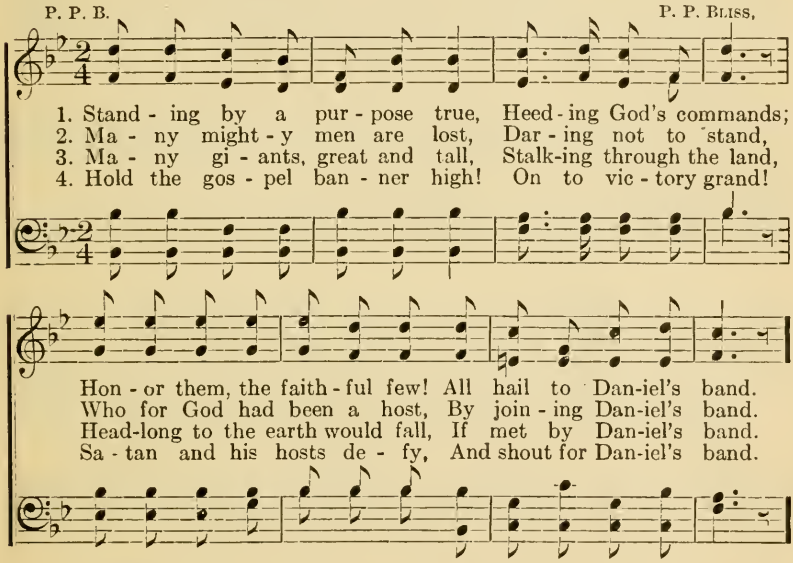
From the "Keswick Hymn Book." Used by per.

Repeat for Chorus. :8:

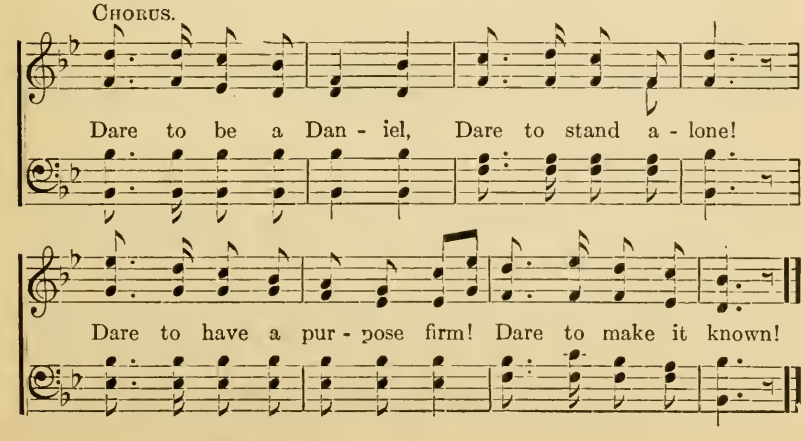


141 Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss,



Chorus.



Hallelujah for the Cross.

HORATIUS BONAR. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. The cross it stand-eth fast, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah! De- fy - ing
2. It is the old cross still, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah! Its tri-umph
3. 'Twas here the debt was paid, Hal-le - lu-jah! hal-le - lu - jah! Our sins on

cres.

ev - 'ry blast, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, The
let us tell, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! The grace of God here shone, Thro'
Je - sus laid, Hal - le - lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! So round the cross we sing, Of

ff

world its hate hath shown, Yet it is not o-ver-thrown, Hallelujah for the cross!
Christ the bless-ed Son, Who did for sin a - tone, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!
Christ our of - fer - ing, Of Christ our liv-ing King, Hal-le-lu-jah for the cross!

cres. *ff*

*SOLO SOP. OR TENOR, OR DUET.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

CHORUS. *mp* Hal-le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

TENOR AND BASS.

*If desired, the Soprano and Alto may sing the upper staff, omitting the middle staff.

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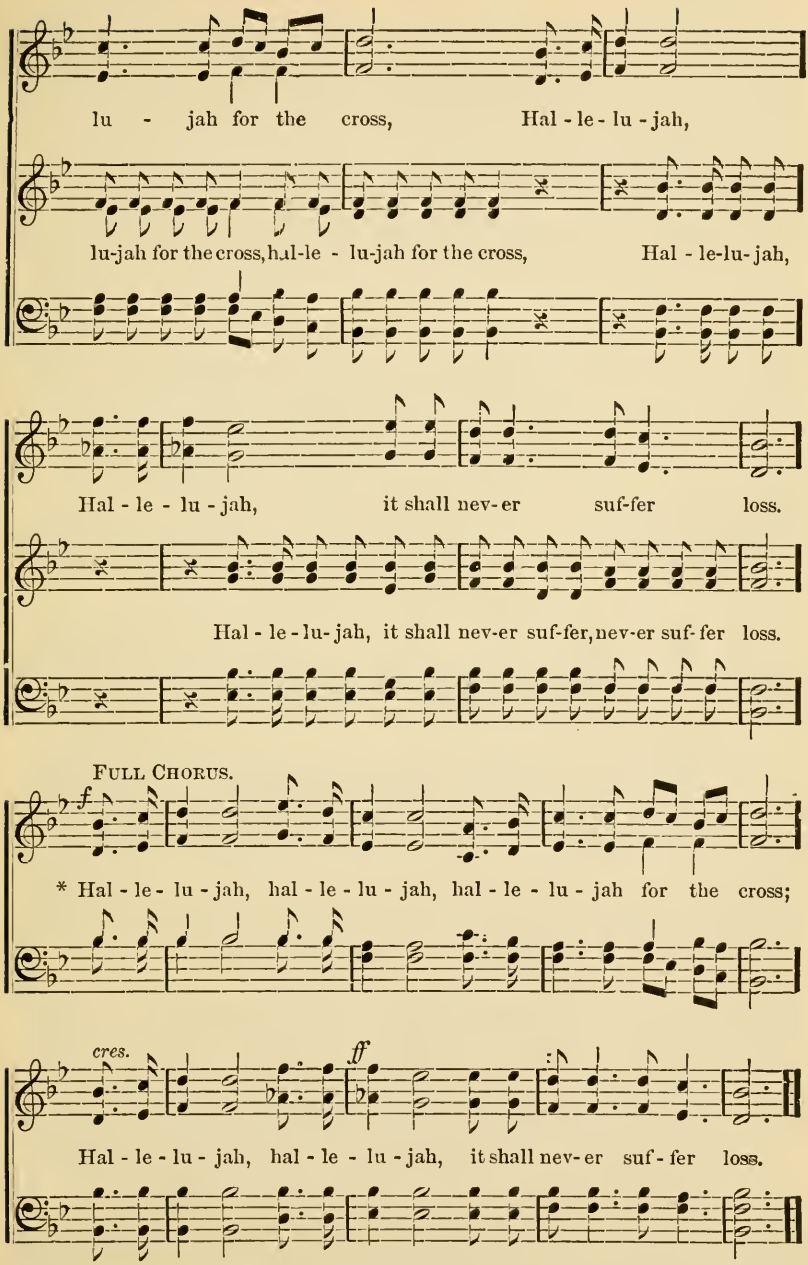
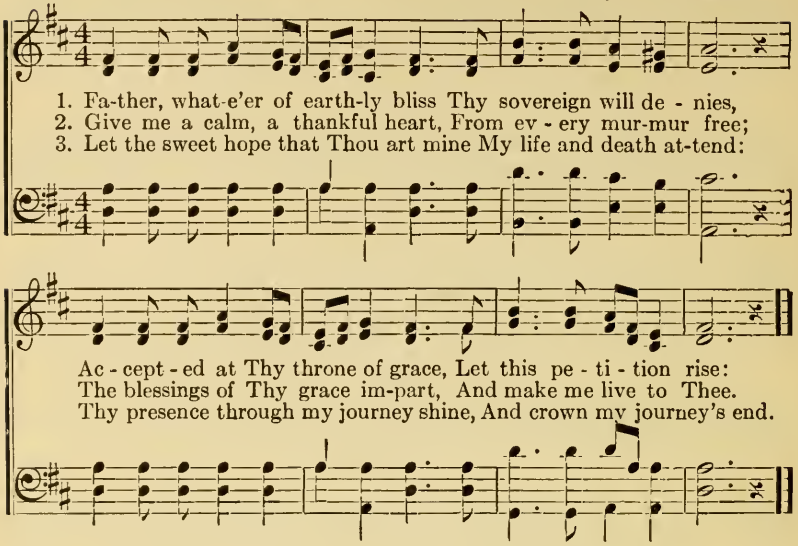
Hallelujah for the Cross.—Concluded.



* For a final ending, all the voices may sing the melody in unison through the last eight measures—the instrument playing the harmony.

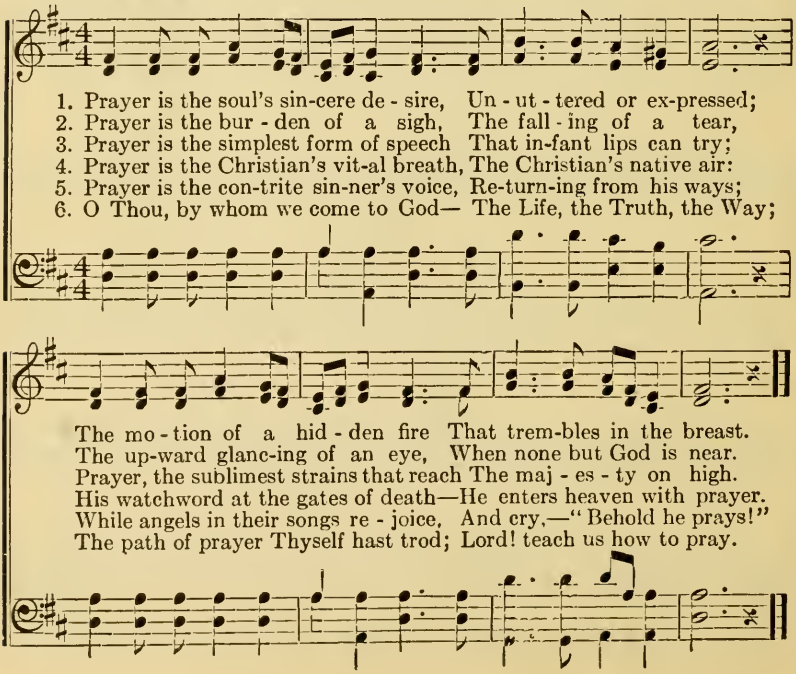
143 Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

ANNE STEELE. Naomi. Arr. fr. HANS NAEGELI. By LOWELL MASON.



144 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.

JAMES MONTGOMERY. Naomi. LOWELL MASON.



145 Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. What a wonderful change in my life has been wrought, Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing astray. Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is steadfast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val - ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit - y I know, Since Je-sus came

in - to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in - to my heart; And my sins which were many are all washed away,
in - to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my pathway obscure,
in - to my heart; And the gates of the Cit - y be-yond I can see,
in - to my heart; And I'm hap - py, so hap-py as on - ward I go,

Chorus.

Since Je-sus came in - to my heart. Since Je - sus came in - to my
Since Je - sus came in, came

heart, Since Jesus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
in-to my heart! Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart.

soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Jesus came in - to my heart.

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Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner.

146 Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A fol-low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour- age, Lord;

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en- dure the pain, Sup-port - ed by Thy word.

147 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT. HANS G. NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
2. Be - fore our Fa- ther's throne We pour our ar- dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu- tual woes, Our mu - tual bur- dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel- low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz- ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Oh, for a Thousand Tongues!

"I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart."—Psa. ix. 1.

Lyngham. C. M.

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deemer's
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-
3. Je - sus! the Name that charms our fears, That bids our sor-rows
4. He breaks the power of can - celled sin, He sets the pris-oner

praise, My great Re-deem - er's praise, The glo - ries of my
claim, As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread through all the
cease, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis mu - sic in the
free, He sets the pris - oner free; His blood can make the

God and King, The triumphs of His grace, The
earth a - broad The hon-ors of Thy Name, The
sin - ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace; 'Tis
foul - est clean, His blood a-vailed for me, His

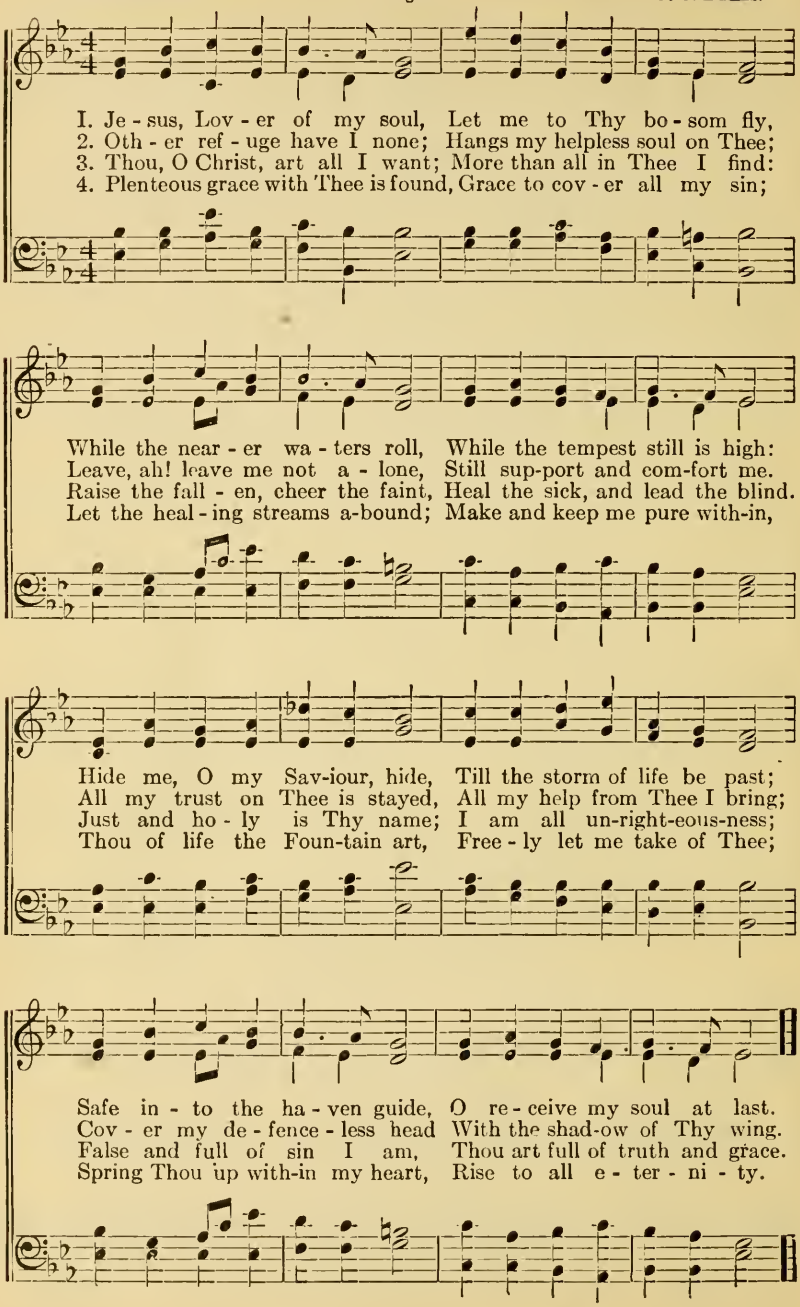
1. The triumphs of His grace. The triumphs of His
2. The hon-ors of Thy Name, The hon-ors of Thy

triumphs of His grace, The tri - umphs of His grace!
hon-ors of Thy Name, The hon - ors of Thy Name.
life, and health, and peace; 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
blood a-vailed for me, His blood a - vailed for me.

grace, The triumphs of His grace, The triumphs of His grace.
Name, The Hon-ors of Thy Name, The hon-ors of Thy Name.

149 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

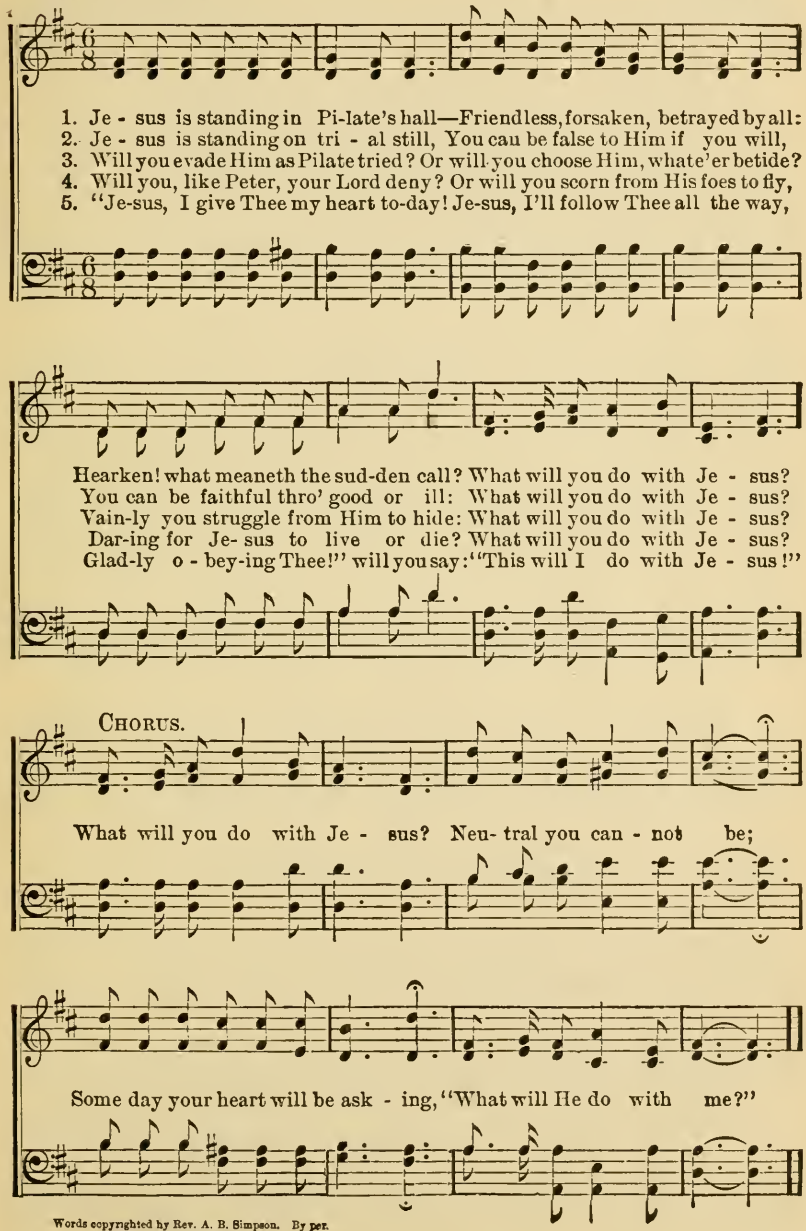
CHARLES WESLEY. Hollingside. J. B. DYKES.



150 What Will You Do With Jesus?

"What shall I do then with Jesus, which is called Christ?"—Matt. xxvii, 22.

Rev. A. B. Simpson. M. L. Stocks.



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151 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. S. B. MARSH.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly.
   { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high.
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee.
   { Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me.
3. { Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I find;
   { Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

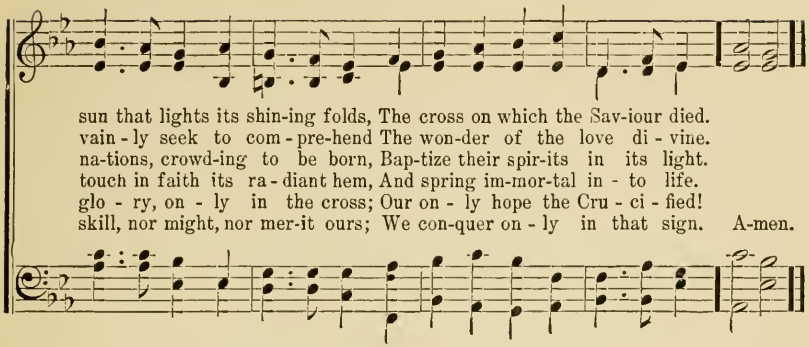
Hide me, O my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my hope on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right-eous - ness;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.

152 Fling Out the Banner!

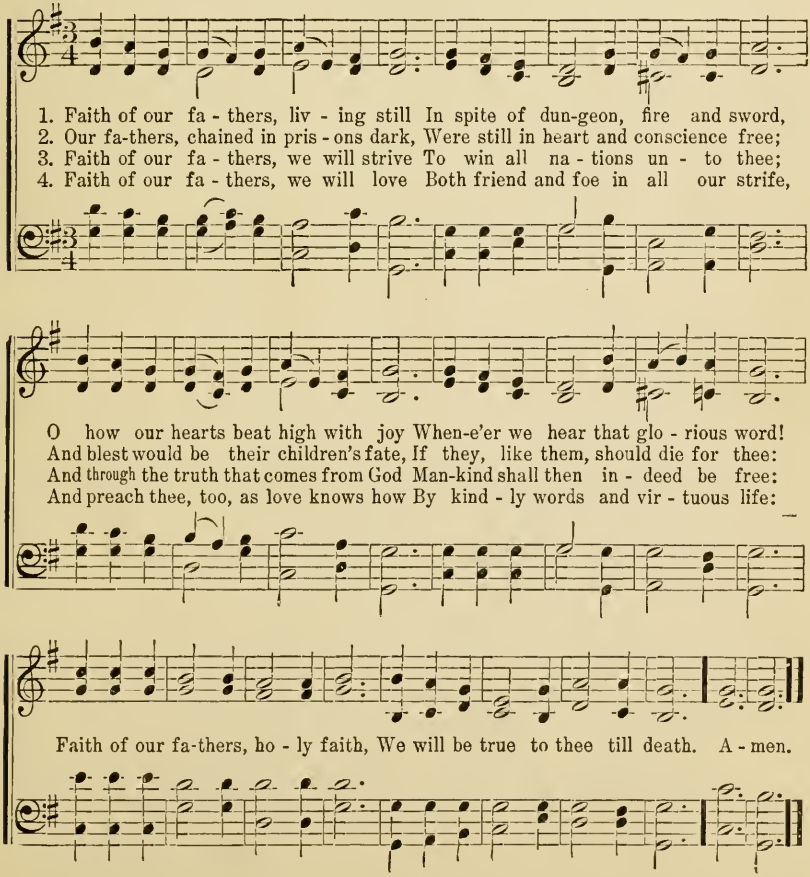
G. W. DOANE. J. B. CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide, Our
6. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, Seaward and sky-ward, let it shine: Nor



153 Faith of Our Fathers.

F. W. Faber. (St. Catherine.) J. G. Walton.



154 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me.

BROCKLESBURY. C. A. BARNARD.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to-night.
2. All this day Thy hand has led me, And I thank Thee for Thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en; Bless the friends I love so well:

Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me, Keep me safe till morn-ing light.
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me; Lis - ten to my eve- ning prayer!
Take us all at last to heav - en, Hap - py there with Thee to dwell.

155 How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care.

J. R. MURRY.

1. How strong and sweet my Father's care, That round a-bout me, like the air, Is with me al-ways, ev - ery where He cares for me.
2. The thought great won-der with it brings, My cares are all such lit - tle things, But to the truth my glad faith clings He cares for me.
3. Oh, keep me ev - er in Thy love, Dear Fa - ther, watching from a- bove, And let me still Thy mer - cy prove, And care for me.

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Carry Your Bible.

Dedicated to Mrs. Chas. M. Alexander, the Originator of The Pocket Testament League.

Fred P. Morris. Arr. R. H.

Robert Harkness.

1. Car - ry your Bi - ble with you Let all its blessing out - flow,
2. Car - ry the word of par - don Sweeter each day it will grow,
3. Car - ry the wondrous sto - ry Tell it to hearts plung'd in woe,
4. Car - ry the word of prom - ise, Sinners un-par-don'd may know

It will sup-ply you each moment, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
Somewhere some heart will be wait-ing, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
This word of gracious re-demp-tion, Take it wher-ev- er you go.
God's path from sin un - to safe - ty, Take it wher-ev- er you go.

Chorus.

Take it wher-ev - er you go,..... Take it wher-ev- er you go,.....
you go, you go,

God's message of love, Sent down from above, O take it wherever you go.....
you go.

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No Night There.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. H. P. DANKS.

1. In the land of fade-less day, Lies "the cit - y four-square," It shall
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y fonr-square," All the
3. And the gates shall nev- er close To "the cit - y four-square," There life's
4. There they need no sunshine bright, In "that cit - y four-square," For the

nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

mf CHORUS.

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;

f *dim.* *mf*

And they count not time by years, For there is "no night there."
And they ccunt not time by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

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A Little While.

FRED. P. MORRIS. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. A lit-tle while of toil and tur-moil, A lit- tle while His cross to bear;
2. A lit-tle while to lift some burden, A lit- tle while some load to share;
3. A lit-tle while with sin to grap-ple, A lit- tle while to do and dare,
4. A lit-tle while up- on the jour-ney, A lit- tle while for cour-age rare,

A lit-tle while to witness for Him, Then rest, sweet rest from all our care.
A lit-tle while some life to brighten, Then rest, sweet rest from all our care.
A lit-tle while to learn to conquer, Then rest, sweet rest from all our care.
A lit-tle while for cloud and sorrow, Then rest, sweet rest from all our care.

CHORUS.

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while; Then we shall rest in heav'n so fair;

A lit - tle while, a lit-tle while; Then we shall rest from all our care.

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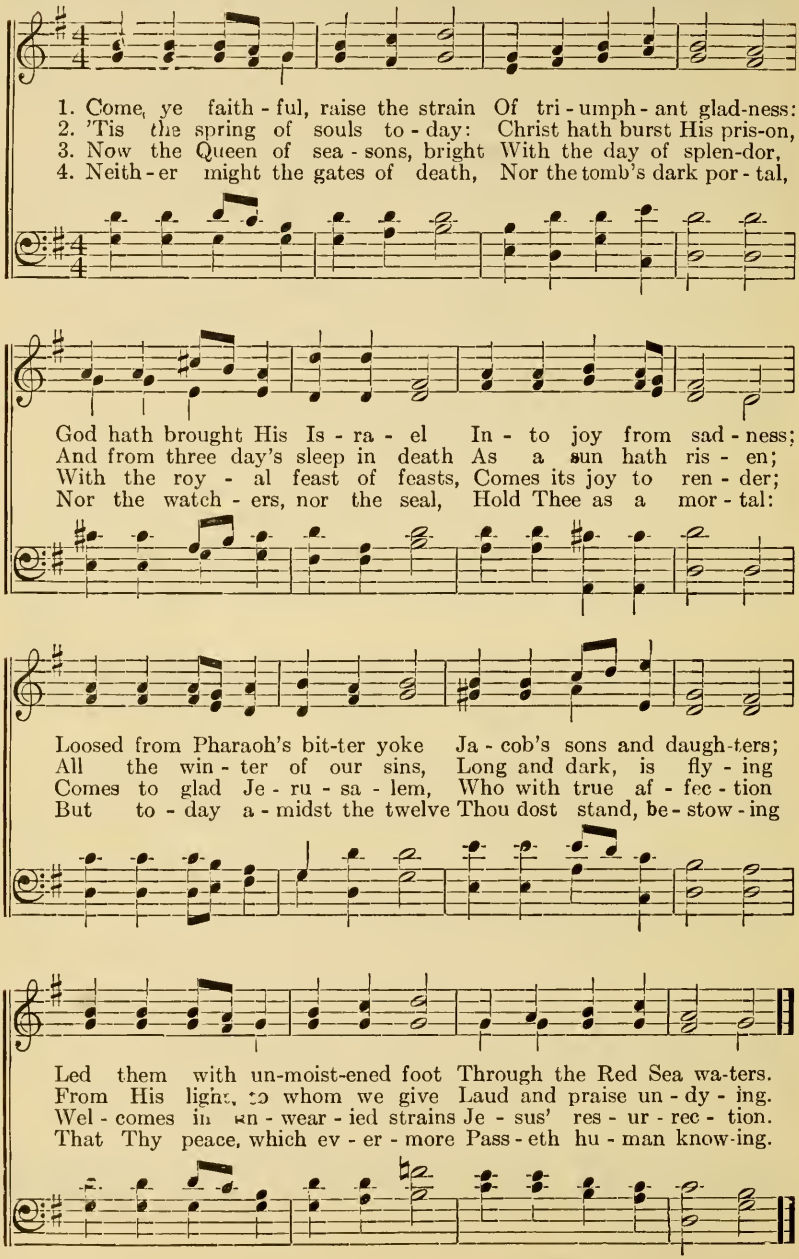
159 Come, Ye Faithful.

St. Kevin. 7s, 6s, D.

John of Damascus. Tr. J. M. Neale. Arthur Sullivan.



160 O Think of the Home Over There.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington. Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who be - fore us the jour-ney have

light, Where the saints, all im-mor - tal and fair, Are
trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their

o - ver there,

Refrain.

robed in their garments of white, o-ver there, O - ver there, o - ver
home in the pal - ace of God, o-ver there. O - ver there, o - ver

O-ver there,

there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, o - ver there; O - ver
there. Oh, think of the friends over there, o - ver there; O - ver

o - ver there, o - ver there,

there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
there, o-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, Oh, think of the friends over there.

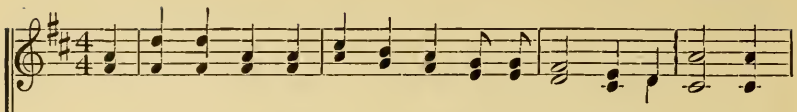
O-ver there,

3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest,
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

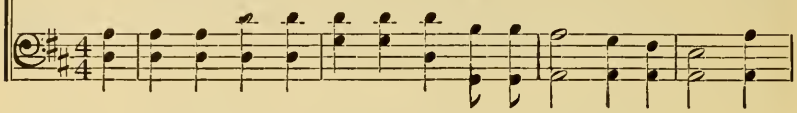
4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me,
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

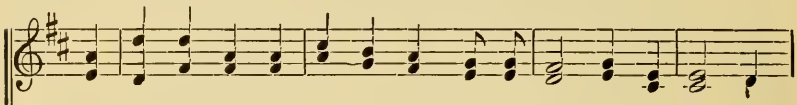
161 What a Wonderful Saviour.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

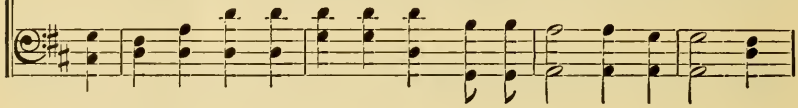


1. Christ has for sin a-tonement made, What a won - der-ful Sav - iour!
2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won - der-ful Sav - iour!
3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won - der-ful Sav - iour!
4. He walks be - side me in the way, What a won - der-ful Sav - iour!
5. He gives me o - ver-com-ing power, What a won - der-ful Sav - iour!
6. To Him I've giv - en all my heart, What a won - der-ful Sav - iour!

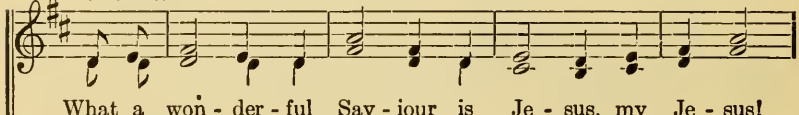




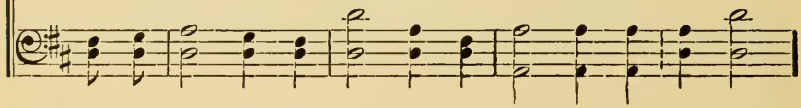
We are redeemed! the price is paid! What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
That rec - on - ciled my soul to God; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And now He reigns and rules there-in; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And keeps me faith-ful day by day; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
And tri-umph in each try - ing hour; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
The world shall nev - er share a part; What a won - der - ful Sav - iour!

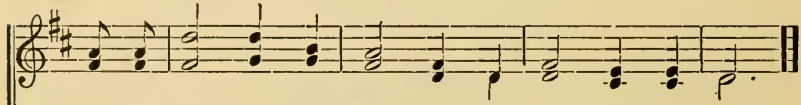


CHORUS.

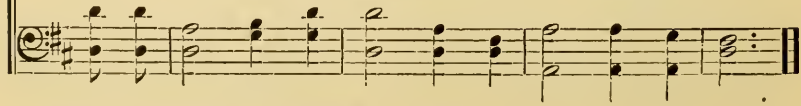


What a won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus, my Je - sus!





What a won - der - ful Sav - iour, is Je - sus, my Lord!



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Will the Circle Be Unbroken?

ADA R. HABERSHON. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There are loved ones in the glo - ry Whose dear forms you oft- en miss,
2. In the joy - ous days of child-hood, Oft they told of won-drous love
3. You re-mem-ber songs of heav- en, Which you sang with childish voice,
4. You can pic - ture hap- py gath-'rings Round the fire-side long a - go,
5. One by one their seats were emp-tied, One by one they went a - way,

When you close your earth-ly sto - ry Will you join them in their bliss?
Point- ed to the dy - ing Sav-iour, Now they dwell with Him a-bove.
Do you love the hymns they taught you, Or are songs of earth your choice?
And you think of tear- ful part- ings, When they left you here be- low.
Now the fam - i - ly is part - ed, Will it be complete one day?

CHORUS.

Will the cir - cle be un-brok- en By and by, by and by?

In a bet - ter home a - wait- ing In the sky, in the sky?

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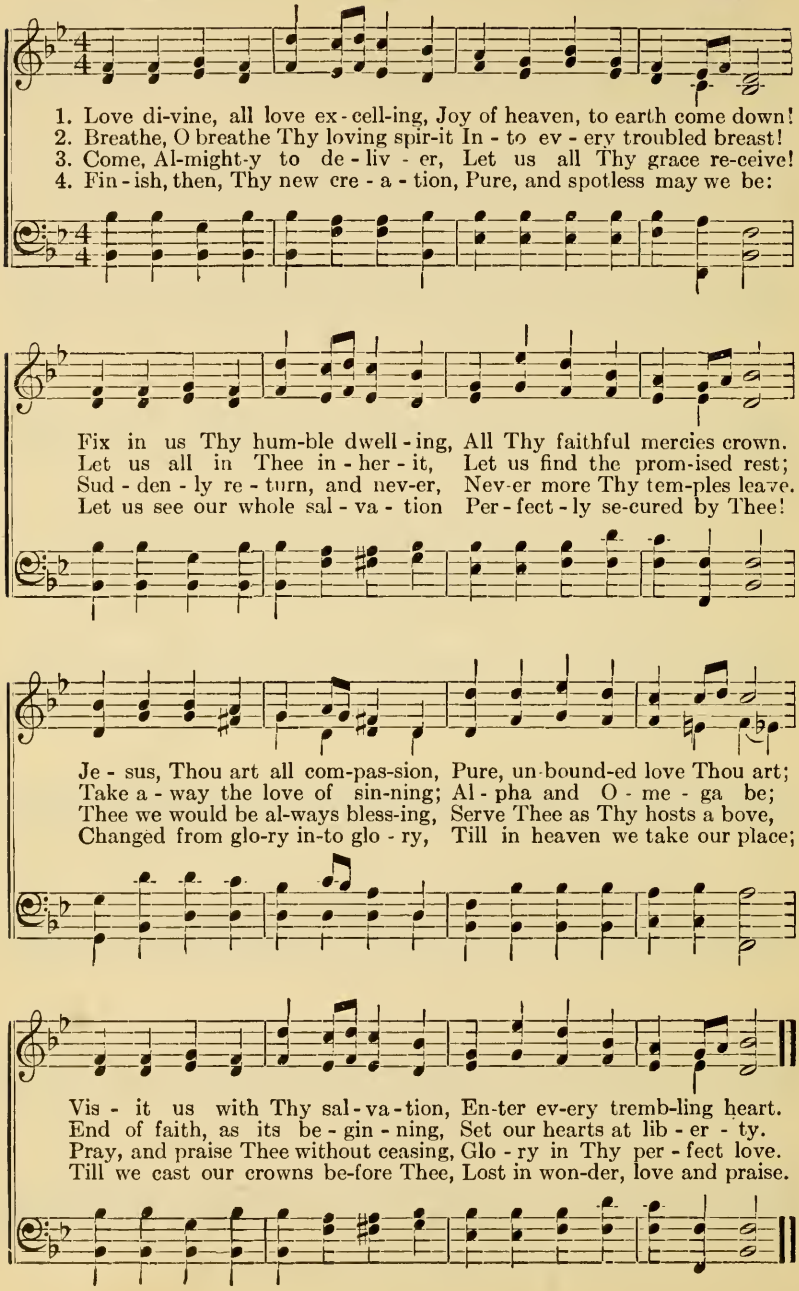
163 Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. Beecher. JOHN ZUNDEL.



I'm a Pilgrim.

MARY DANA SHINDLER. GEORGE S. SCHULER.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a strang-er, I can tar - ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the light; There is no sor - row, nor an - y sigh - ing, Nor an - y
2. Of that ci - ty to which I jour-ney, My Re-deem - er is the there; Here in this coun-try, so dark and drear- y, I long have
3. There the sunbeams are ev-er shin. ing; O my long - ing heart is stream-lets are ev - er flow - ing. tears there; nor an - y dy - ing. wan-dered, for-lorn and wea - ry.

SOLO

CHORUS.

I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a strang-er,

I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night; I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tar-ry, I can tar- ry but a night.

I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night;

ad lib.

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Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

(Victory.)

FRANCIS POTT. ARR. FR. GIOVANNI PALESTRINA, 1588.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, Now is the Vic - tor's tri - umph won; O let the song of praise be sung:
2. Death's mightiest pow'rs have done their worst, And Je - sus hath His foes dis - persed; Let shouts of praise and joy out - burst:
3. On the third morn He rose a - gain Glo - rious in maj - es - ty to reign; O let us swell the joy - ful strain:
4. He brake the age - bound chains of hell; The bars from heaven's high por - tals fell; Let hymns of praise His tri - umph tell:
5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee From death's dread sting thy ser - vants free, That we may live, and sing to Thee:

Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

He Is Mine.

G. Austin Miles. J. Lincoln Hall.

1. There is a Shepherd who cares for His own, And He is mine; Noth-ing am
2. Je - sus left heav - en my Sav-iour to be, And He is mine; I am not
3. There is a Com-fort-er come from a-bove, He, too, is mine; Com - ing to

I, He's a King on a throne, But He is mine; How He can love such a
worth all He suffered for me, But He is mine; Tho' I'm not wor-thy He
me to re-veal Je - sus' love, And that is mine; Shepherd and Saviour, and

sin - ner as I, Tho' He is mine; I can-not fathom tho' oft-en I try,
dwells in my heart, And He is mine; From Him I'll nev-er, no nev-er depart,
Com-fort-er, too, They all are mine; That's why I know the old story is true,

Chorus.

But He is mine.
For He is mine.
They all are mine.
} He is mine,..... He
He is mine,

Tho' all un-worth-y, I know He is mine, He

is mine; Tho' it is won-der-ful, yet it is true, That He is mine.
yes, He is mine;

is mine;

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No Burdens Yonder.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."—Rev. xxi, 14.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

Quietly.

1. No bur - dens yon - der not a sin - gle care,.....
2. No tri - als yon - der, all the test- ing done,....
3. No toil - ing yon - der, and no wea - ri - ness,.....
4. No part - ing yon - der, and no sad good - byes,.....

When home is reached..... noth - ing there to bear,.....
The school-days o - ver..... and the pri - zes won,.....
No dis - ap - point-ments... and no more dis - tress,.....
No pain, no sick - ness,... and no weep - ing eyes,.....

No bur - dens yon - der, all will be laid down, Be-
No much-tried faith like gold in fur - nace heat, The
The fu - ture bright, the past all un - der - stood, We'll
But best of all my Sav - iour I shall see, No

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No Burdens Yonder.—Concluded.

rall.

fore we share His glo - ry and His throne.....
pu - ri - fy - ing will all be com - plete.....
see that all the way He led was good.....
cloud will come be-tween my Lord and me.....

rall.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

No bur - dens yon - der, All sor-row past,.....

a tempo.

ad lib.

No bur - dens yon - der, Home at last.....

Thy Will be Done!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. My God, and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What tho' in lone- ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine; and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
long - er nigh, Sub-mis- sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a happier shore, "Thy will be done!"

REFRAIN.

Thy will be done! Thy will be done!

Thy will— Thy will be done! Thy will— Thy will be done!

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
Sub - mis - sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
I'll sing up - on a hap - pier shore, "Thy will be done!"

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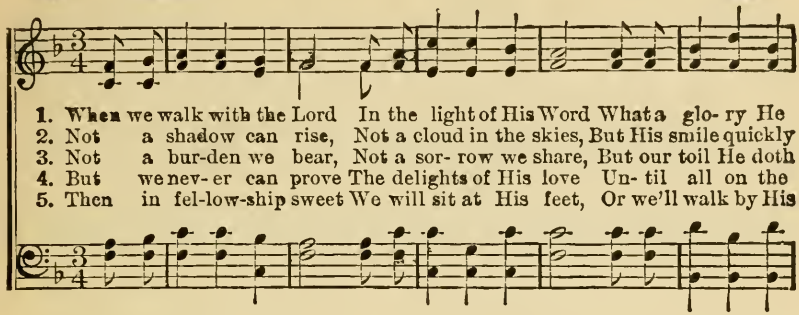
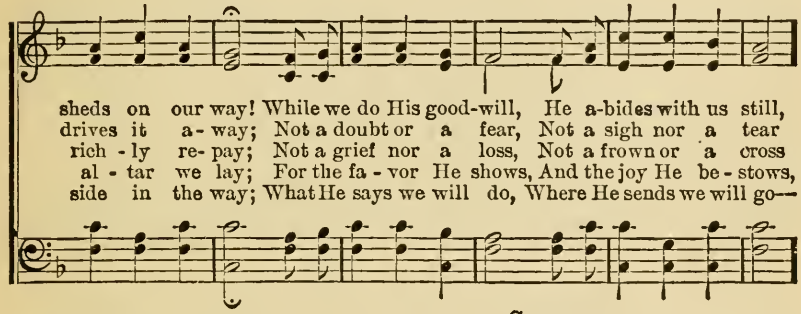
Trust and Obey.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Proverbs xxi, 20.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

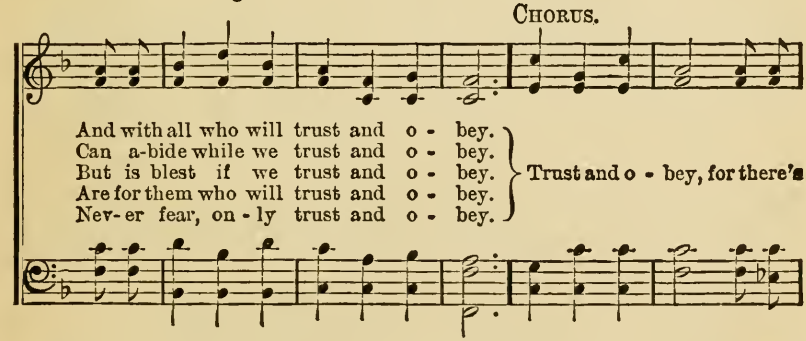


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word What a glo- ry He
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor- row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev- er can prove The delights of His love Un- til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

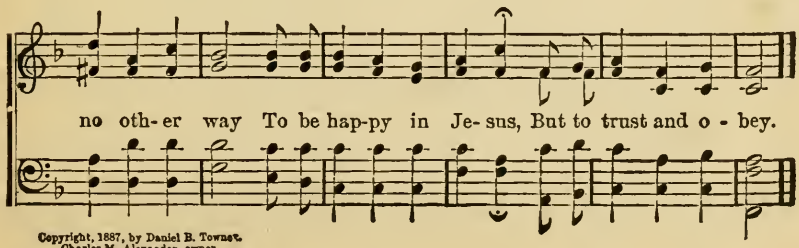


sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
drives it a- way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
rich - ly re- pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross
al - tar we lay; For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—

Chorus.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
Nev- er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.
} Trust and o - bey, for there's



no oth- er way To be hap-py in Je- sus, But to trust and o - bey.

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O Jesus, I Have Promised.

JOHN E. BODE. (Day of Rest. 7s, 6s.) J. W. ELLIOTT.

1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. Oh, let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
3. Oh, let me hear Thee speak - ing, In ac - cents clear and still,
4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee,
5. Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks, And in them plant mine own;

Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend!
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt-ing sounds I hear:
A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur-murs of self - will.
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy ser - vant be!
My hope to fol - low du - ly Is in Thy strength a - lone.

I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side;
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
Oh speak, to re - as - sure me, To hast - en or con - trol;
And, Je - sus, I have prom-ised, To serve Thee to the end;
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me, Up - hold me to the end;

UNISON. HARMONY.

Nor wan - der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
Oh speak, and make me list - en, Thou Guar-dian of my soul!
Oh, give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend!
And then in heav'n re - ceive me, My Sav - iour and my Friend!

Man. *Ped*

God of Our Fathers.

D. C. Roberts. G. W. Warren.

ff *f*

Trumpets before each verse 1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might-y
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti -
4. Re - fresh thy peo - ple on their toilsome

♩=112.

hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry
past, In this free land by thee our lot is
lence, Be thy strong arm our ev - er sure de -
way, Lead us from night to nev - er end - ing

cres.

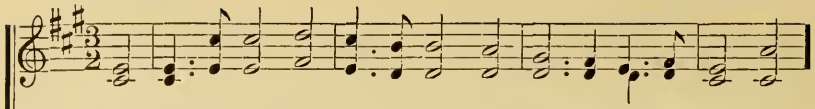
band Of shin - ing worlds in splen-dor through the
cast; Be thou our rul - er, guard-ian, guide and
fence; Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in -
day; Fill all our lives with love and grace di -

ff

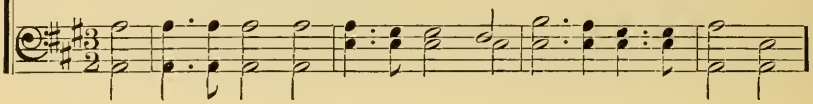
skies, Our grate-ful songs be-fore thy throne a - rise.
stay, Thy word our law, thy paths our cho - sen way.
crease, Thy bounteous good-ness nour - ish us in peace.
vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er thine.

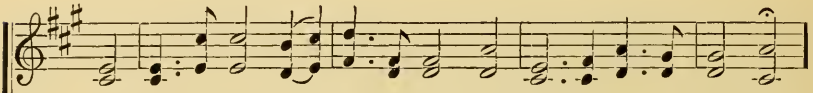
I've Found a Friend.

Rev. J. G. Small. Geo. C. Stebbins.

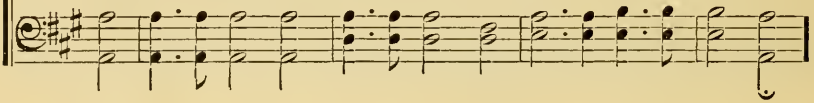


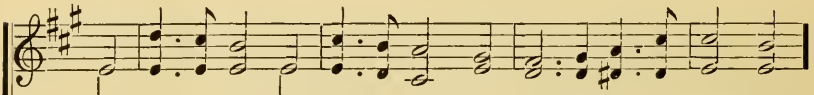
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him,
2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is giv - en;
4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,



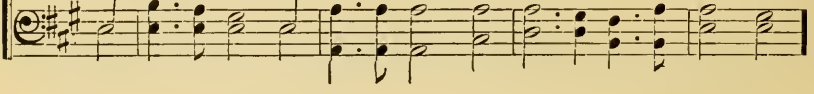


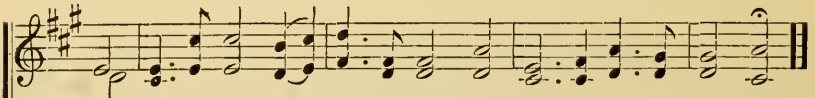
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to heav - en.
So wise a Coun-sel - lor and Guide, So might- y a De - fend - er!



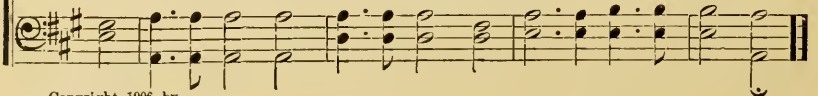


And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which nought can sev - er,
Nought that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
Th'e - ter - nal glo-ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en-deav - or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev - er?





For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er.



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173 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Though your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, Oh, return ye unto God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more! no more;

QUARTET.

Though they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un - to Me..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Though they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Though your sins be as scar-let, Though your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gress-ions, He'll for-give your transgressions,

p rit.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more.

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I Need My Saviour Now.

"Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."—Psalm 63 : 7.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. The dark- ness a - round seems more thick than of yore,
2. I oft - en have known what it was in the past,
3. So ma - ny I love have been laid to their rest,
4. The cold- ness a - round is like frost and like snow,
5. And oh what a won - der He's need - ing me too,

The bat - tle is stern - er, the con - test is sore,
My bur - dens and sor - rows up - on Him to cast,
And oft - en with sor - row my heart is op - prest,
But He can at once set my heart all a - glow,
I ne'er for a mo - ment with - out Him can do,

And ne'er has the foe been more ac - tive be - fore,
His arm so al - might - y must still hold me fast,
I fly to the shel - ter of His lov - ing breast,
Tis on - ly His love that can warm me I know,
And dai - ly I find it in - creas - ing - ly true,

If ev - er I need - ed my Sav - iour, 'tis now.

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175 There's a Friend for Little Children.

A. MIDLANE. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil-dren A-bove the bright blue sky; A Friend who
2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil-dren A-bove the bright blue sky; For those who
3. There's a home for lit - tle chil-dren A-bove the bright blue sky; Where Je - sus
4. There's a crown for lit - tle chil-dren A-bove the bright blue sky; And all who

nev - er chang-eth, Whose love can nev - er die: Un- like our friends by
love the Sav - iour, And "Ab - ba" Fa - ther cry: A rest from ev - ery
reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy: No home on earth is
look to Je - sus Shall wear it by - and - by: A crown of brightest

:S:

na - ture, Who change with changing years, This Friend is al- ways wor - thy The
troub- le, From sin and dan - ger free, Where ev - ery lit - tle pil- grim Shall
like it, Nor can with it com - pare, For ev - ery one is hap - py, Nor
glo - ry, Which He will then be - stow On those who found His fa - vor, And

D.S.—That all who tru - ly love Him Might

FINE. CHORUS. *D.S.*

precious name He bears.
rest e- ter- nal - ly.
could be happier there.
loved Him here be-low.

This Friend for little children Came down on earth to die,

live with Him on high.

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176 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul-len stream

Sav - iour di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire: As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my Guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor - rows
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move: O bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul.

177 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. Bethany. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heaven: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak- ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send'st to me In mer-cy given: An - gels to beck - on me
ston - y griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for-got, Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be

Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!

178 Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah.

W. Williams. Wm. L. Viner.

Fine.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah, Pil-grim through this barren land;
2. O-pen now the crystal foun - tain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side;

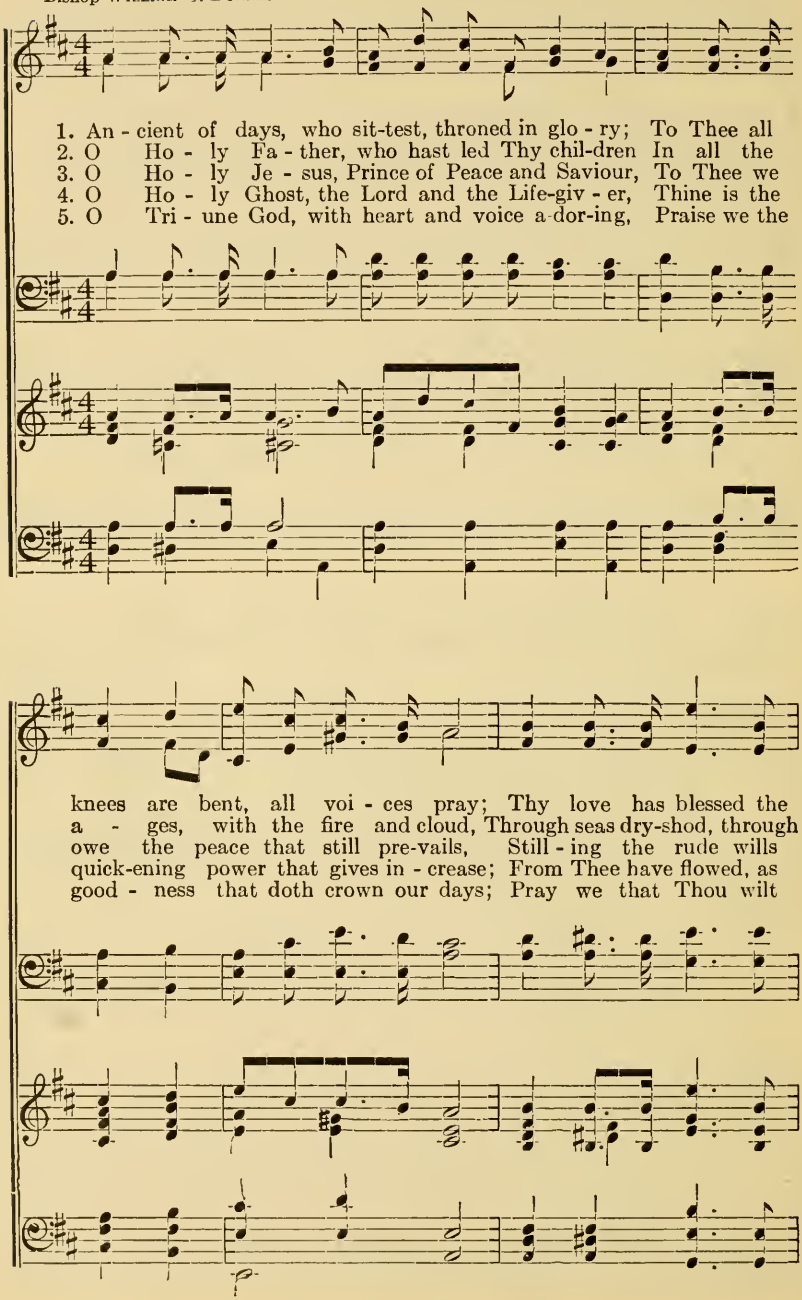
D. C.—*Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.*
Strong De-liv-erer, Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es, songs of praises, I will ev - er give to Thee.

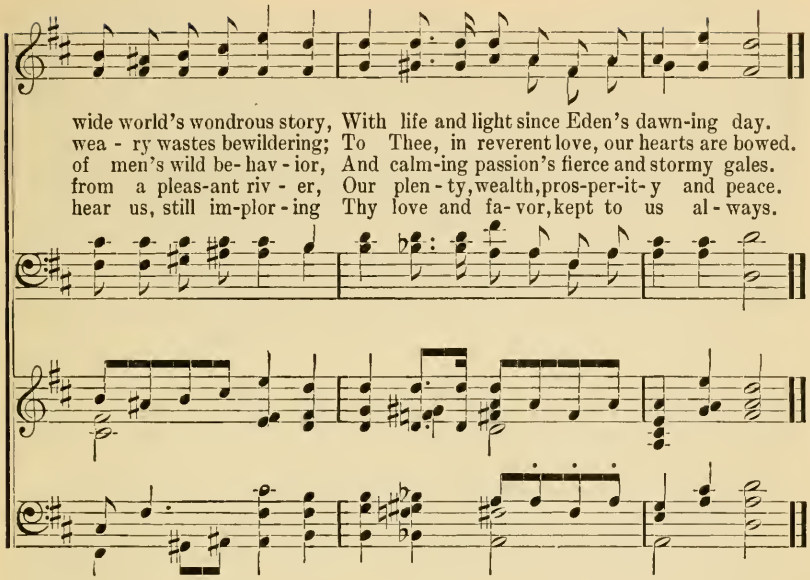
D. C.

I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Let the fier - y, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour-ney through:
Bear me through the swelling current, Land me safe on Canaan's side:

Ancient of Days.

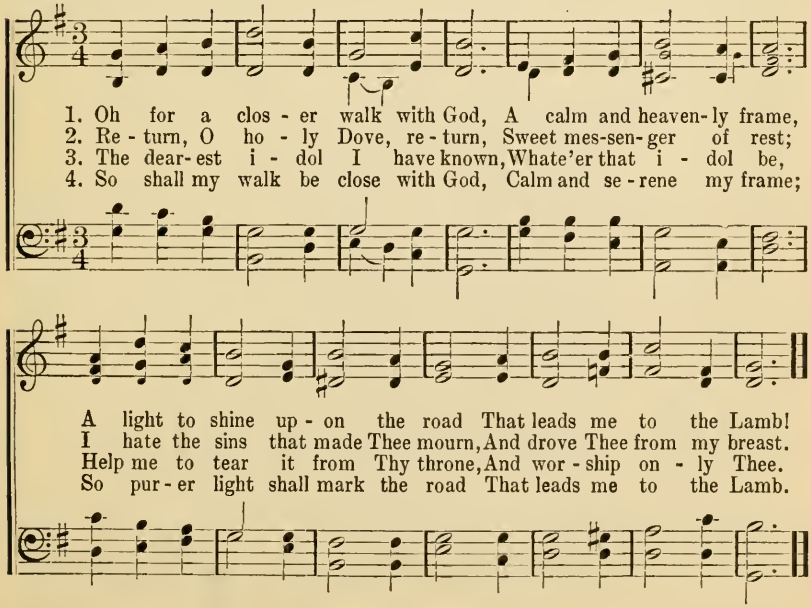
Bishop William C. Doane. T. A. Jeffery.





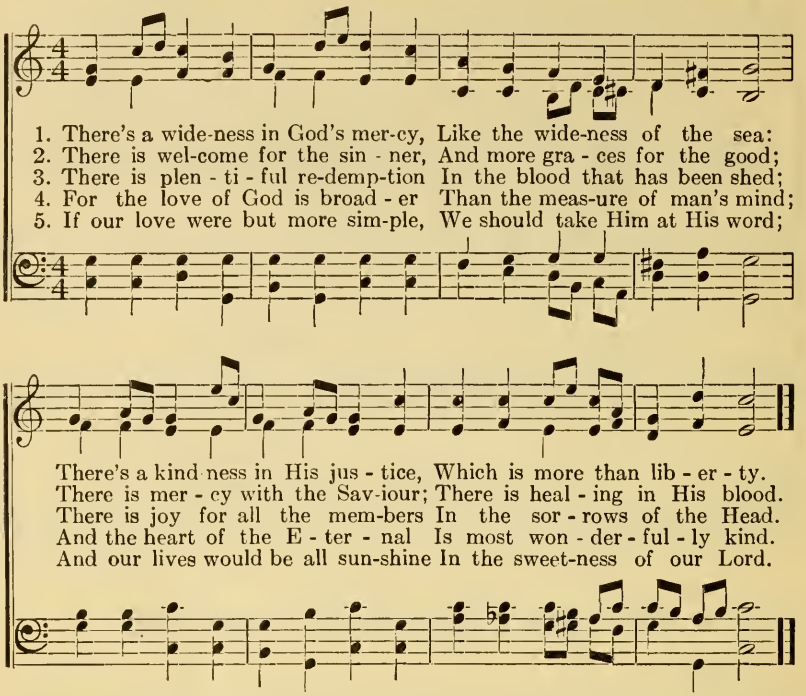
180 Oh for a Closer Walk With God.

W. Cowper. J. B. Dykes.



181 There's a Wideness In God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Wellesley. LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.



182 Something Every Heart is Loving.

Wellesley.

1 Something every heart is loving—
If not Jesus, none can rest;
Lord, my heart to Thee is given;
Take it, for it loves Thee best.

2 Thus I cast the world behind me;
Jesus most beloved shall be;
Beauteous more than all things beauteous,
He alone is joy to me.

3 Bright with all eternal radiance
Is the glory of Thy face;
Thou art loving, sweet and tender,
Full of pity, full of grace.

4 When I hated, Thou didst love me,
Shedst for me Thy precious blood;
Still Thou lovest, lovest ever,—
Shall I not love Thee, my God?

5 Keep my heart still faithful to Thee,
That my earthly life may be
But a shadow to that glory
Of my hidden life in Thee.

E. F. BEVAN.

183 Coming, Coming, Yes, They Are.

J. Wakefield MacGill. Rev. E. Husband.

Andantino.

1. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
2. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
3. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
4. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
5. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,
6. Com - ing, com - ing, yes, they are, Com - ing, com - ing,

f

from a - far; From the wild and scorch-ing des - ert,
from a - far; From the fields and crowd - ed cit - ies,
from a - far; From the In - dies and the Gan - ges,
from a - far; From the steppes of Rus - sia drear - y,
from a - far; From the fro - zen realms of mid - night,
from a - far; All to meet in plains of glo - ry,

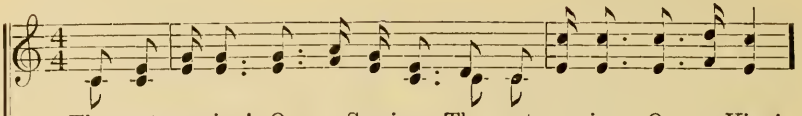
Af - ric's sons of col - our deep; Je - sus' love has
Chi - na gath - ers to His feet; In His love Shem's
Stead - y flows the liv - ing stream To love's o - cean,
From Sla - vo - nia's scat - tered lands, They are yield - ing
O - ver many a wea - ry mile, To ex - change their
All to sing His prais - es sweet; What a cho - rus,

f

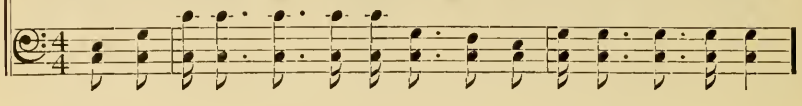
drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
gen - tle chil - dren Now have found a safe re - treat.
to His bo - som, Cal - va - ry their won - dering theme.
soul and spir - it In - to Je - sus' lov - ing hands.
soul's long win - ter For the sum mer of His smile.
what a meet - ing, With the fam - i - ly com - plete!

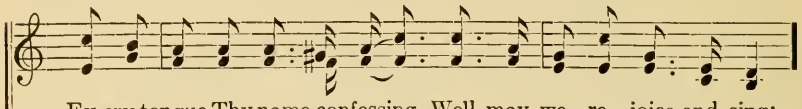
Thou Art Coming!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

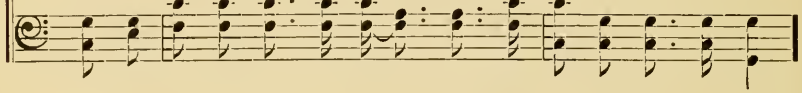


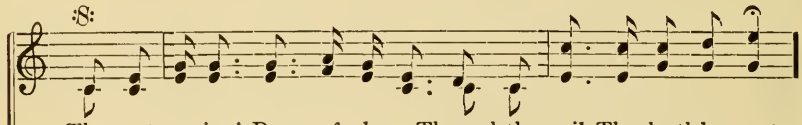
1. Thou art com-ing! O my Sav-iour, Thou art com-ing, O my King!
2. Thou art com-ing! Not a shad-ow, Not a mist, and not a tear,
3. Thou art com-ing! We are wait-ing With a hope that can-not fail,



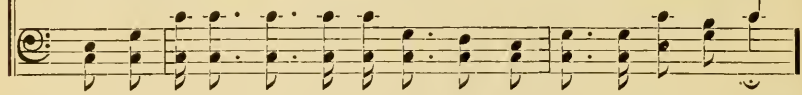


Ev-ery tongue Thy name confessing, Well may we re - joice and sing;
Not a sin and not a sor-row, On that sun-rise grand and clear;
Ask - ing not the day or hour, An-chored safe with - in the vail;



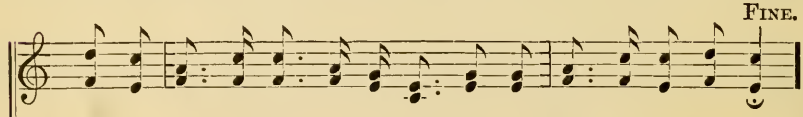


Thou art coming! Rays of glo-ry Through the vail Thy death has rent,
Thou art coming! Je - sus, Saviour Noth-ing else seems worth a thought,
Thou art coming! At Thy ta-ble We are wit - ness-es for this,

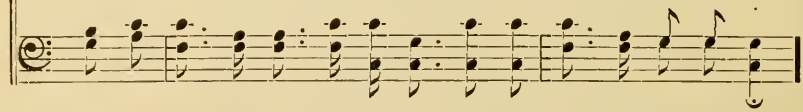


D. S.–*Thou art coming! Thou art coming! Je - sus, our be - lov - ed Lord!*

FINE.



Glad-den now our pil-grim pathway, Glo - ry from Thy presence sent.
Oh, how mar-vel-lous the glo - ry And the bliss Thy pain hath bought!
As we meet Thee in com-mun-ion, Ear-nest of our com-ing bliss.



Oh, the joy to see Thee reigning, Worshipped, glo - ri-fied, a - dored!

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CHORUS.

Thou art coming! Thou art com-ing! We shall meet Thee on Thy way,

D. S.

Thou art com-ing! we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day;

185 We Would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. We would see Je - sus— for the shadows lengthen A - cross this lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last wea - ri-ness—the fi - nal strife.
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foundation, Where - on our feet were set with sovereign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have re-joiced to see: The bless-ings of our pil-grim-age are fail - ing, We should not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
4. We would see Je - sus— this is all we're needing, Strength, joy, and will - ing - ness come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy- ing, ris - en, plead-ing, Then wel-come day, and farewell mor - tal night!

Copyrigbt, 1903, by Geo. C. Stebbins.

Onward Christian Soldiers.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. ROBERT HARKNESS.

Unison.

1. On- ward Chris-tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God:
3. Crowns and thrones may per- ish, King-doms rise and wane.
4. On- ward then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng,

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
Broth - ers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod;
But the Church of Je - sus Con- stant will re - main:
Blend with ours your voi - ces In the tri- umph- song:

Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre - vail:
Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King:

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Onward Christian Soldiers.—Concluded.

For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
This, through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

On - ward, on - ward, Christian soldiers, March-ing, march - ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

187 Song of Deliverance.

T. I. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Faint not, Chris-tian! tho' the road Lead - ing to thy blest a - bode
2. Faint not, Chris-tian! tho' the world Has its hos - tile flag un - furled;
3. Faint not, Chris-tian! tho' with-in There's a heart so prone to sin;
4. Faint not, Chris-tian! tho' thy God Smite thee with His chast'ning rod;

Dark-some be, and dangerous too— Christ, thy Guide, will bring you thro',
Hold the cross of Je - sus fast, Thou shalt o - ver - come at last.
Christ the Lord is o - ver all, He'll not suf - fer thee to fall.
Smite He must with Fa - ther's care, That He may His love de - clare.

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188 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. Baring-Gould. (St. Gertrude.) Arthur Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore: Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-
tread-ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one
Je - sus Constant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that
voic - es In the tri-umph-song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to

gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go.
bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can - not fail.
Christ, the King; This through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

Refrain.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - men.

Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD. D. B. TOWNER.

1. Sav - iour, 'tis a full sur- ren-der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con- tri- tion, At this con - se- crat - ed hour.
3. No with-holding—full con- fess- ion; Pleasures, rich- es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal- va-tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!

Thou my Lead-er and De-fend- er From this hour shalt ev - er be.
Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe- ti- tion, Let me feel the Spir-it's pow'r!
Ho - ly Spir- it, take pos-sess-ion! I no more, bnt Thou in me.
This my rapt-ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin- ing shore.
Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra- tion! I am His, and He is mine.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren- der all! I sur-ren- der all!
I sur-ren-der all! I sur-ren-der all!

All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren- der all!

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Bearing His Cross.

ADA R. HABERSHON. ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Thro' the gate of the cit - y they led Him still, Bear - ing His
2. Tho' He knew what it meant, yet He turned not back, Bear - ing His
3. They had nev - er been a - ble to lead Him thus, Bear - ing His
4. All the bur-dens are gone which He took that day, Bear - ing His

cross;.... Till He came to the sum-mit of Cal - v'ry's hill.
cross;.... And He pa-tient - ly trod all the wea - ry track,
cross;.... If He had not been will-ing to die for us,
cross;.... Nev-er-more will He trav - el that blood-stained way,

Bear - ing His cross; As a sheep by the shear-ers is meek-ly led,
Bear - ing His cross; Tho' the cross was so heavy, 'twould not compare
Bear - ing His cross; For He laid down the life which He took again,
Bear - ing His cross; When we see Him in glo-ry en-throned on high,

He en-dured it for us, and no word He said, Bear - ing His cross.
With the burden of sin which He carried there, Bear - ing His cross.
And the joy set before Him surpassed the pain—Bear - ing His cross.
How we'll thank Him that thus He went forth to die, Bearing His cross.

It is suggested that the Chorus be used only after the second and third verses, the last four notes of Verse 4, twice repeated, makes an effective close.

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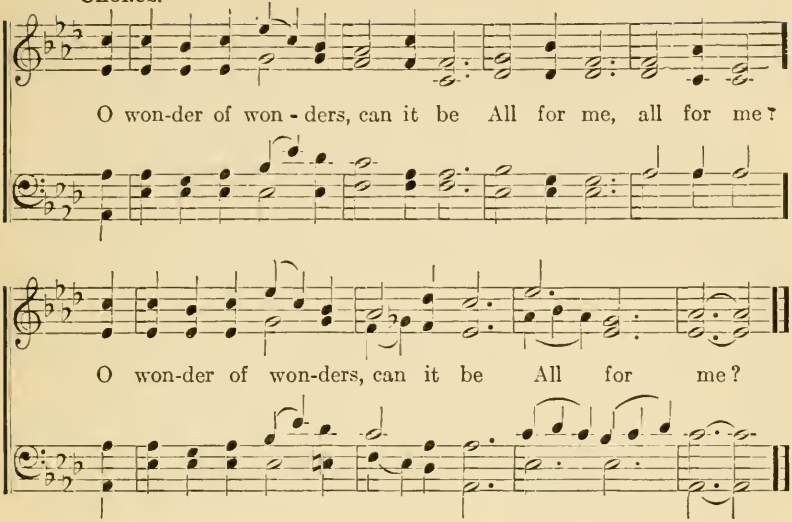
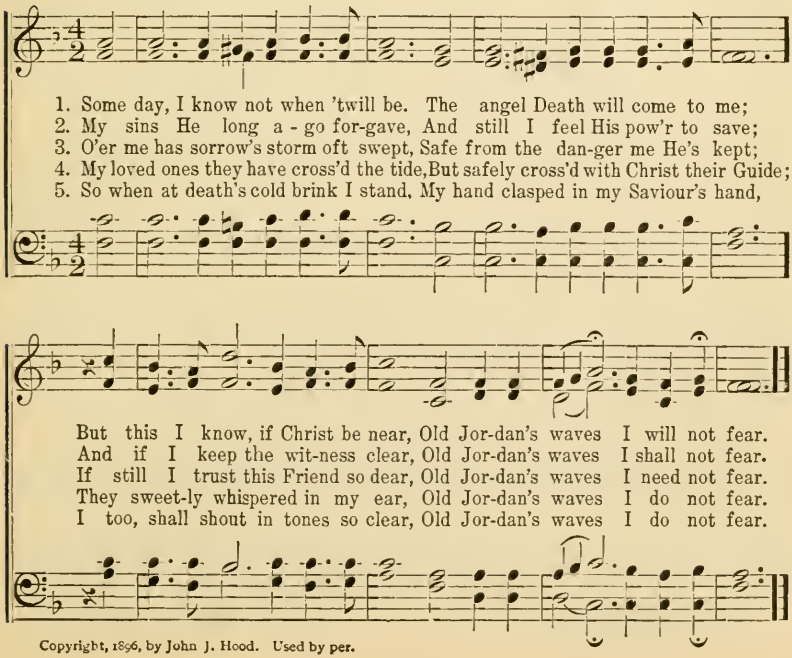
CHORUS.



191 Old Jordan's Waves I Do Not Fear.

Be not afraid; . . . the Lord . . . is with Thee. JOSHUA 1: 9.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



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Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

Unison.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you, Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic-tor's song:

From vic-t'ry un - to vio - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
"Ye that are men now serve Him" A-gainst un-num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

rit.

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

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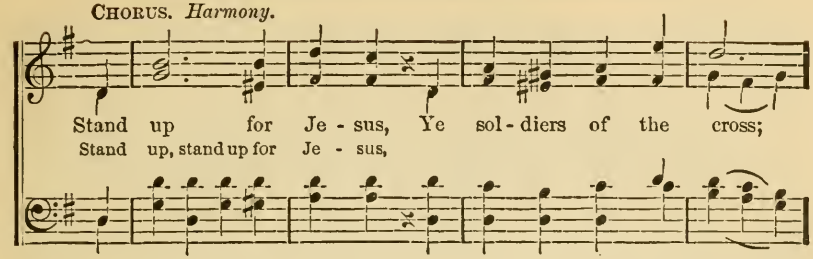
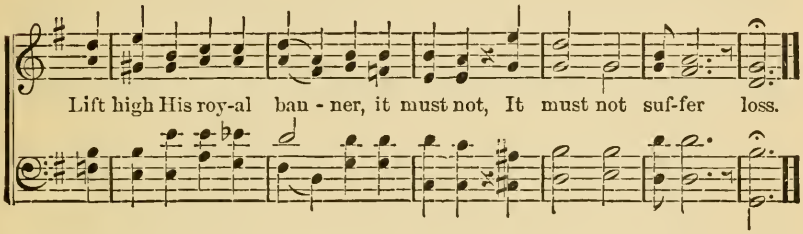
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.

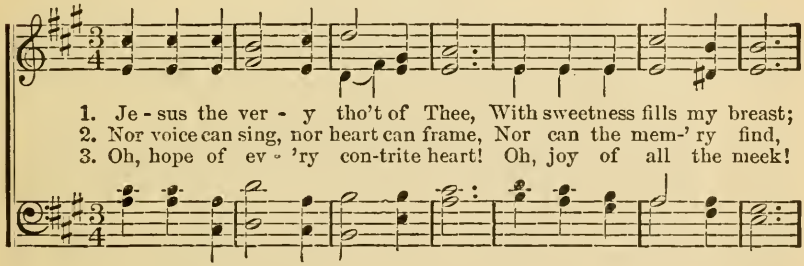
CHORUS. *Harmony.*

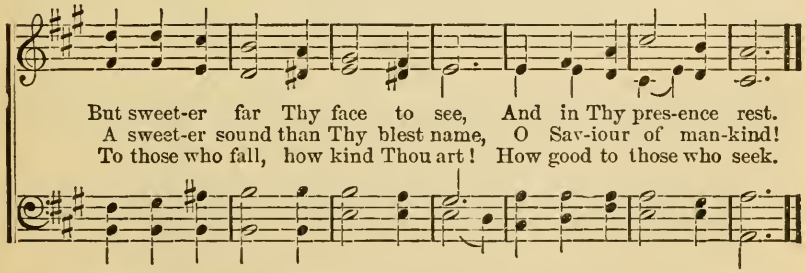




193 Jesus, the very Thought of Thee.

E. CASWALL. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) JOHN B. DYKES.





4 And what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

194 The Day Thou Gavest.

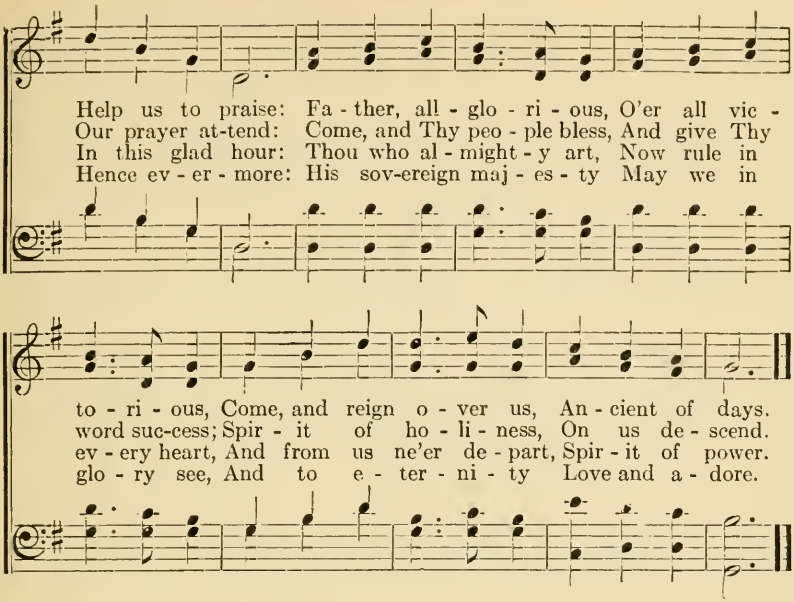
J. Ellerton. (St. Clement. 9, 8, 9, 8.) C. C. Scholefield.

1. The day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness falls at Thy be - hest; To Thee our morn - ing hymns as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest.
2. We thank Thee that Thy Church un - sleep - ing, While earth rolls on - ward in - to light, Through all the world her watch is keep - ing, And rests not now by day or night,
3. As o'er each con - ti - nent and is - land The dawn leads on an - oth - er day, The voice of prayer is nev - er si - lent, Nor dies the strain of praise a - way.
4. The sun that bids us rest, is wak - ing Our breth - ren 'neath the west - ern sky, And hour by hour fresh lips are mak - ing Thy wondrous do - ings heard on high.
5. So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall nev - er, Like earth's proud em-pires, pass a - way, But stand, and rule, and grow for - ev - er Till all Thy crea - tures own Thy sway.

195 Come, Thou Almighty King.

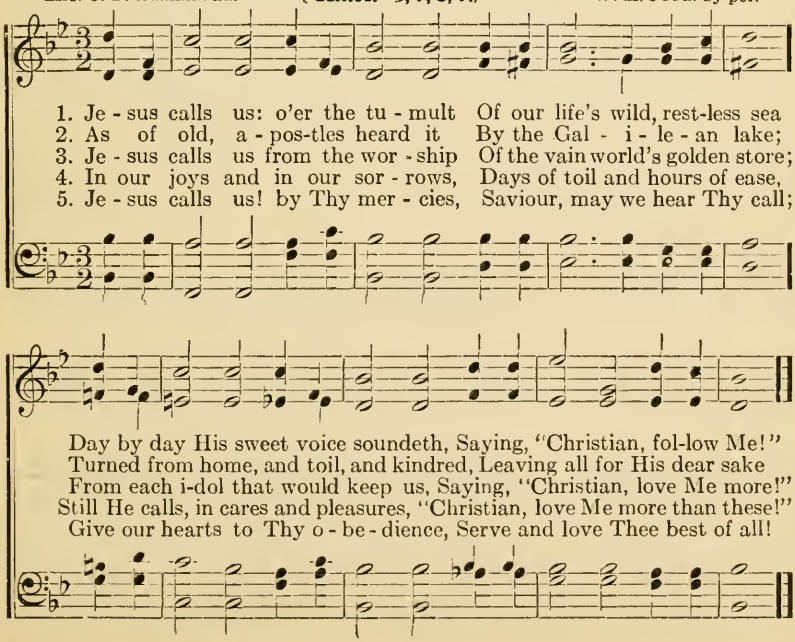
Anon. (Moscow.) Adapted fr. F. de Giardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be



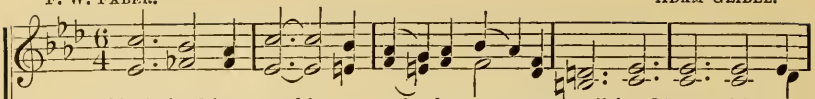
196 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. (Galilee. 3, 7, 8, 7.) W. H. Jude. by per.

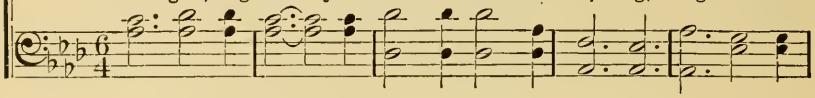


197 Hark, Hark! My Soul!

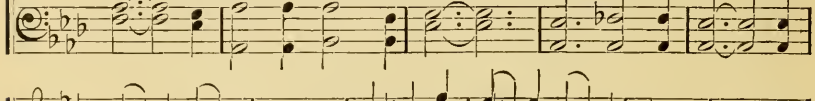
F. W. Faber. Adam Geibel.



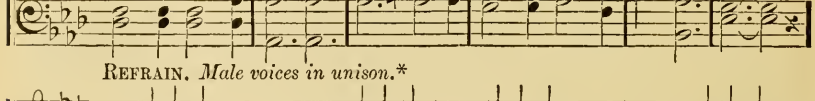
1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea-ry
3. Far, far, a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of
4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear - y, The day must
5. An - gels, sing on! your faith-ful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet



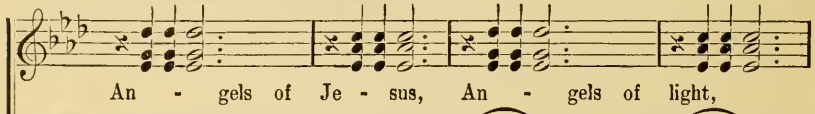
fields and o-cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those
souls! for Je - sus bids you come; And through the dark, its
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls, by
dawn, and darksome night be past; Faith's journey ends in
frag - ments of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall



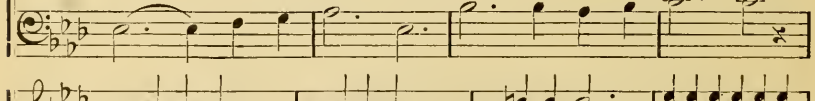
blessed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
e- choes sweetly ring - ing, The mu-sic of the gos -pel leads us home.
thousands meekly stealing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
welcome to the wea- ry, And heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.
end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



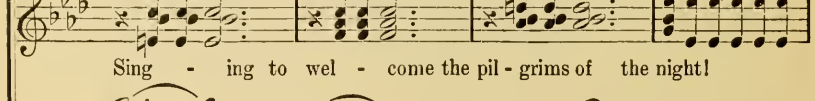
Refrain. *Male voices in unison.**



An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,



Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!



* Altos to join male voices to last two verses.

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Hark, Hark! My Soul!—Concluded.

All, unison.

An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,

Harmony.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night!

198 (*Second Tune.*) H. SMART.

199 Trust.

J. H. B. EDWARD M. FULLER, arr.

1. Some-times a-long our jour-ney here Our Father's voice we scarce can hear;
2. When gloom in-creas-eth day by day, Our souls un-lit by heavenly ray;
3. Yes, trust in ev-ery hour of need; In bond-age trust, we shall be freed;

It seems that clouds His face do mask: "What shall we do?" we trembling ask:
When sweet communion with the Lord Has ceased, we can-not love His Word,
He makes the crook-ed pla-ces straight, And opens ev-ery heav-y gate,

Just sim-ply trust, Just sim-ply trust.
Then we should trust, Then we should trust.
If we will trust, If we will trust.
1. sim-ply trust, sim-ply trust.

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Arr. Copyright, 1917, by Charles M. Alexander.

200 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. GRAY. W. OWEN.

1. { O list-en to our wondrous sto-ry, Counted once a-mong the lost;
   { Yet, One came down from heaven's glory Sav-ing us at aw-ful cost!
2. { No an-gel could His place have taken, Highest of the high tho' he;
   { The loved One on the cross for-sak-en Was one of the God-head three!
3. { Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav-iour? To His scepter hum-bly bow?
   { You, too shall come to know His fav-or, He will save you, save you now.

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CHORUS.

Who saved us from e - ter-nal loss? What did He do? Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He

Where is He now? In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing! died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced - ing!

201 I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE R. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No
2. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Stay Thou near by Temp -
3. I need Thee ev - ery hour, In joy or pain; Come
4. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Teach me Thy will, And
5. I need Thee ev - ery hour, Most Ho - ly One, O

REFRAIN.

ten- der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
ta-tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
quick-ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
Thy rich prom-is-es In me ful - fill.
make me Thine indeed, Thou bless-ed Son.

I need Thee, O I need Thee!

Ev- ery hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee!

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Eternal Father, Strong to Save.

WILLIAM WHITING. Melita. J. B. DYKES.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the
2. O Sa-viour, whose al - might - y word The winds and waves sub -
3. O sa - cred Spir - it, who didst brood Up - on the cha - os
4. O Trin - i - ty of love and power, Our breth-ren shield in

rest - less wave, Who bidd'st the might - y o - cean deep Its
miss - ive heard, Who walk - edst on the foam - ing deep, And
dark and rude, Who bad'st its an - gry tu - mult cease, And
dan - ger's hour; From rock and tem - pest, fire and foe, Pro -

own ap - point - ed lim - its keep: O hear us when we
calm a - mid its rage didst sleep: O hear us when we
gav - est light and life and peace: O hear us when we
tect them where - so - e'er they go; And ev - er let there

cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
cry to Thee For those in per - il on the sea.
rise to Thee Glad hymns of praise from land to sea.

203 We've a Story to Tell.

COLIN STERNE. H. E. NICHOLS. ARR. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet- ness, A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
3. We've a mess - age to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who reign - eth a- bove, Hath sent us His son to save us, And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
4. We've a Sav - iour to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the great world's peo - ple Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.

CHORUS.

For the darkness shall turn to dawn- ing, And the dawn-ing to noonday bright, And Christ's great Kingdom shall come to earth, The King-dom of love and light.

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We March to Victory.

G. Moultrie. Joseph Barnby.

:S:

We march, we march to vic - to - ry With the cross of the Lord be-

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look-ing down from the sky, And His

1 & 2. 3. Fine.

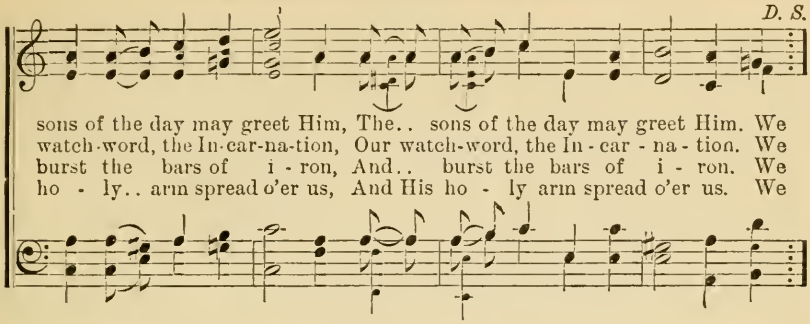
His arm

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

His arm

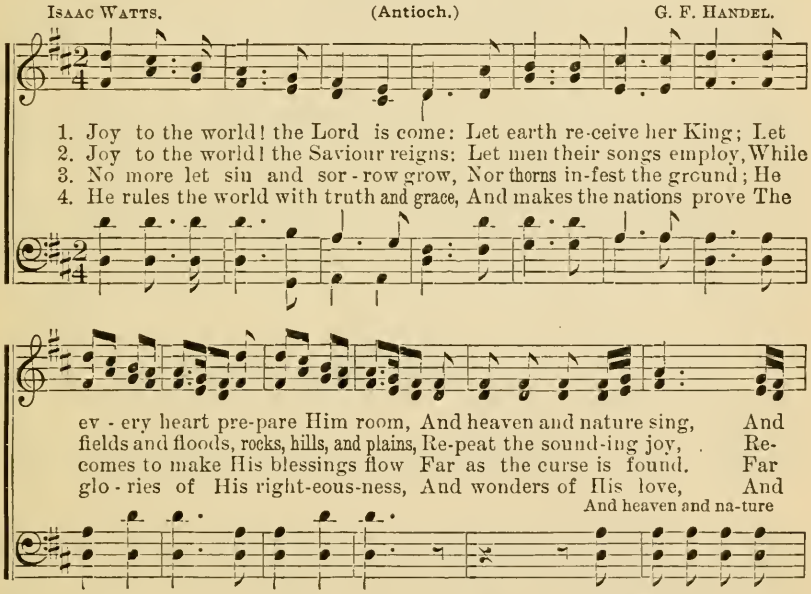
1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met is His sal-
3. And the choir of.. an-gels with song a-waits Our march to the gold-en
4. Then on-ward we march, our arms to prove, With the banner of Christ be-

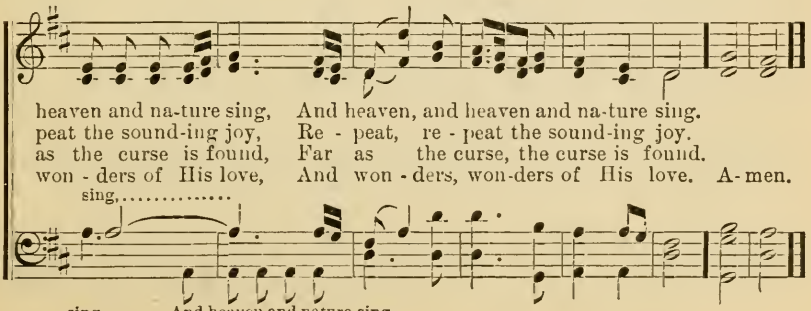
meet Him; And we put to.. flight the.. arm-ies of night, That the
va - tion, Our.. ban-ner, the cross of.. Cal - va - ry, Our..
Zi - on, For our Cap-tain has bro - ken the braz - en gates, And
fore us, With His eye of.. love looking down from a-bove, And His



205 Joy to the World.

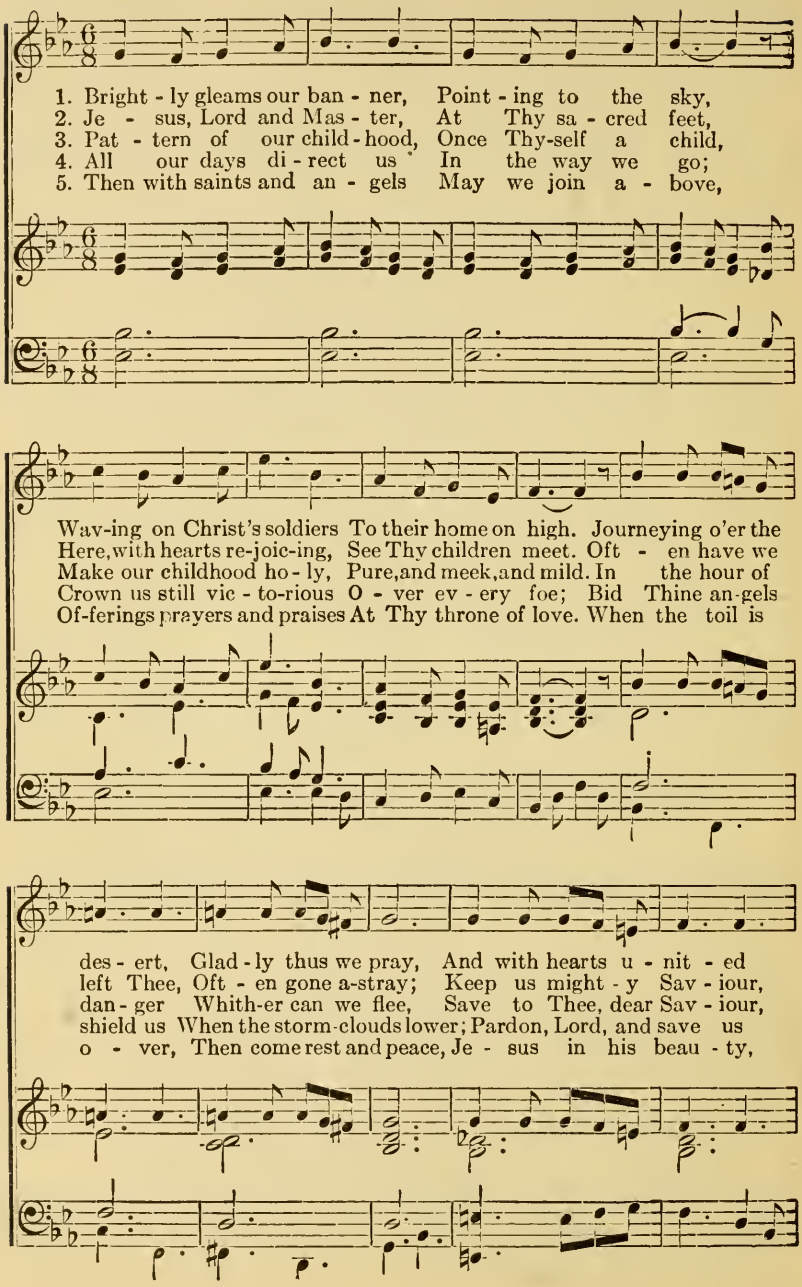
ISAAC WATTS. (Antioch.) G. F. HANDEL.





Brightly Gleams Our Banner.

T. J. Potter. St. Theresa. Arthur Sullivan.



Brightly Gleams Our Banner.—Concluded.

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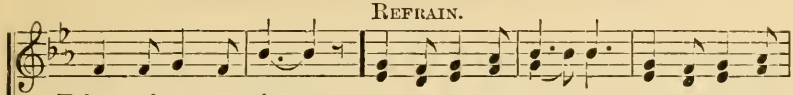
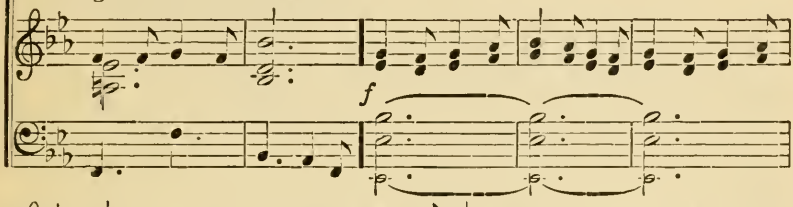
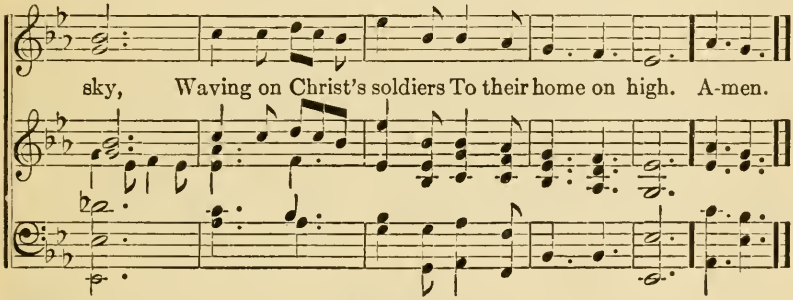


Take our heavenward way.
In the nar-row way.
On - ly un - to Thee? Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the
In the last dread hour.
Songs that nev-er cease.

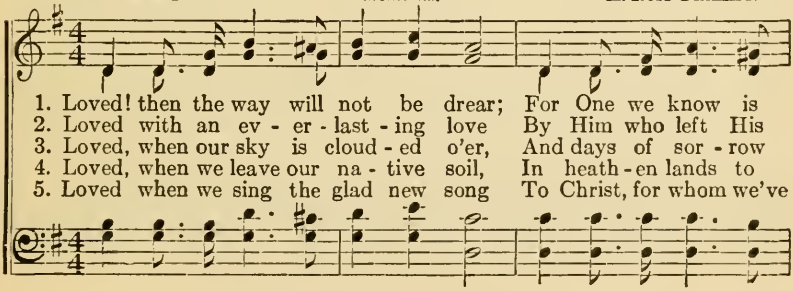




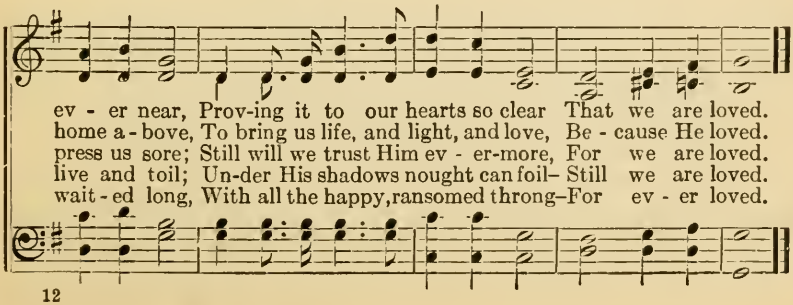
sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A-men.

207 Loved!

GRACE PENNELL. Memorial. H. ROSS PHILLIPS.



1. Loved! then the way will not be drear; For One we know is
2. Loved with an ev - er - last - ing love By Him who left His
3. Loved, when our sky is cloud - ed o'er, And days of sor - row
4. Loved, when we leave our na - tive soil, In heath - en lands to
5. Loved when we sing the glad new song To Christ, for whom we've



ev - er near, Prov-ing it to our hearts so clear That we are loved.
home a - bove, To bring us life, and light, and love, Be - cause He loved.
press us sore; Still will we trust Him ev - er-more, For we are loved.
live and toil; Un-der His shadows nought can foil– Still we are loved.
wait - ed long, With all the happy, ransomed throng–For ev - er loved.

208 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. (All Saints, New.) H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His
2. The martyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who
3. A glo-rious band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve
4. A no - ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A-

blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train? Who
saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like
valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They
round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar - rayed: They

best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-umph - ant o - ver pain, Who
Him, with par-don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He
met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They
climbed the steep as-cent of heaven Through per-il, toil and pain: O

pa - tient bears his cross be-low, He fol - lows in his train.
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A-men.

God Will Take Care of You!

"Be careful for nothing."—Phil. 4: 6. "He careth for you."—1 Peter 5: 7.

C. D. Martin. W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis-mayed whate'er be-tide, God will take care of you!
2. Through days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you!
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you!
4. Lone-ly and sad, from friends a-part, God will take care of you!
5. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you!

Be-neath His wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you!
When dangers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you!
Trust Him, and you will be sat-is-fied, God will take care of you!
He will give peace to your ach-ing heart, God will take care of you!
Lean, weary one, up-on His breast, God will take care of you!

Chorus.

God will take care of you, Through ev-ery day o'er all the way;

He will take care of you; God will take care of you! .....
take care of you!

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210

The Homeland!

Rev. R. H. Haweis. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of the free-born!
2. My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair;
3. My loved ones in the Home-land Are wait - ing me to come,

There's no night in the Home-land, But aye the fade - less morn;
There's no sin in the Home-land, And no temp-ta - tion there;
Where neith - er death nor sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home;

I'm sigh - ing for the Home - land, My heart is ach - ing here;
The mu - sic of the Home - land, Is ring - ing in my ears;
O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove!

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw - ing near;
And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears;
Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re-deem - ing love;

There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm draw - ing near.
And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears.
Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re-deem - ing love!

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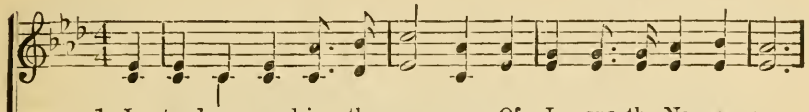
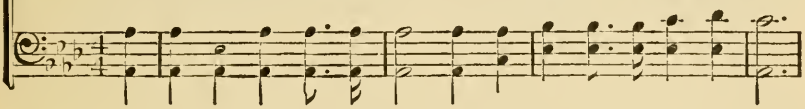
My Saviour's Love.

"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."—Luke 22: 44.

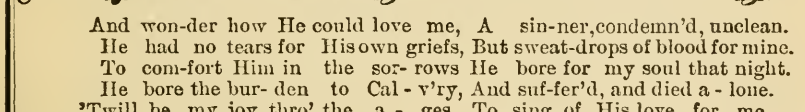
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the garden He pray'd; "Not My will, but Thine,"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor-rows, He made them His ver-y own;
5. When with the ransom'd in glo-ry His face I at last shall see,



And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemn'd, unclean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort Him in the sor-rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur-den to Cal-v'ry, And suf-fer'd, and died a-lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of His love for me.



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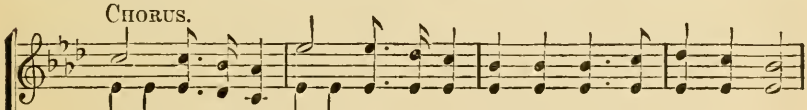
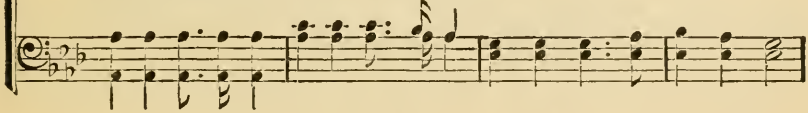
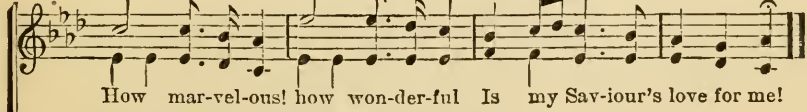
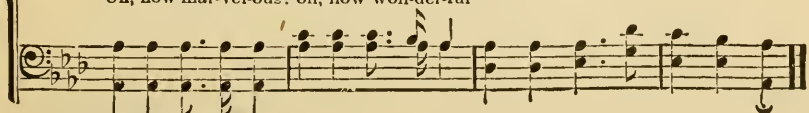


How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev-er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!





How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me!
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful



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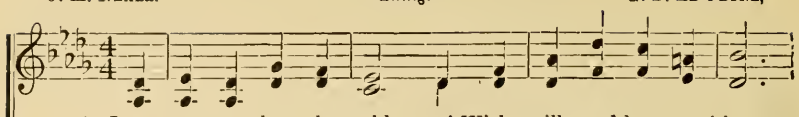
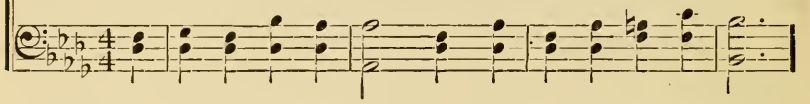
Jerusalem the Golden.

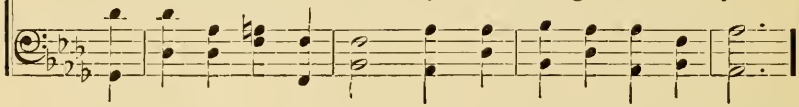
J. M. Neale. Ewing. G. F. Le Jeune,



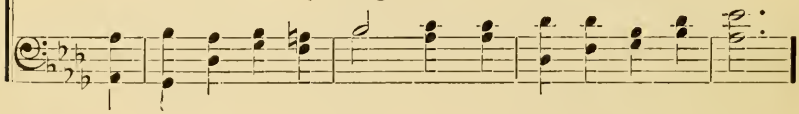
1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
2. They stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Da - vid; And there, from care re-leased,
4. O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect!



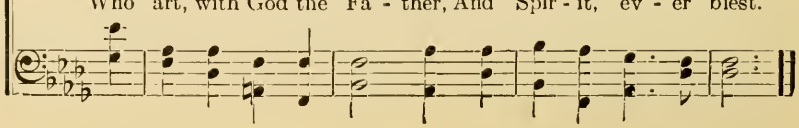
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
And bright with man-y an an - gel, And all the mar-tyr throng.
The shout of them that tri - umph. The song of them that feast.
O sweet and bless-ed coun - try, That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!



I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait us there!
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day-light is se - rene;
And they, who with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,
Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us To that dear land of rest!



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare!
The pas-tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen
For ev - er and for ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art, with God the Fa - ther, And Spir - it, ev - er blest.



He Knows.

EMMA G. DIETRICH. EDWARD M. FULLER.

1. O ach - ing heart, with sor - row torn, Thy Lord is near and knows;
2. O faint - ing soul, with doubts oppressed, Thy Lord is near and knows;
3. O wea - ry head that fain would rest, Thy Lord is near and knows;
4. O lone - ly one, live thou thy best, Thy Lord is near and knows;

He knows it all— the feet way worn, The wea - ry cares and woes,
He knows it all— how thou art press'd On ev - ery side with foes,
He knows it all— and on His breast, Thou may - est now re - pose;
He knows it all, sees ev - ery test, Yes, ev - ery tear that flows,

The load of grief in anguish borne; Thy Lord is near, He knows.
He waits to be thy cherished Guest; Thy Lord is near, He knows.
Drop ev - ery care at His be- hest; Thy Lord is near, He knows.
Re- joice, faint heart, His way is best, Thy Lord is near. He knows.

REFRAIN.

rall.

He knows, He knows Thy Lord is near, He knows.
He knows, He knows

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214 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

W. W. How. St. Edith. Edward Husband.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking; And lo, that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,

In low - ly pa-tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, my chil - dren. And will ye treat me so?"

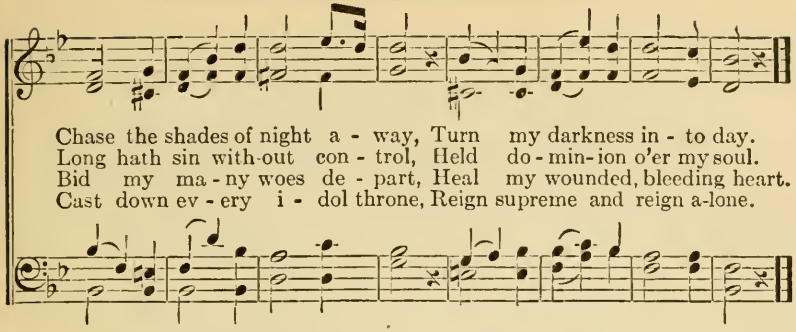
Shame on us, Christian broth - ers, His name and sign who bear,
O love that pass-eth knowledge, So pa - tient - ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door;

O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there!
O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav-iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

215 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

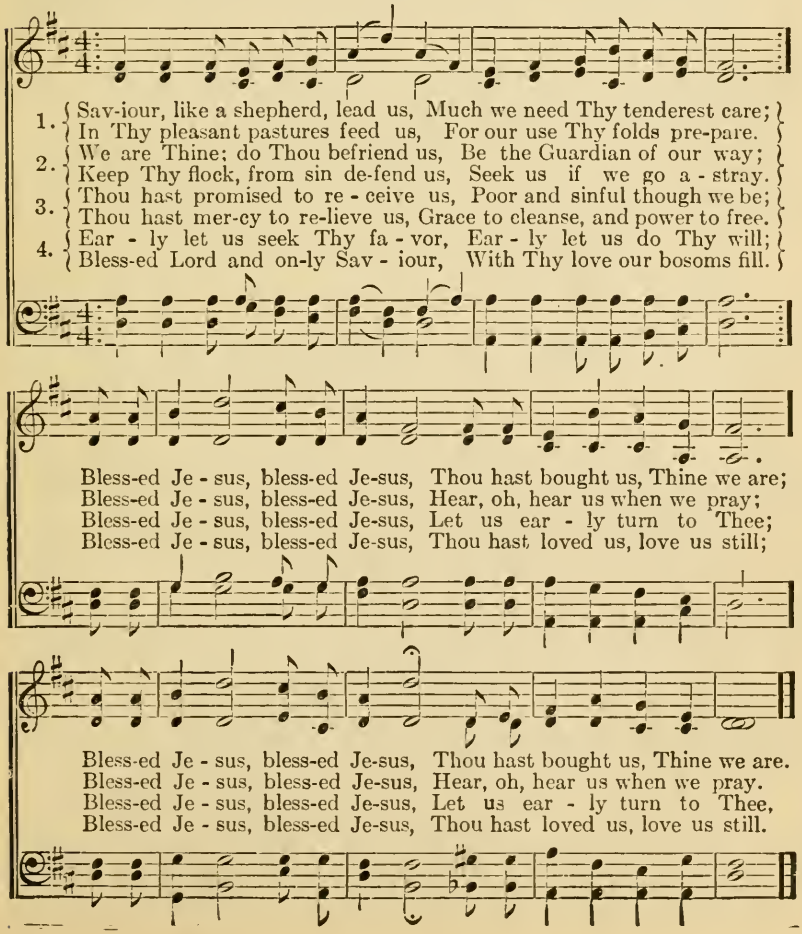
A. Reed. Gottschalk.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho-ly Ghost, with power divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho-ly Spir - it all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;



216 Saviour, Like a Shepherd, Lead Us.

D. Thrupp. W. B. Bradbury.



Serving Jesus.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. HARPER G. SMYTH.

1. Are you serv-ing Je - sus with your might? Are you making sun-shine
2. Are you preaching Je - sus by your life? Are you help-ing oth - ers
3. Are you do-ing ev - er Christ-like deeds? Are you scattering gladness,

chase the night? Are you spreading gladness as you go? Are you lead-ing
in the strife? Are you glad - ly giv - ing all your days? Are you teaching
just like seeds, Soon to bud and blos-som, sweet and fair, And to pour their

REFRAIN.

oth - ers Christ to know? } Serv-ing Je-sus all a-long the way,
oth - ers Christ to praise? }
fra-grance ev - ery - where? } Serv - ing Je - sus all the way,

Serv-ing Je - sus all a-long the way,

Serv-ing Je-sus, faithful night and day; Serv-ing your Master as you
Serv - ing Je - sus night and day;

Serv - ing Je - sus, faithful night and day;

on-ward go, Lift this en - sign high, Ev - er faithful, let there
Ev - er faith - ful,

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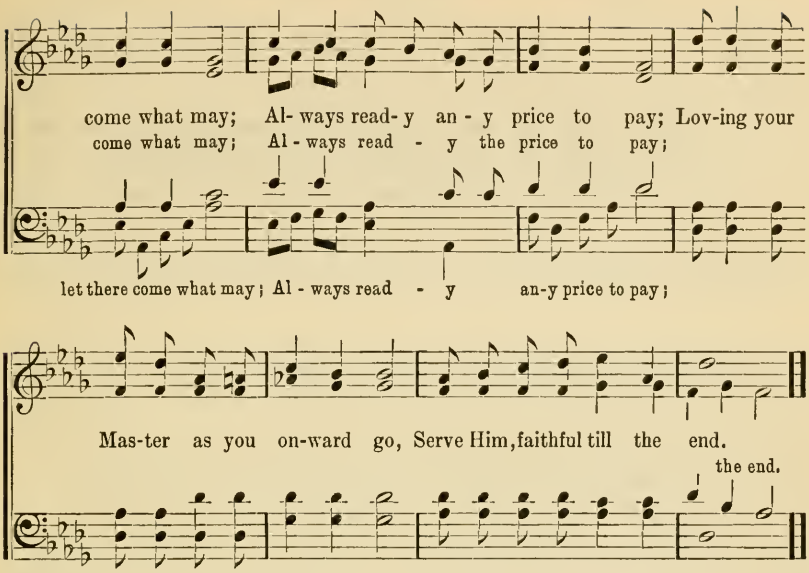
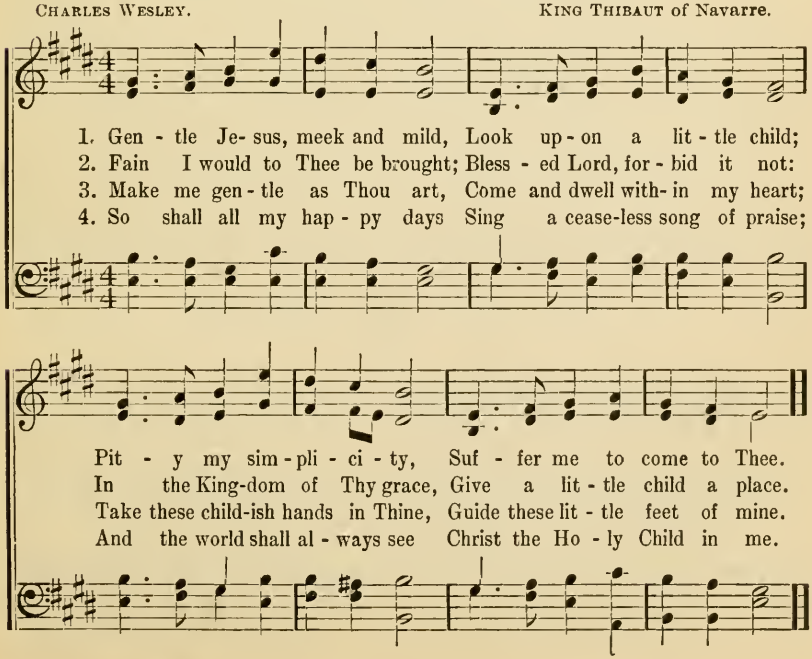


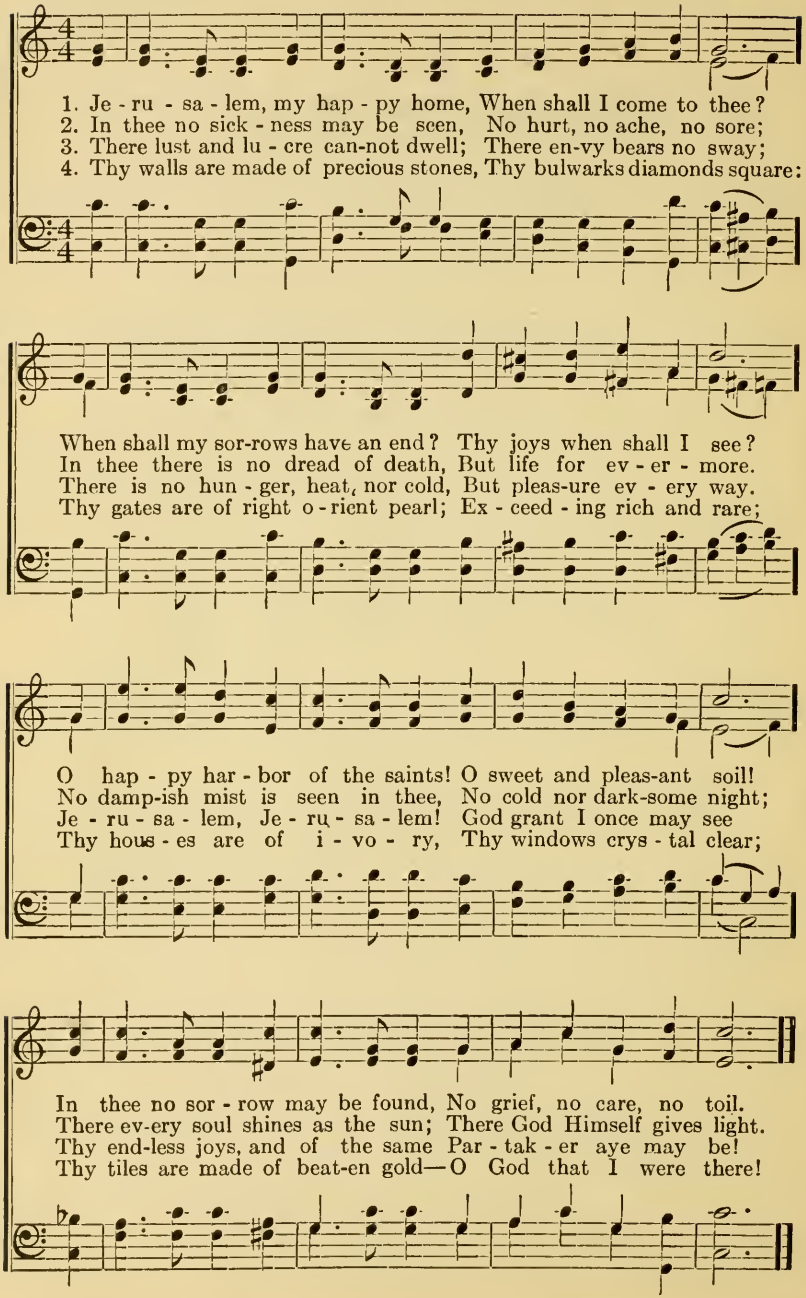
218 Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild.

CHARLES WESLEY. KING THIBAUT of Navarre.



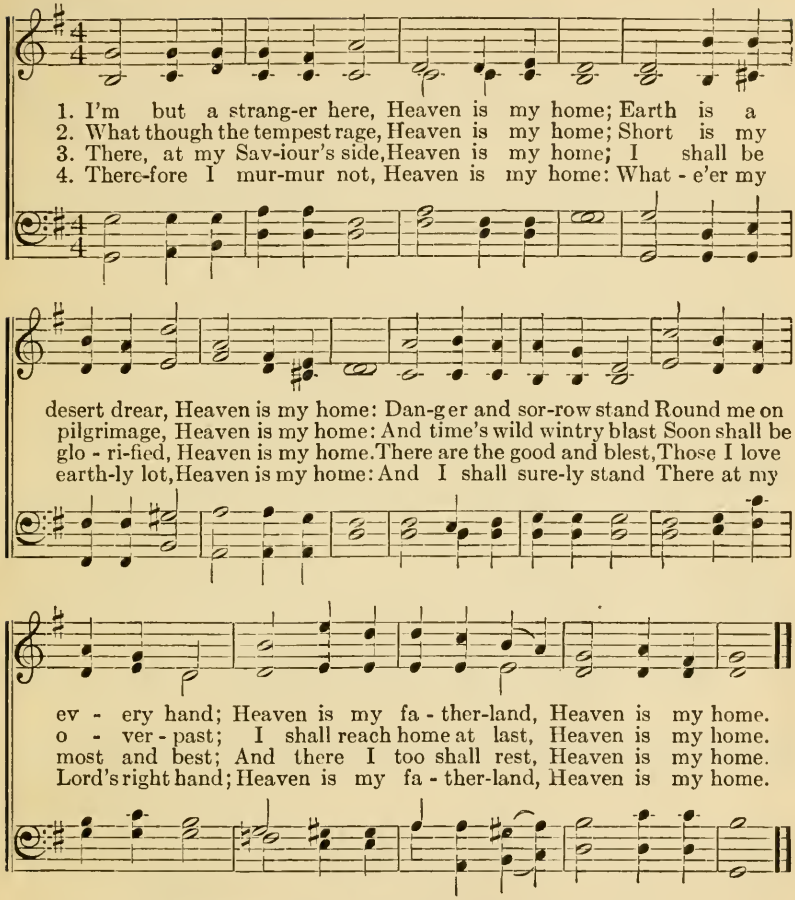
219 Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

Rev. Jos. Bromehead. Materna. S. A. Ward.



220 I'm But a Stranger Here.

T. R. Taylor. Fatherland. Arthur Sullivan.



221 O Mother Dear Jerusalem.

Materna.

1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of God's saints,
O sweet and blessed soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
No grief, nor care, nor toil.

2 No dimming cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are all of orient pearl:
O God, if I were there!

3 Right through Thy streets with pleas-
The flood of life doth flow, [ing sound
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
Those trees each month yield ripened
For evermore they spring; [fruit;
And all the nations of the earth
To Thee their honors bring.

Like as a Father.

GRACE GORDON. J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Like as a fa - ther, God on His throne, Cares for His chil-dren,
2. Like as a fa - ther, God in His love, Guides us for - ev - er,
3. Like as a fa - ther, ten - der and strong, His is the bur-den,

guard-ing His own; Shields from all dan - ger, might - y His arm,
watch-ing a - bove; Matchless His mer - cy, bound-less His power,
ours is the song: Man - sions a - wait us, built by His hand,

CHORUS. *Two part.*

Knows ev - ery sor - row, keeps from all harm.
Keep - ing in safe - ty, through tri - al's hour.
Soon in the home - land, joy - ous we'll stand.
} Like as a

fa - ther, ten - der His care, Bless - ings so

bound - less, ev - er, we share; Doubts ne'er dis -

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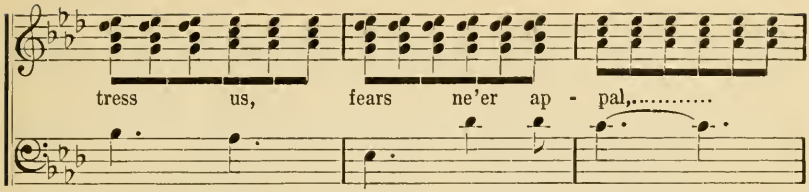
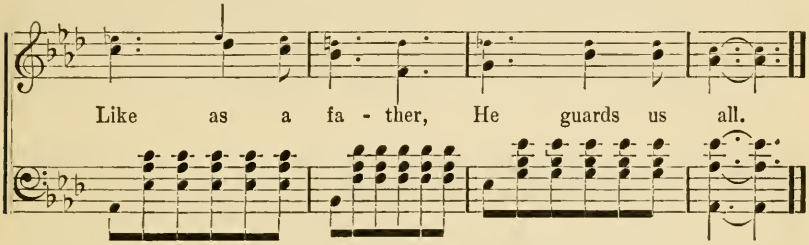
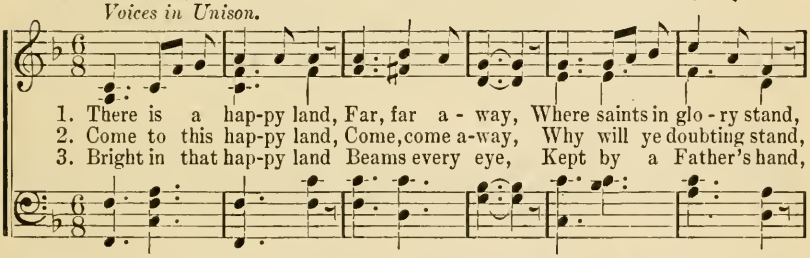


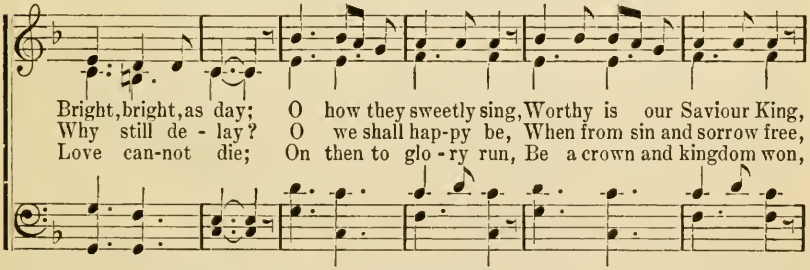


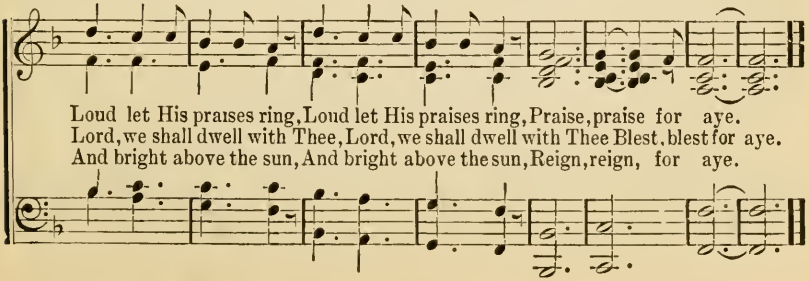
223 There is a Happy Land.

ANDREW YOUNG. W. H. JUDE, arr.

Voices in Unison.







224 Dear Lord and Father.

J. G. Whittier. F. J. Maker.

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For-give our fe-verish ways!
2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Sy - rian sea,
3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a - bove,
4. With that deep hush sub - du - ing all Our words and works that drown
5. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv-ings cease:
6. Breathe thro' the puls - es of de - sire Thy cool-ness and Thy balm;

Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy
The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like them, with -
Where Je - sus knelt to share with thee The si - lence of e -
The ten - der whis - per of Thy call, As noise - less let Thy
Take from our souls the strain and stress; And let our or - dered
Let sense be dumb, its heats ex - pire; Speak thro' the earth-quake,

serv - ice find, In deep - er rev - erence, praise.
out a word Rise up and fol - low Thee.
ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret - ed by love!
bless - ing fall As fell Thy man - na down.
lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace.
wind, and fire, O still small voice of calm.

225 Weary of Earth and Laden With My Sin.

S. J. Stone. T. Hewlett.

1. Wea - ry of earth and la - den with my sin, I look at
2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure
3. The while I fain would tread the heavenly way, E - vil is
4. It is the voice of Je - sus that I hear; His are the
5. 'Twas He who found me on the death-ly wild, And made me

heaven and long to en - ter in; But there no e - vil thing may
glo - ry of that ho - ly land, Be - fore the white-ness of that
ev - er with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gra- cious
hands stretched out to draw me near, And His the blood that can for
heir of heaven, the Father's child, And day by day, where - by my

find a home, And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.
throne ap - pear? Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.
ti - dings fall, "Re - pent, con- fess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
all a - tone, And set me fault - less there be - fore the throne.
soul may live, Gives me His grace of par- don, and will give.

226 It Singeth Low In Every Heart.

J. W. Chadwick. William Hurst.

1. It sing - eth low in ev - ery heart, We hear it each and all;
2. They throng the si - lence of the breast; We see them as of yore,
3. 'Tis hard to take the bur - den up, When these have laid it down;
4. But, O 'tis good to think of them When we are troub-led sore;
5. More homelike seems the vast un-known Since they have en - tered there;
6. They can - not be where God is not, On an - y sea or shore;

A song of those who an - swer not, How - ev - er we may call.
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet, Who walk with us no more.
They brightened all the joy of life, They soft-ened ev - ery frown.
Thanks be to God that such have been, Al-though they are no more.
To fol - low them were not so hard Wher-ev - er they may fare.
What-e'er be- tides, Thy love a - bides, Our God, for ev - er - more.

227 Nothing But the Blood of Jesus!

R. L. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!
2. For my cleans- ing this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!
3. Noth - ing can for sin a - tone—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!
5. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!
For my par - don this my plea— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!
Naught of good that I have done— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!
This is all my right-eous-ness— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!
All my praise for this I bring— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus!

CHORUS.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow!

No oth - er fount I know: Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus!

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228 Can the Lord Depend On You?

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

Can the Lord de-pend on you? Can the Lord de-pend on you?

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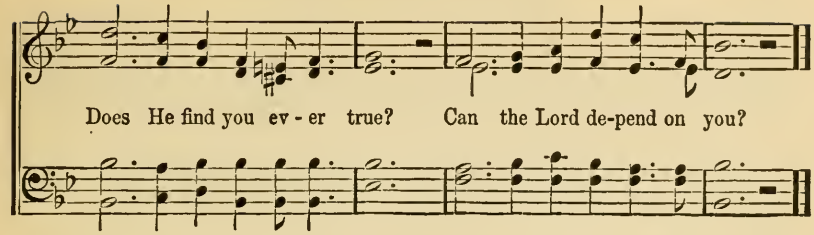
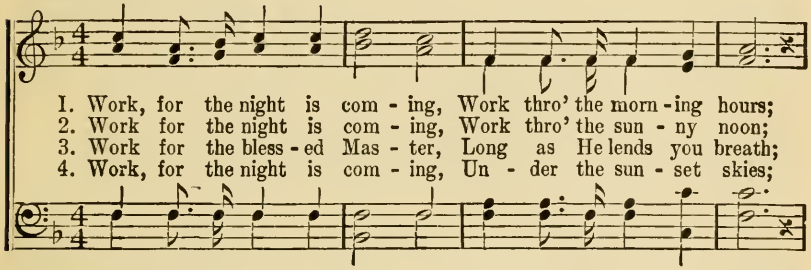
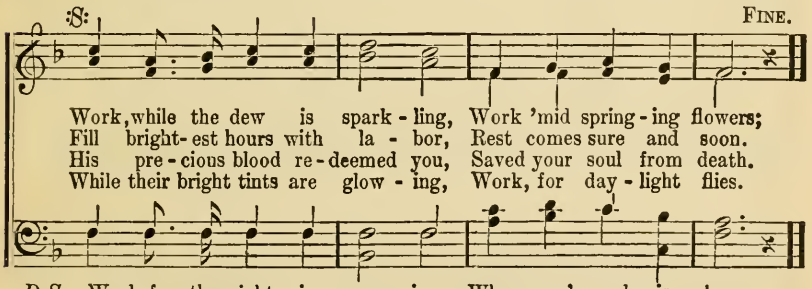


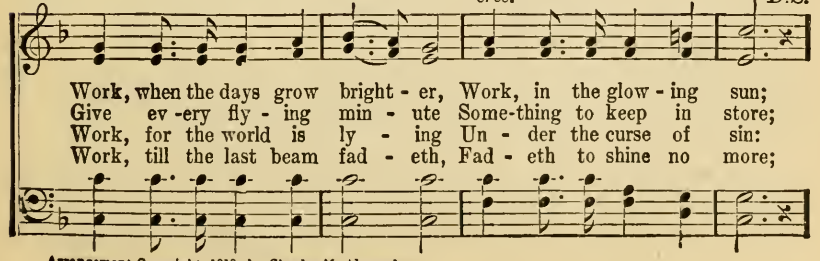
229 Work for the Night is Coming.

A. L. Walker.
Mrs. C. M. Alexander.

Dr. L. Mason.







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Jesus Loves Even Me.

"God is love."—1 John iv : 8.

P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beauty I

Book He has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;
ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee,
see the great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:

Chorus.

This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
"Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."
} I am so glad that

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me,

I am so glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

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Jesus, I Come.

"Deliver me, O my God." Ps. 71:4.

W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
3. Out of un - rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

In - to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
In - to the joy and light of Thy home, Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of despair in-to rap-tures a - bove,
Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In-to the peace of Thy shel-ter-ing fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy - self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis - tress to ju - bi - lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

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232 How Firm a Foundation.

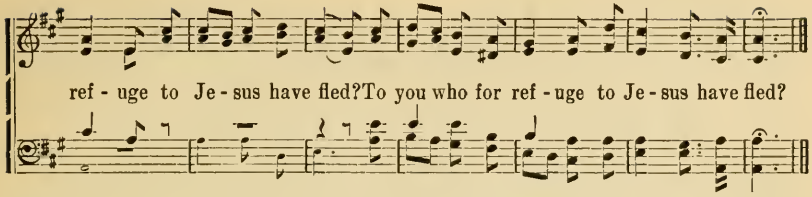
GEORGE KEITH. ANNIE STEELE.

1. How firm a foun- da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word; What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
2. Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed; I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up- held by My right-eous, om - nip - o - tent hand.
3. When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of woe shall not thee o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy troub - les to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis- tress.
4. When thro' fie - ry tri - als thy path- way shall lie, My grace all suf - fi - cient shall be thy sup - ply; The flame shall not harm thee; I on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
5. E'en down to old age all my peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e - ter - nal, un-change - a - ble love; And when hoa - ry hairs shall their tem - ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in my bos - om be borne.
6. The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I will not de - sert to its foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er, no nev - er, no nev - er for- sake.

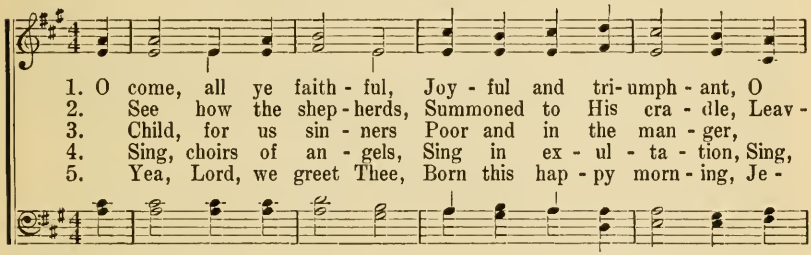
233 How Firm a Foundation.

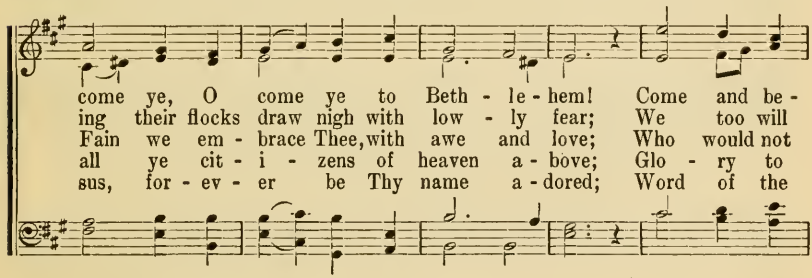
GEORGE KEITH. (*Second Tune.*) MARCANTOINE PORTOGALLO.

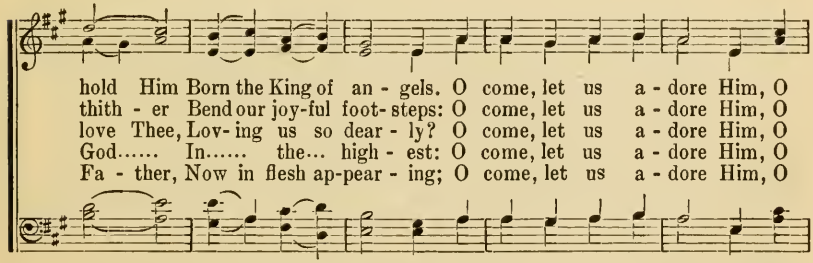
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His - excellent word! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—To you, who for

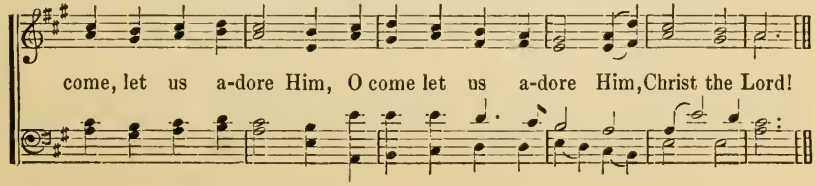


234 O Come, All Ye Faithful.









My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umph-ant power I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heavenly love to me;

On the cru-el cross He suf-fered, From the curse to set me free.
In His boundless love and mer-cy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry He giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with Him to be.

Chorus.

Sing, oh, sing..... of my Re-deem-er,
of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Re-deem-er,

With His blood..... He pur-chased me,.....
He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me;

On the cross..... He sealed my par-don,
On the cross He sealed my par-don, On the cross He sealed my par-don,

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Repeat pp after last verse.

Paid the debt,..... and made me free.....
and made me free, and made me free.

236 O Rock of Ages.

HORACE L. HASTINGS. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
2. I'll hide me in this ref-uge strong, From ev-ery storm-y blast;
3. Ye com-fort-less and tem-pest-tossed, By sins and woes op-prest;
4. Ye thirst-y, from this smit-ten Rock Life's crys-tal wa-ter's spring;

A sure and cer-tain anchorage ground In Christ with-in the vail
And sit and sing un-til the waves Of wrath are o-ver-past.
Ye tempt-ed, trou-bled, ru-ined, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
There hide from ev-ery storm-y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

CHORUS.

O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-cure-ly hide;
O Rock In Thee

My tower of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe-ly there a-bide.

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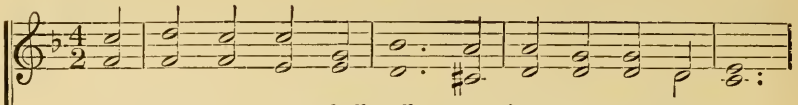
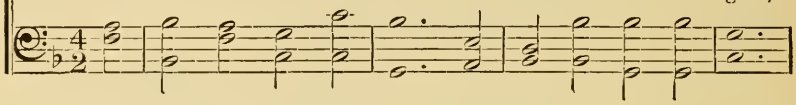
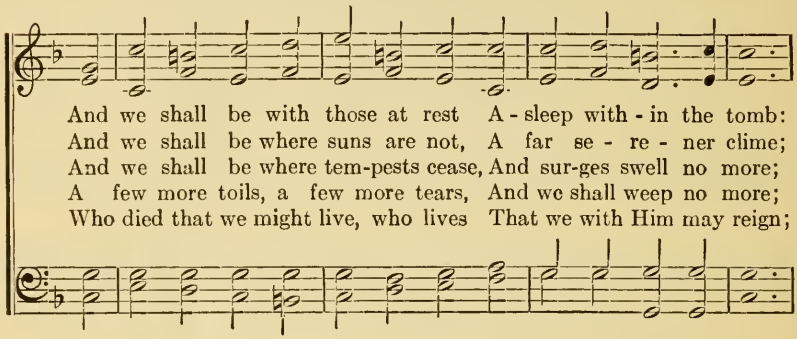
237 A Few More Years Shall Roll.

H. Bonar. Chalvey. L. G. Hayne.

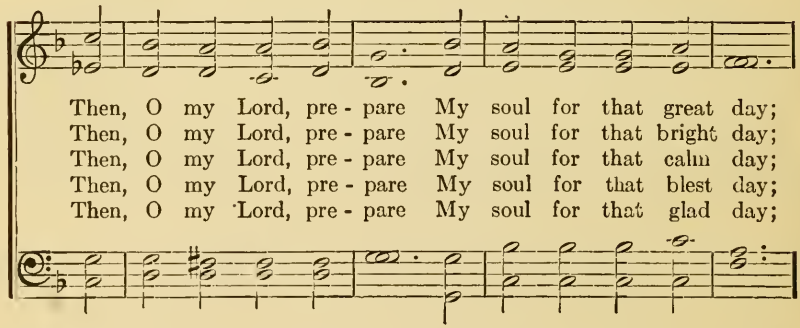


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come,
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time,
3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild rock - y shore,
4. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part-ings o'er,
5. 'Tis but a lit - tle while And He shall come a - gain,

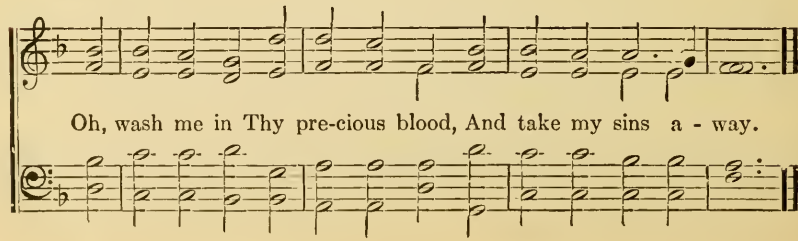




And we shall be with those at rest A - sleep with - in the tomb:
And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - re - ner clime;
And we shall be where tem-pests cease, And sur-ges swell no more;
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more;
Who died that we might live, who lives That we with Him may reign;



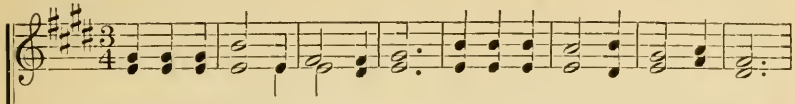
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that bright day;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that calm day;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that blest day;
Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that glad day;



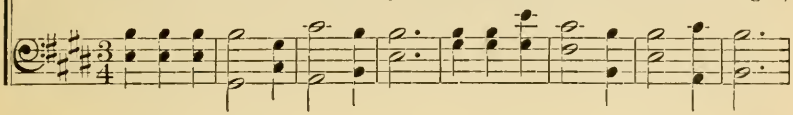
Oh, wash me in Thy pre-cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

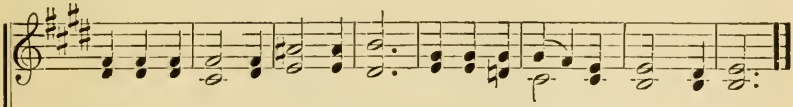
238 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX. H. BAKER.

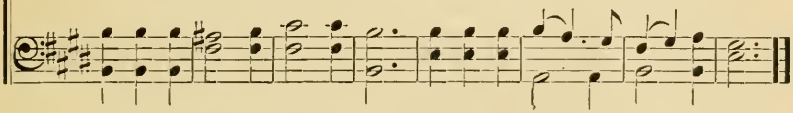


1. Je-sus Thou joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,
2. Thy truth unchanged has ever stood, Thou savest those that on Thee call,
3. We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread, And long to feast upon Thee still,
4. Our rest-less spirits yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
5. O Je - sus ev - er with us stay, Make all our moments calm and bright,





From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to Thee a - gain.
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, all in all.
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a-way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho-ly light.



239 For Ever With the Lord.

Chalvey.

1 For ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be.
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's fore-seeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

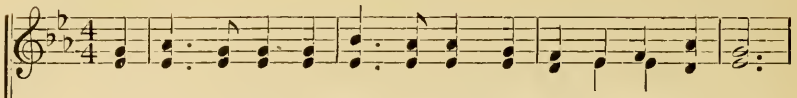
3 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's babel-tongues o'erpower,
That resurrection word,
That shout of victory,
Once more, for ever with the Lord;
Amen, so let it be.

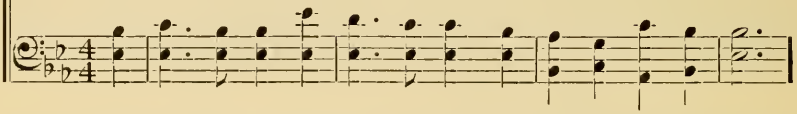
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

O Paradise, O Paradise.

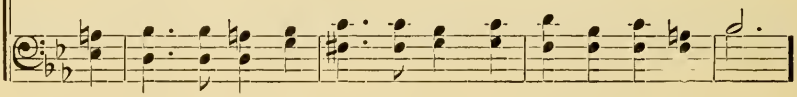
F. A. Faber. Paradise. J. Barnby.



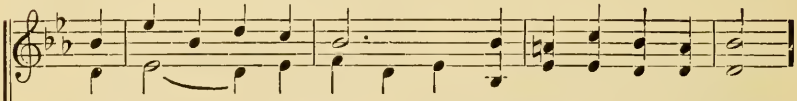
1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, 'T is wea - ry wait-ing here;
4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I want to sin no more,
5. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I great - ly long to see
6. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a - dise, Oh, keep me in Thy love,



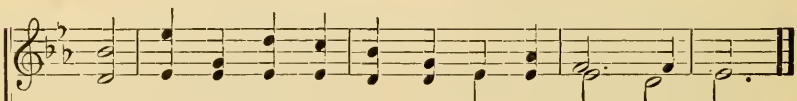
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold;
I long to be where Je - sus is, To feel, to see Him near;
I want to be as pure on earth As on Thy spot-less shore;
The spe - cial place my dear - est Lord Is des - tin - ing for me;
And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove,



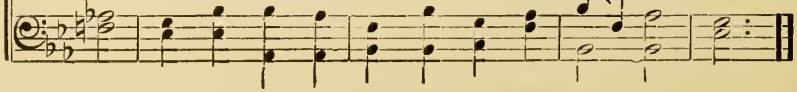
Where loy-al hearts, and true,



Where loy - - al hearts, and true, Stand ev - er in the light,

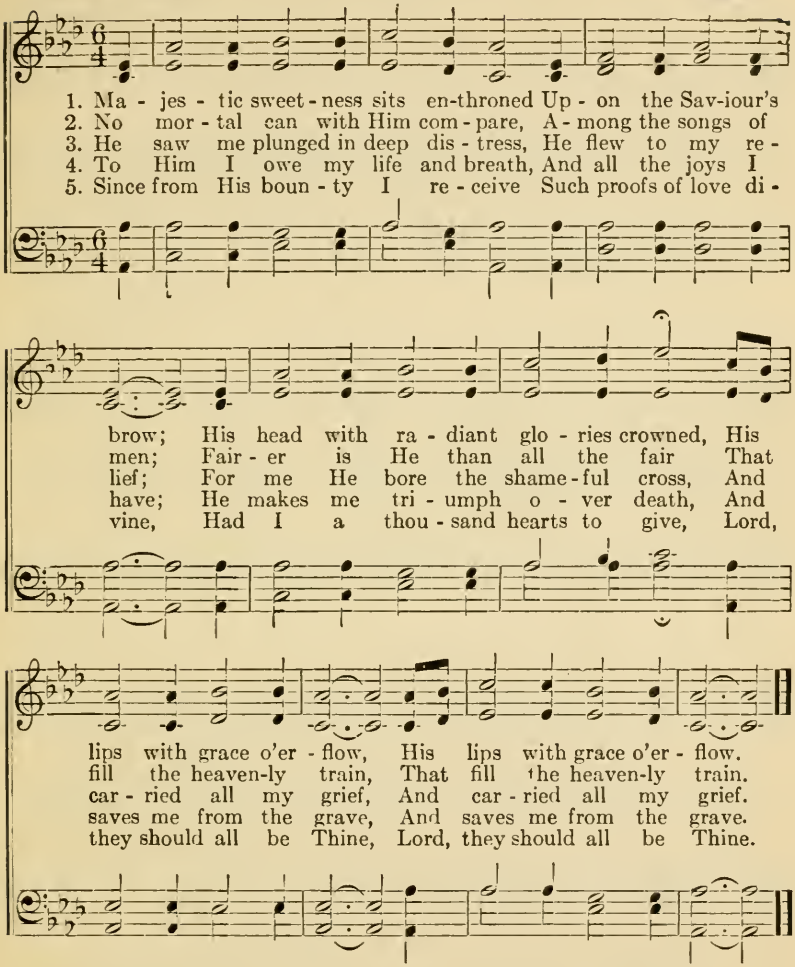


All rapture, through and through, In God's most ho - ly sight?



241 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

SAMUEL STENNERT. Ortonville. HASTINGS.



242 The Spirit Breathes Upon the Word.

Ortonville.

1 The Spirit breathes upon the Word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day

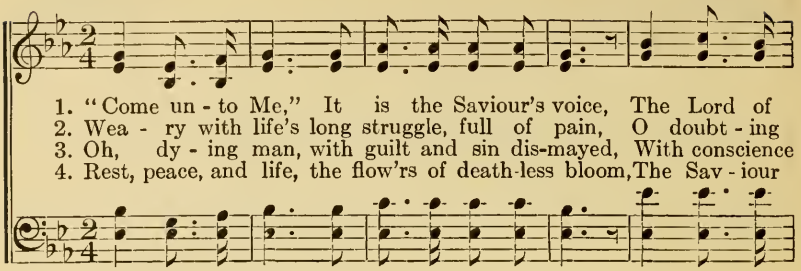
5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

W. COWPER.

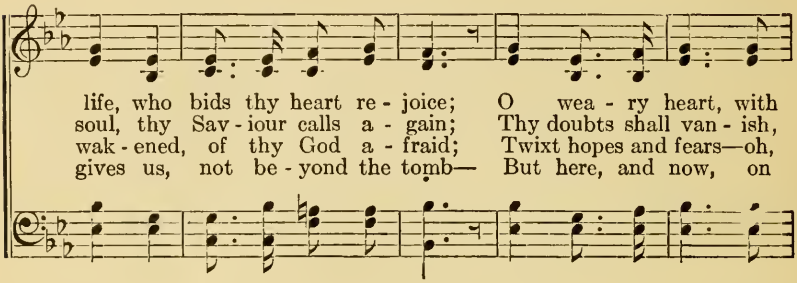
Come Unto Me.

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." MATT. 11: 28.

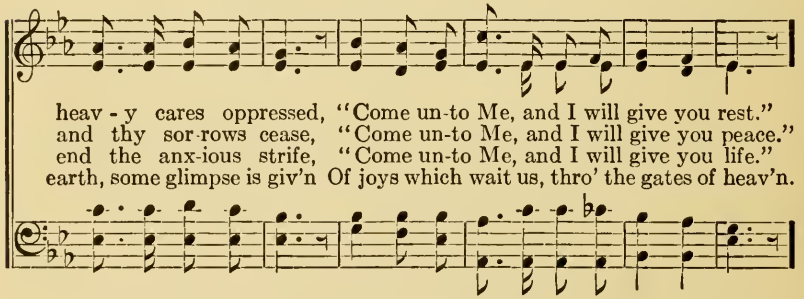
NATH. NORTON. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. "Come un - to Me," It is the Saviour's voice, The Lord of
2. Wea - ry with life's long struggle, full of pain, O doubt - ing
3. Oh, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis-mayed, With conscience
4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of death-less bloom, The Sav - iour

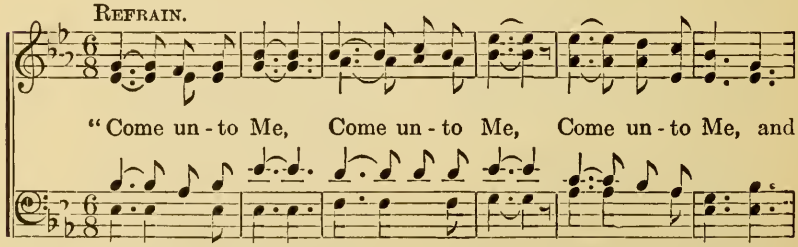


life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish,
wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears—oh,
gives us, not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now, on



heav - y cares oppressed, "Come un-to Me, and I will give you rest."
and thy sor-rows cease, "Come un-to Me, and I will give you peace."
end the anx-ious strife, "Come un-to Me, and I will give you life."
earth, some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us, thro' the gates of heav'n.

REFRAIN.



"Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, and

"Come un - to Me, oh, come un - to Me. Come un - to Me, and

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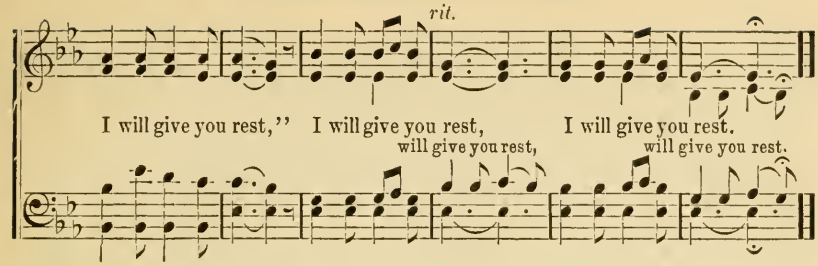
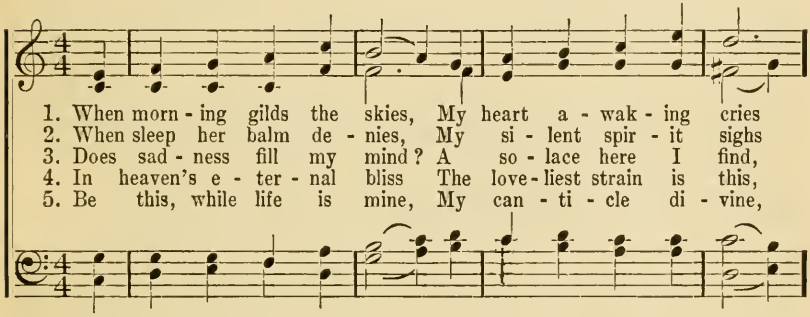
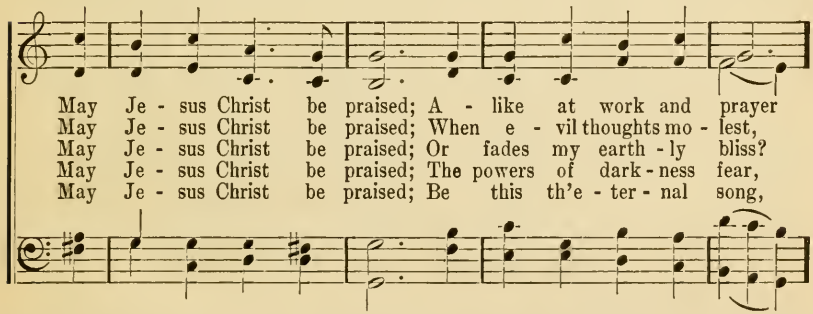
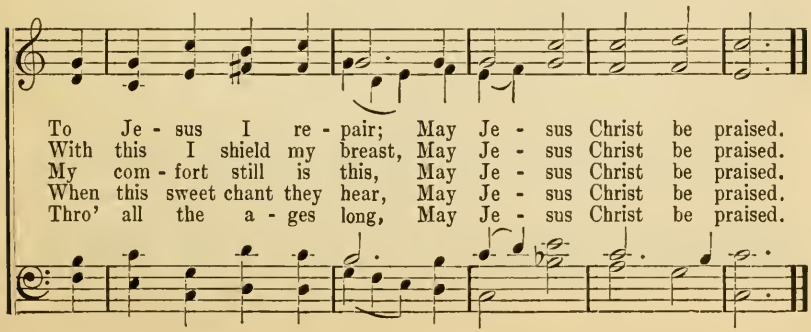


244 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

Rev. Edward Caswall. Sir. Joseph Barnby.

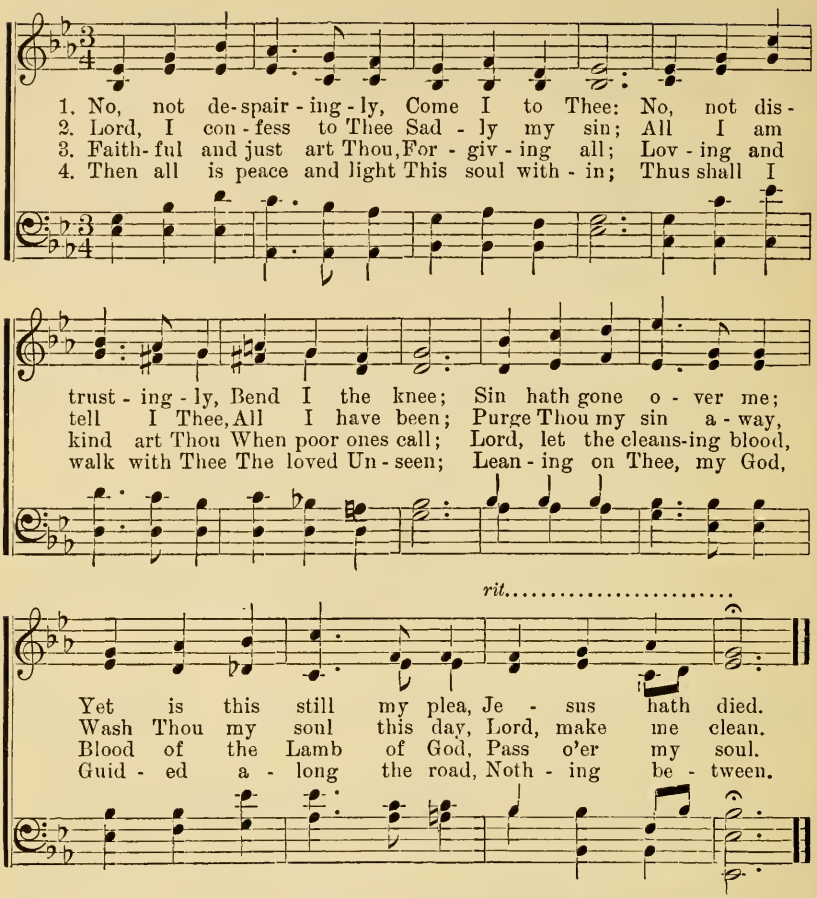






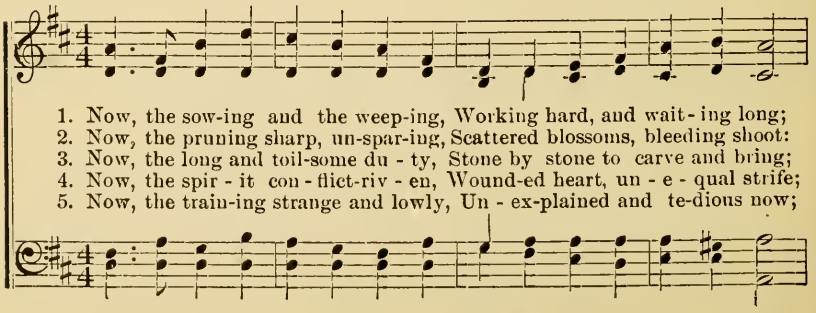
245 No, Not Despairingly.

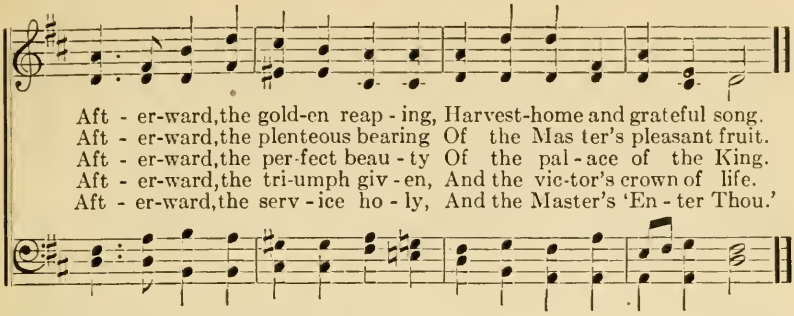
H. Bonar. Anon.



246 Now, the Sowing and the Weeping.

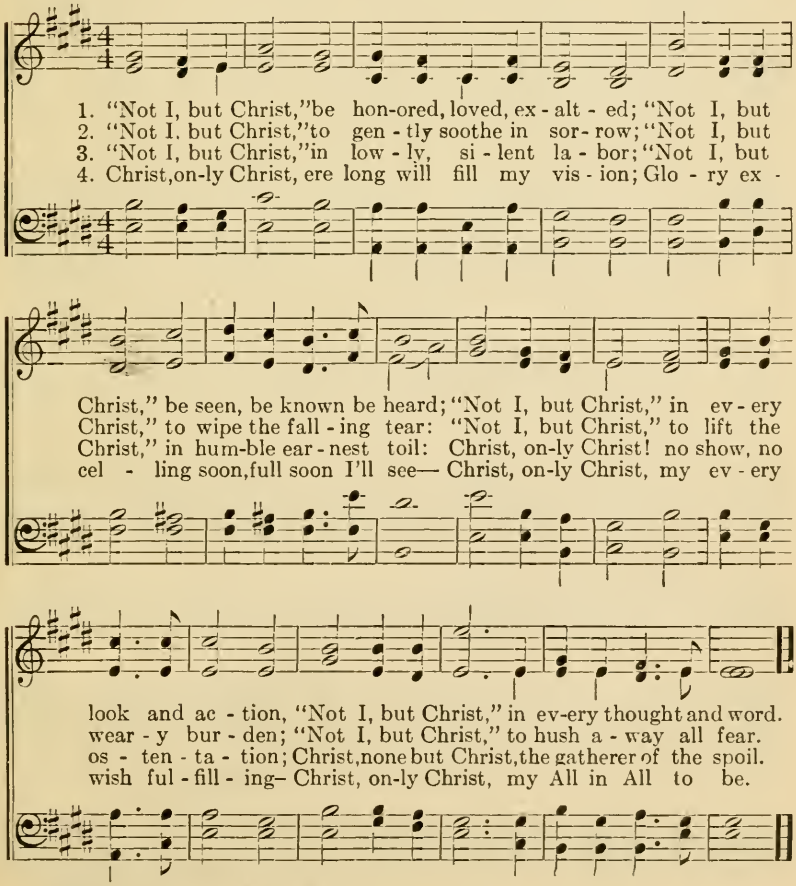
Frances R. Havergal. J. B. Dykes.





247 Not I, But Christ.

A. A. F. J. H. Burke.



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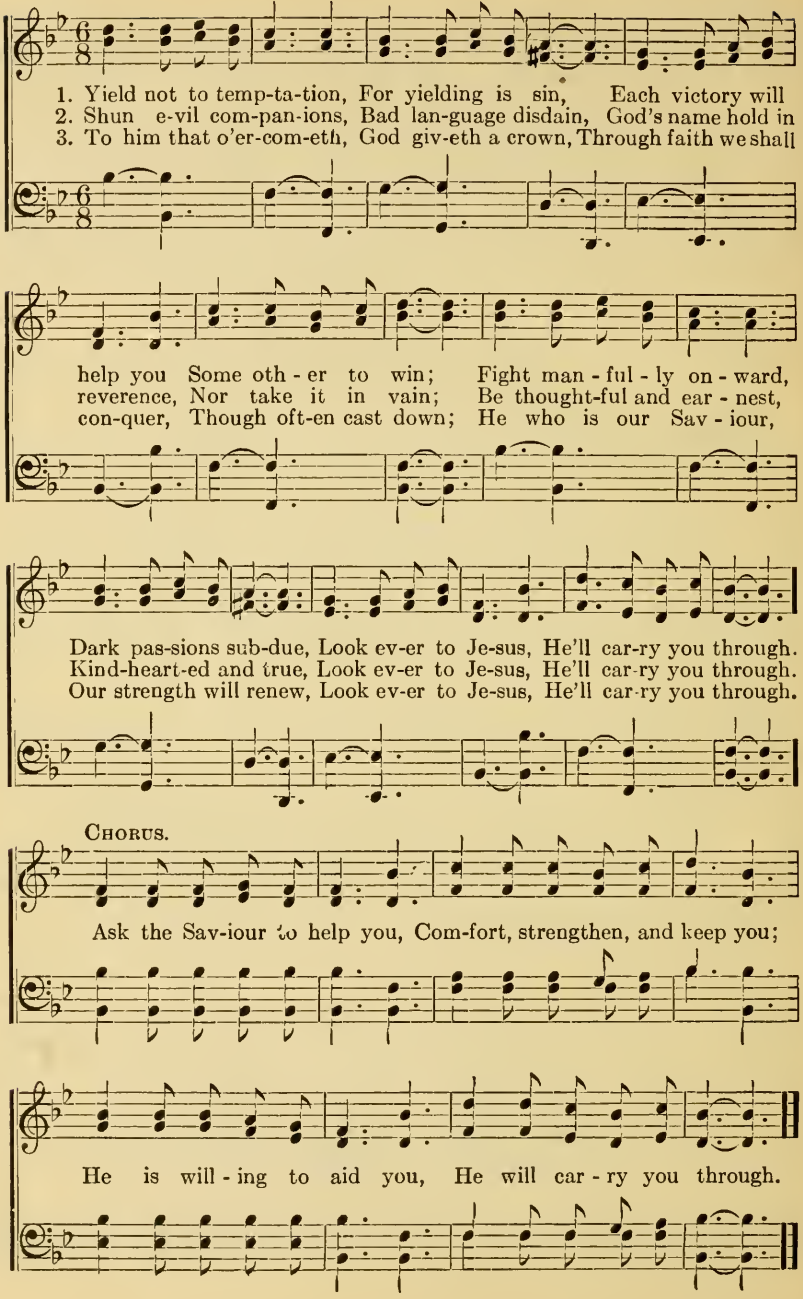
Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.



Is It Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Is it noth-ing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav-el
3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day, In the heav - en - ly

world of woe, That He suf-fered and bled, and rose from the dead,
death's dark vale, Where Jor - dan's waves the path - way laves,
land so fair, You may join the song that the ran - somed throng

REFRAIN.

That e - ter - nal life you might know?
And all but Christ doth fail?
Are for - ev - er sing - ing there?
} Is it noth-ing to you that

grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it noth-ing to you?

Rit.

Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

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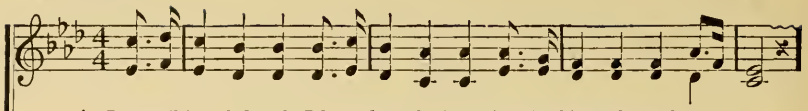
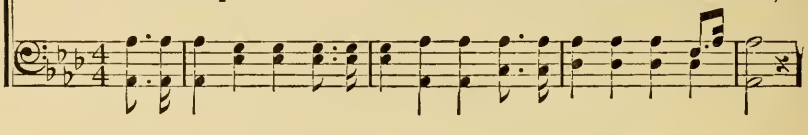
May Whittle Moody.

I am Thine, O Lord.

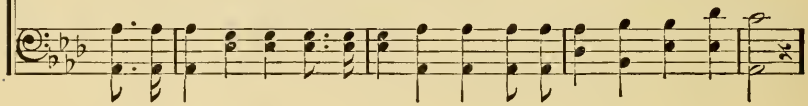
F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.



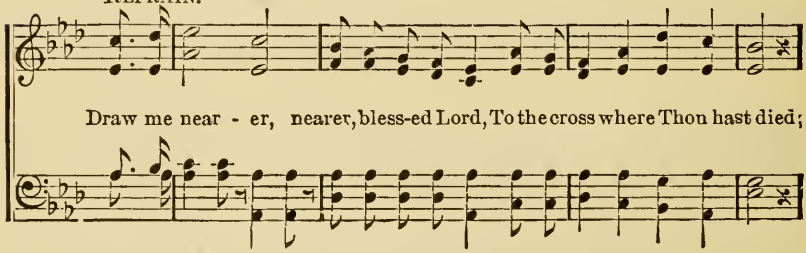
1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin- gle hour That before Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea,



But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

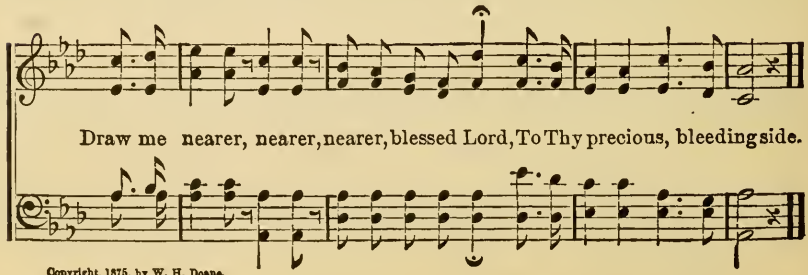


Refrain.



Draw me near - er, nearer, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died;

near-er, nearer,



Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

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Lean on His Arms.

EDGAR LEWIS. L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
3. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up-on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a-long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey.
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim.

Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
Lean up-on His arms, ful- ly trust-ing in His love;

Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
Lean up-on His arms and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His

arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
arms, ev - er

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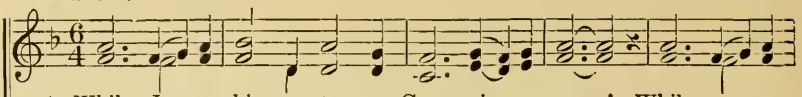
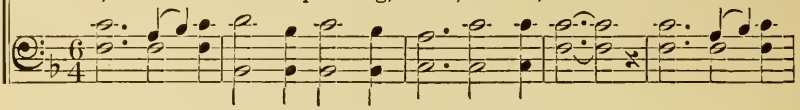
252 Come, Sinner Come!

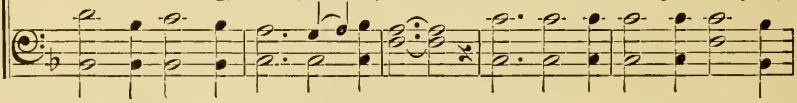
W. E. Witter.
Mrs. C. M. Alexander. H. R. Palmer.



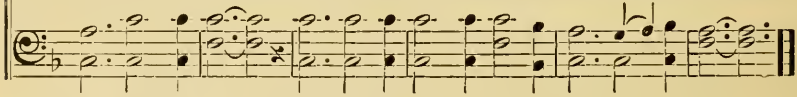
1. While Je-sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too hea-vy la-den? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Why will you longer doubt Him? Come, sin-ner, come! What will you
4. Far off you may have wandered, Come, sin-ner, come! God's gifts you
5. Oh, hear His ten-der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re -



pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
do with-out Him? Come, sin-ner, come! For you His heart is yearning,
may have squandered, Come, sinner, come! Cease now your heart to harden,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je-sus whis-pers to you,



Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will now receive you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Why not to Him be turning? Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will free-ly par-don, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!



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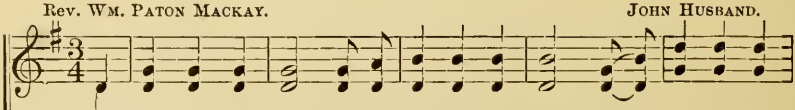
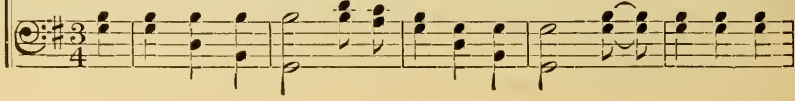
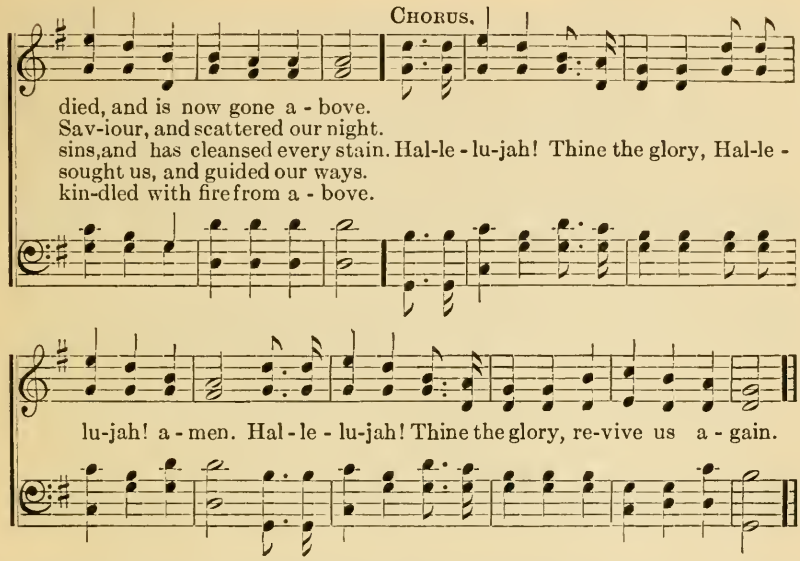
253 Revive Us Again.

Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay. John Husband.



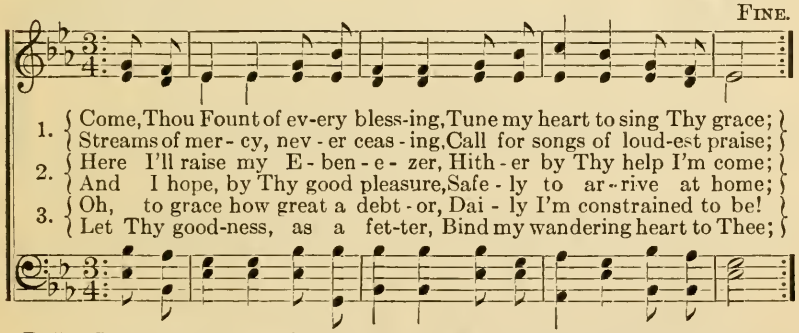
1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je-sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us, and
5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -



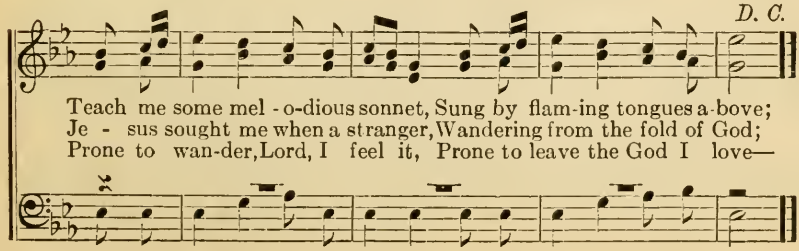


254 Come, Thou Fount.

Rev. R. ROBINSON. JOHN WYETH.



D.C.—*Praise the mount,—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.*
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.



255 I Love to Tell the Story.

Miss Kate Hankey. W. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What seems, each
4. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-

and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the
gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirst-ing To hear it, like the rest, And when, in scenes of

Sto - ry! Be-cause I know it's true; It sat - is - fies my long-ings,
Sto - ry! It did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son,
Sto - ry; For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion
glo - ry, I sing the New, New Song, 'Twill be—the Old, Old Sto-ry

Chorus.

As noth-ing else would do.
I tell it now to thee.
From God's own Ho-ly Word.
That I have loved so long.

I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill

be my theme in glo-ry, To tell the Old, Old Sto-ry, Of Je-sus and His love.

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Christ Returneth.

H. L. TURNER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is awaking, When sun-light through dark - ness and shad-ow is breaking, That Je - sus will come in the full - ness of glo - ry, To re-ceive from the world "His own."
2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per - chance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst in - to light in the blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."
3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven decending, With glo-ri - fied saints and the an - gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."
4. Oh, joy! oh, de-light! should we go without dy-ing, No sick-ness, no sad - ness, no dread and no crying, Caught up through the clouds with the Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song? Christ re - turn-eth: Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le - lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le - lu-jah! A-men.

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My Anchor Holds.

"Anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19.

W. C. Martin, arr. D. B. Towner.

1. Though the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest-driv - en soul,
2. Might - y tides a-bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with-in the deep,
3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast,
4. Troub-les al - most 'whelm the soul; Griefs like bil-lows o'er me roll;

I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild-ly though the winds may blow,
An - gry clouds o'er-shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;
And the ca - ble, though un-seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;
Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms ob-scure the light of day:

I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er-more en - dure.
Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.
Through the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.
But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold.

Chorus.

And it holds, my an - chor holds: Blow your wild - est, then, O
And it holds, ····· my an-chor holds; Blow your wild - - - - est,

gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not
then, O gale,

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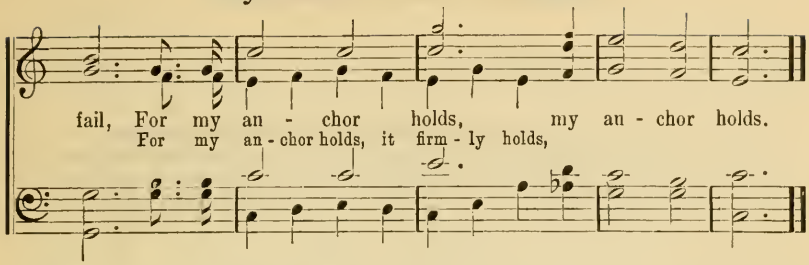
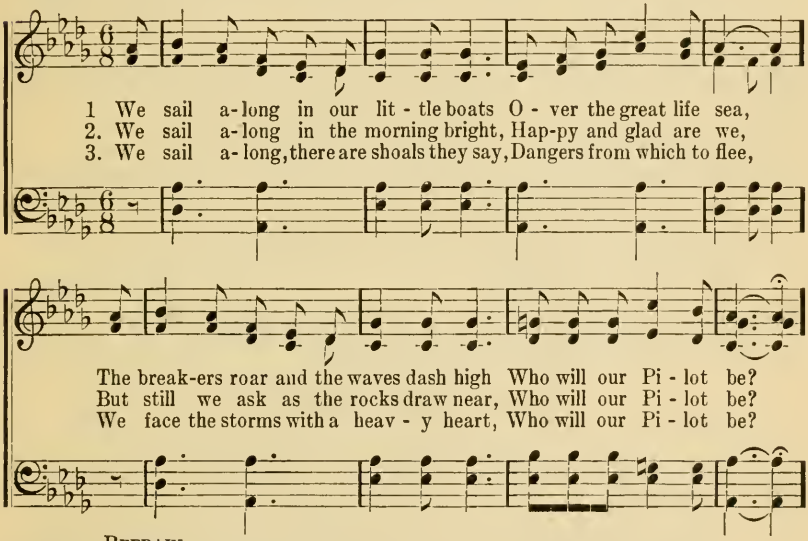


258 Christ Will Our Pilot Be.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. IRA B. WILSON.



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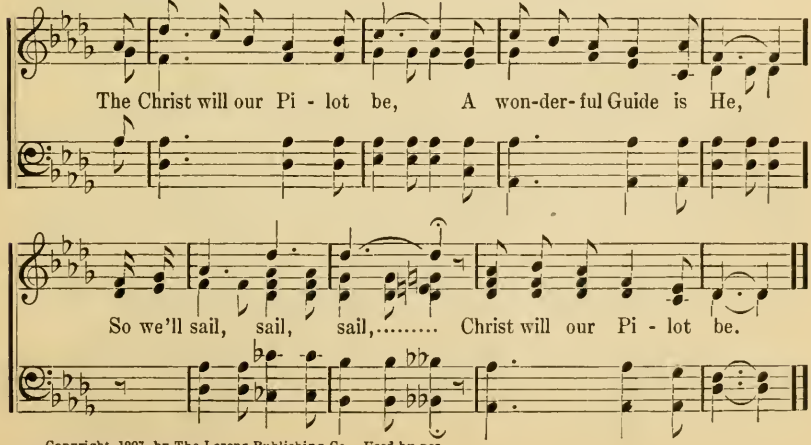

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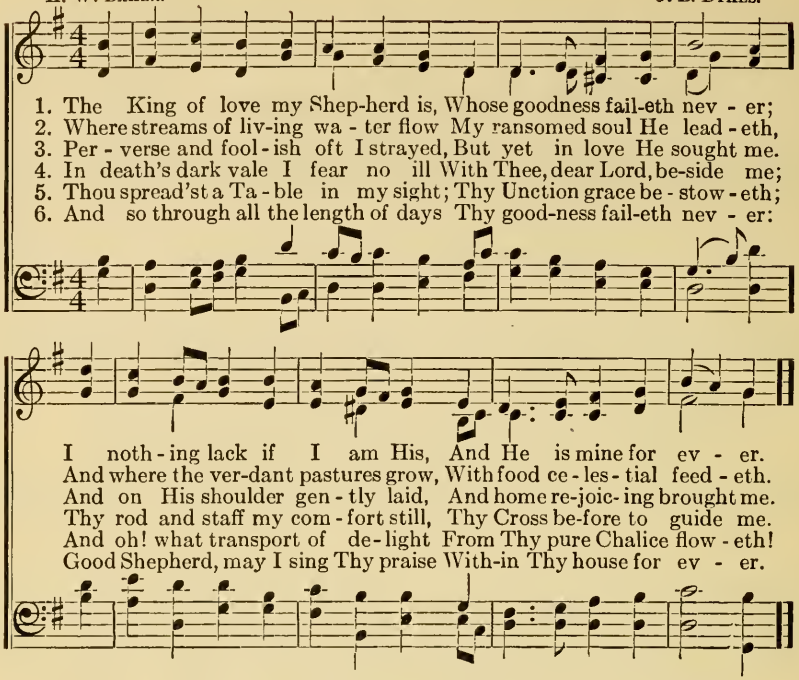
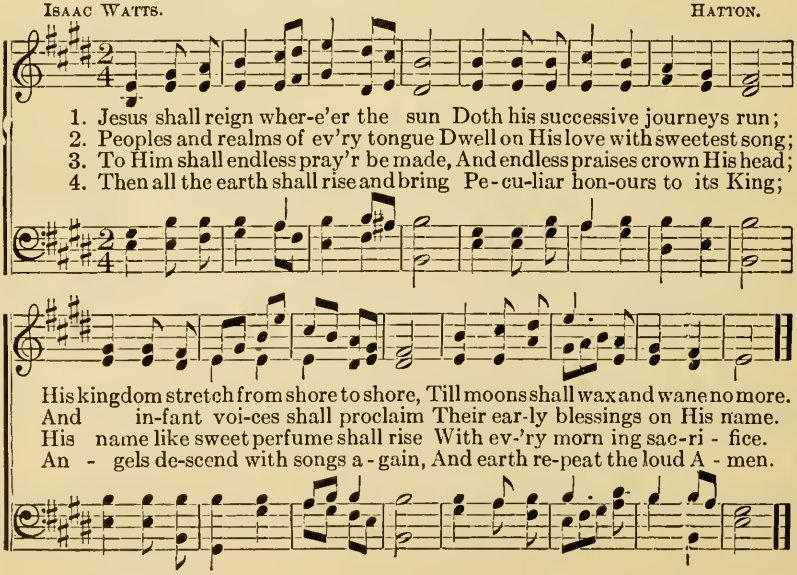
259 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

H. W. Baker. J. B. Dykes.



260 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. Hatton.



261 **"Go Ye Into All the World."**

J. McG. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Far, far a-way, in heathen darkness dwelling, Mill-ions of souls for ev-er may be lost; Who, who will go, sal-va-tion's sto-ry tell-ing,
2. See o'er the world wide-o-pen doors in-vit-ing, Sol-diers of Christ, a rise and en-ter in! Christians, awake! your forc-es all u-nit-ing,
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call-ing, "Why will ye die?" re-ech-o in His Name; Je-sus hath died to save from death appall-ing,
4. God speed the day, when those of ev-ery na-tion "Glo-ry to God!" tri-umphant-ly shall sing; Ransomed, redeemed, rejoic-ing in sal-va-tion,

CHORUS.

Looking to Je-sus, minding not the cost?
Send forth the gospel, break the chains of sin.
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go proclaim.
Shout "Hallelu-jah, for the Lord is King.
} "All power is given un-to me,

All power is giv-en un-to me, Go ye in-to all the world and preach the gos-pel, And lo, I am with you al-way."

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It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The

sor- rows like sea - bil-lows roll, What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con- trol, That Christ hath re- gard - ed my
sin—not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross, and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the

taught me to say: "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul
Lord shall de-scend,—"E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

Chorus.

It is well..... with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul!
It is well with my soul,

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263 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. ix: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re- ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'n- ly path- way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re- ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.

Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a- gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:

ceiv - - eth sin-ful men;..... Make the mes - - sage
ceiv- eth sin-ful men, Christ re-ceiveth sin- ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
Make the message plain:

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Blessed Assurance.

FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je- sus is mine! O, what a fore - taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
2. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight. An- gels de- scend- ing, bring from a - bove Ech- oes of mer - cy, whis- pers of love.
3. Per-fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav- iour, am hap- py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look-ing a - bove, Filled with His good-ness, lost in His love.

CHORUS.

This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav- iour all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

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265 "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing."

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
5. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing," If we but trust and o-bey;

There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bundance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing; Come, and now hon-our Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, If we let God have His way.

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless-ing,
Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

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In the Secret of His Presence.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh. Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence, how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord?

Slowly.

Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly
There is cool and pleas-ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys-tal spring; And my
Oh, how pa - tient - ly He list - ens! and my droop-ing soul He cheers: Do you
Go and hide be-neath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re-ward; And when-

cares can nev - er vex me, neith-er tri-als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
Sav-iour rests be-side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet; If I tried, I could not
think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev-er, nev-er
e'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place, You must mind and bear the

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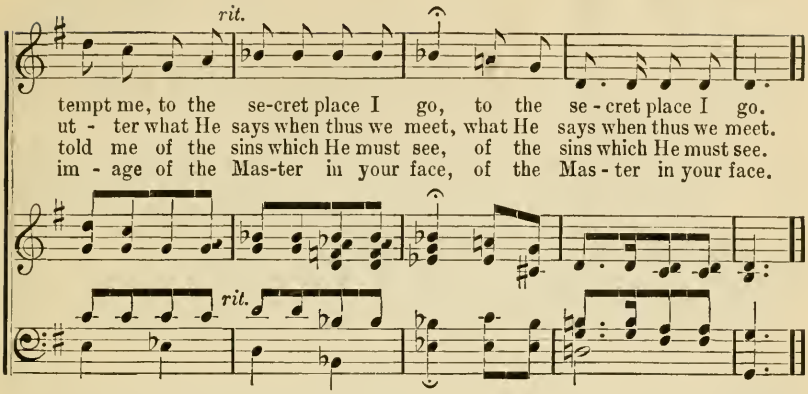
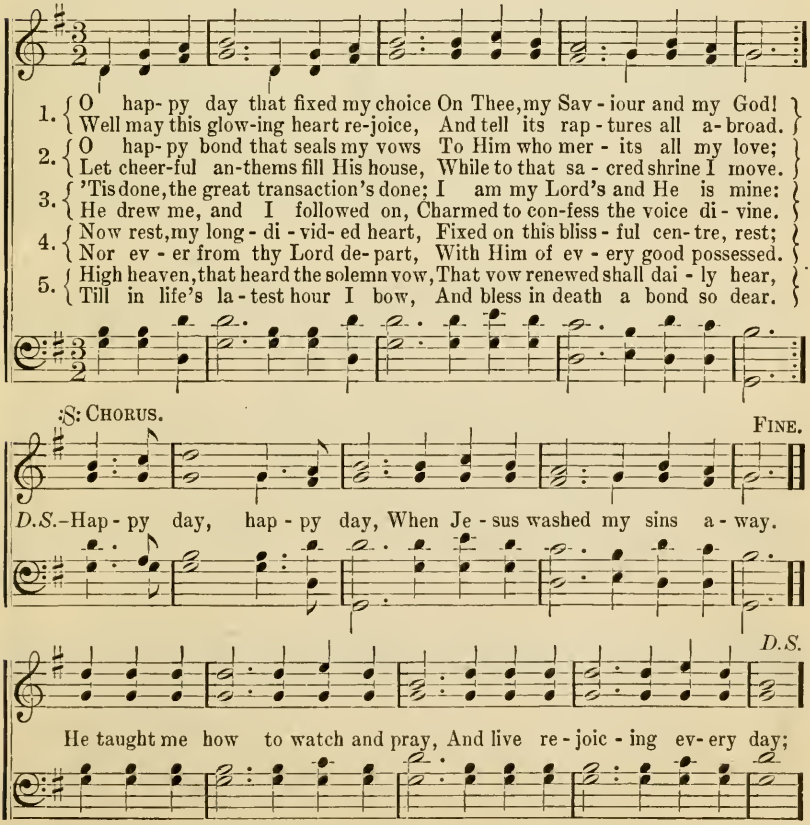


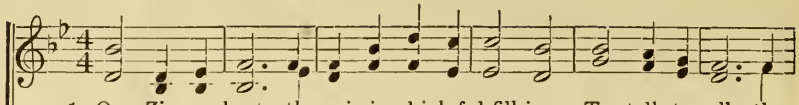
267 Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

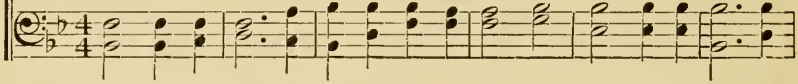


268 O Zion Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling.

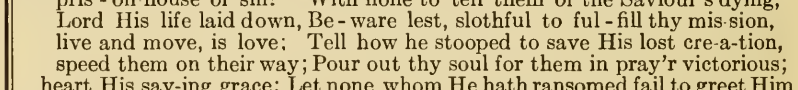
MARY A. THOMSON. JAMES WALCH.



1. O Zi - on haste thy mission high ful-fill-ing, To tell to all the
2. Be-hold how ma-ny thousand still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
3. 'Tis Thine to save from per-il of per - di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Proclaim to ev-'ry peo-ple, tongue and nation That God, in whom they
5. Give of thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to
6. He comes a-gain; O Zi - on, ere thou meet Him, Make known to ev'ry



world that God is Light! That He who made all nations is not will - ing
pris - on house of sin! With none to tell them of the Saviour's dying,
Lord His life laid down, Be - ware lest, slothful to ful - fill thy mis-sion,
live and move, is love; Tell how he stooped to save His lost cre-a-tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r victorious;
heart His sav-ing grace; Let none whom He hath ransomed fail to greet Him



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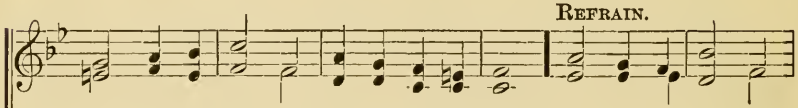
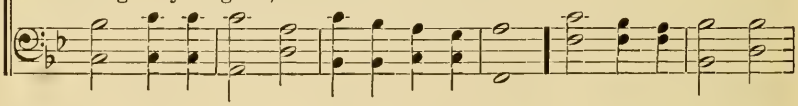
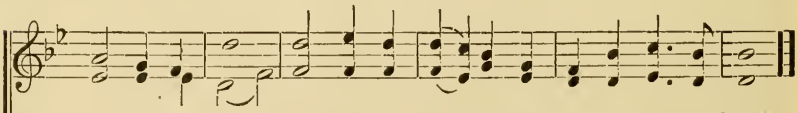
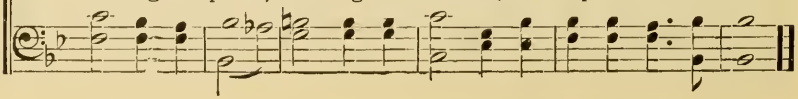


One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
Thou lose one jew-el that should deck His crown. Publish glad ti-dings;
And died on earth that men might live a-bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.
Through thy ne-glect, un - fit to see His face.





Tid-ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je - sus, re-demp-tion and re-lease.



269 Shine Just Where You Are.

ADA R. HABERSHON. HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

Shine, shine, just where you are, Shine, shine, just where you are,

Send forth the light In - to the night, Shine for the Lord where you are.

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270 Casting All Your Care.

H. B. HENRY BARRACLOUGH.

Cast - ing all your care, Cast - ing all your care, For the Lord is

a - ble All your cares to bear; Cast - ing all your care,

Cast- ing all your care, For the Lord is a - ble All your cares to bear.

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Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD OF CLUNY — Babcock. — Rev. MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con-tem - pla-tion Sink
stand, those halls of Si - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with man-y an an- gel, And
is the throne of Da - vid; And there from care re - leased, The song of them that tri-umph, The
sweet and bless - ed coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, That

heart and voice op - prest. I know not, O I know not,
all the mar - tyr throng. The Prince is ev - er in them,
shout of them that feast; And they, who with their Lead-er
ea - ger heart's ex - pect! Je - sus in mer - cy bring us

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What joys a - wait us there; What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry,
The day-light is se - rene; The pas-tures of the bless-ed
Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er
To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God the Fa - ther,

D. S.

What bliss be - yond com - pare! 2. They
Are decked in glo - rious sheen. 3. There
Are clad in robes of white. 4. O
And Spir - it, ev - er blest. A - men.

272 There is a Name I Love to Hear.

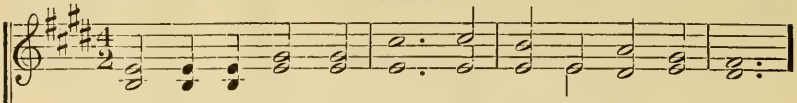
F. Whitfield. Geer. Greatorex.

1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love, Who died to set me free;
3. Je - sus the name I love so well, The name I love to hear;

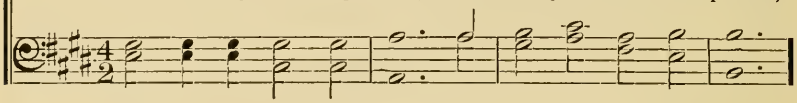
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin - ners per - fect plea.
No saints on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.

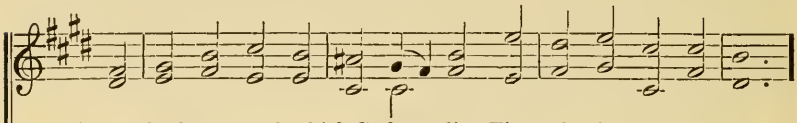
Soldiers of Christ Arise.

MATTHEW BRIDGES. (Diademata.) Sir GEO. J. ELVEY.

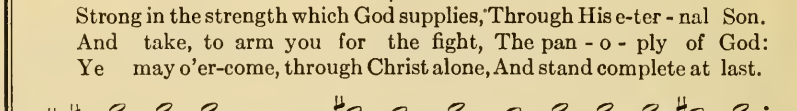


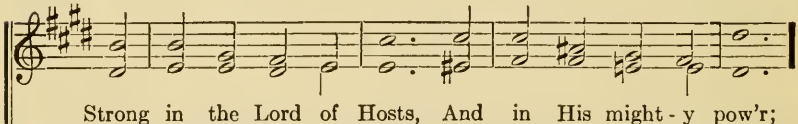
1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your arm - or on;
2. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued;
3. That hav-ing all things done, And all your con - flicts passed;



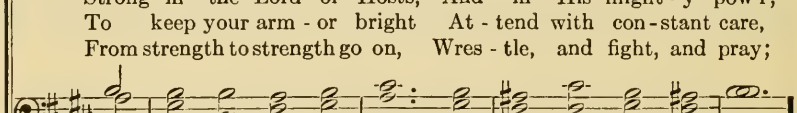


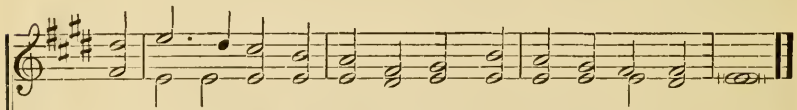
Strong in the strength which God supplies, Through His e-ter - nal Son.
And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God:
Ye may o'er-come, through Christ alone, And stand complete at last.



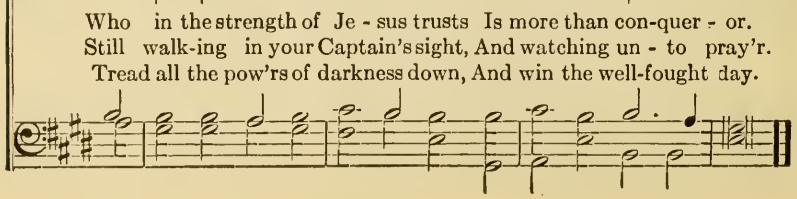


Strong in the Lord of Hosts, And in His might - y pow'r;
To keep your arm - or bright At - tend with con - stant care,
From strength to strength go on, Wres - tle, and fight, and pray;





Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts Is more than con-quer - or.
Still walk-ing in your Captain's sight, And watching un - to pray'r.
Tread all the pow'rs of darkness down, And win the well-fought day.



274 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B. J. M. Black.

1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo - ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is

:S:

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der,
gather to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der,
o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der,

D. S.—*roll is called up yon-der,*

Fine. Chorus.

I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is

I'll be there.

D. S.

called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yonder, When the
called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yonder, When the

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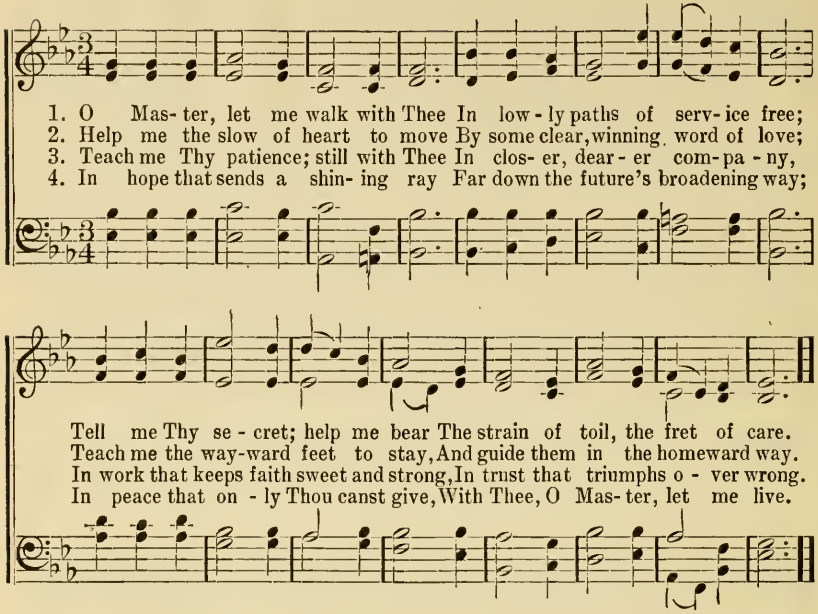
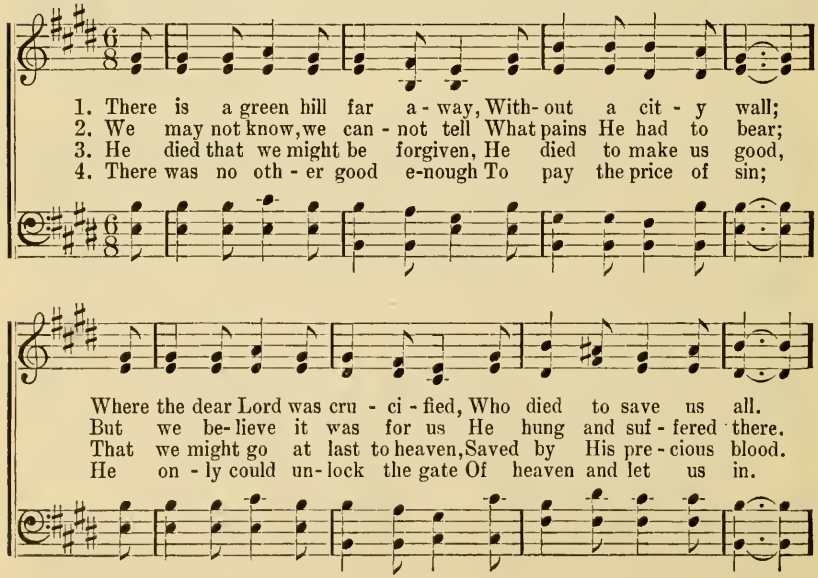
275 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN. H. PERCY SMITH.



276 There is a Green Hill Far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.



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There is a Green Hill Far Away.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

rit.

And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.

277 Arise, My Soul, Arise.

CHARLES WESLEY. Lenox. LEWIS EDSON.

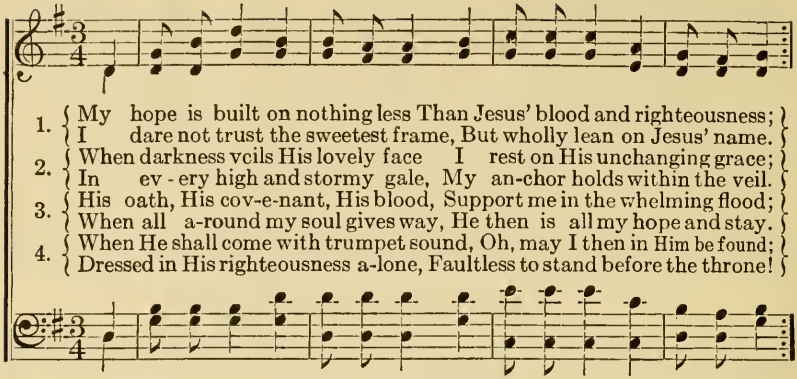
1. A - rise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac-ri-fice
2. He ev - er lives a-bove, For me to in-ter-cede; His all redeeming love.
3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers,
4. My God is reconciled; His pardoning voice I hear; He owns me for His child;

In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure-ty stands,
His pre-cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
They strongly plead for me; For - give him, oh, for-give they cry,
I can no long - er fear; With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands.
His blood a-toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
For - give him, oh, forgive they cry, Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
With con-fi-dence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Abba, Fa-ther," cry.

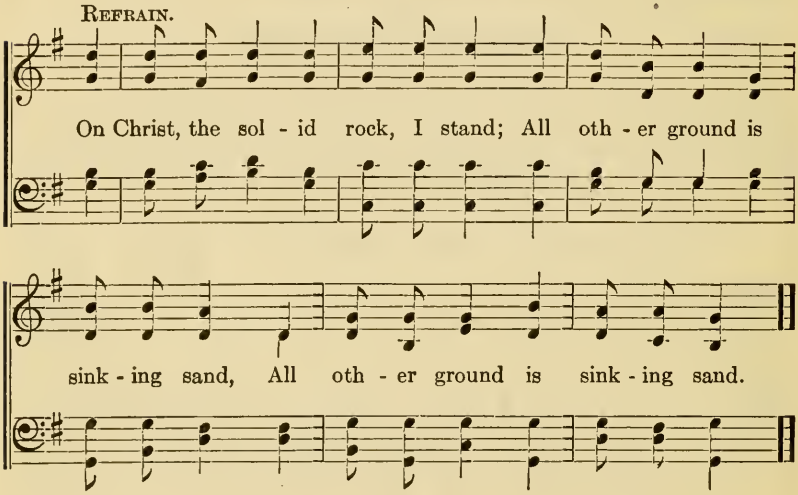
278 On Christ, the Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



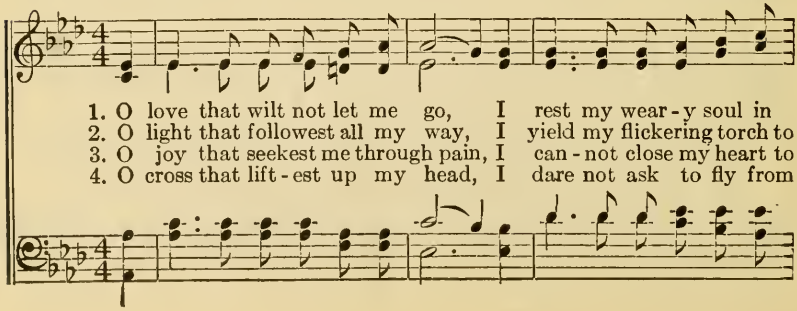
1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
   I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
2. When darkness veils His lovely face I rest on His unchanging grace;
   In ev - ery high and stormy gale, My an-chor holds within the veil.
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Support me in the whelming flood;
   When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
   Dressed in His righteousness a-lone, Faultless to stand before the throne!

REFRAIN.



279 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. St. Margaret. A. L. PEACE.



O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.—Concluded.

Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
Thee; My heart re - stores its bor-rowed ray, That
Thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain, And
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And

in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sunshine's blaze its day May bright-er fair - er be.
feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

280 I Am Included.

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

I am in - clu-ded! I am in - clu-ded! When the Lord said

"Who-so - ev-er," He in-clu-ded me. I am in-clu-ded! I am in -

clu-ded! When the Lord said, "Whoso-ev - er," He in - clu-ded me.

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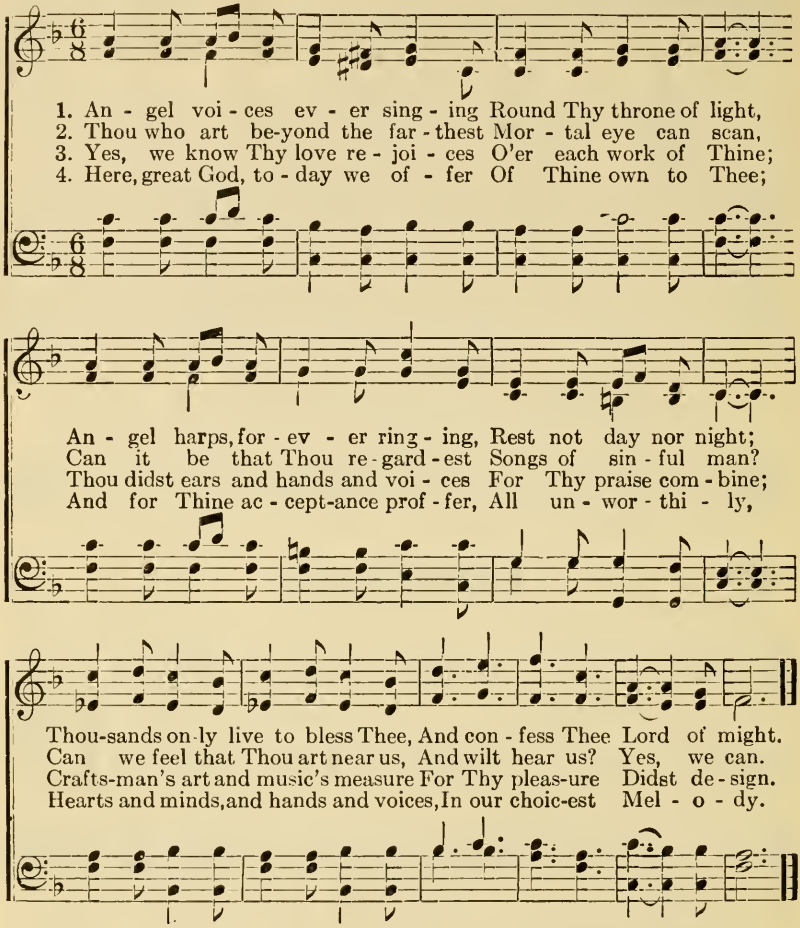
281 Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

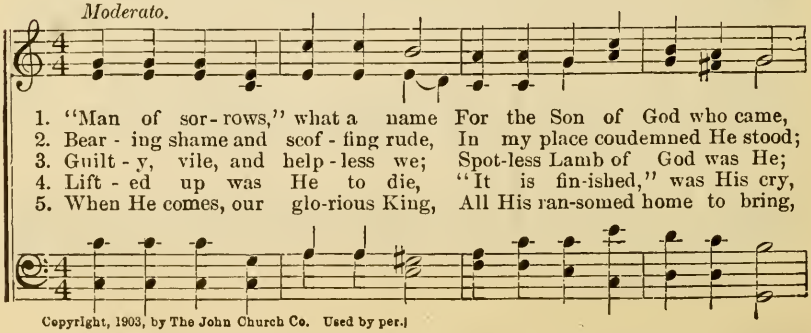
Rev. Francis Pott. Arthur Sullivan.



282 Hallelujah! What a Saviour!

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

Moderato.



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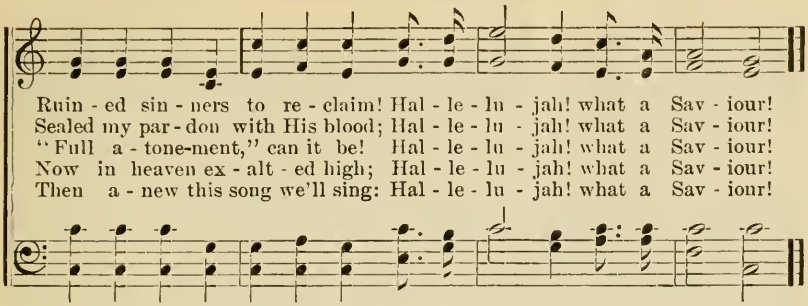
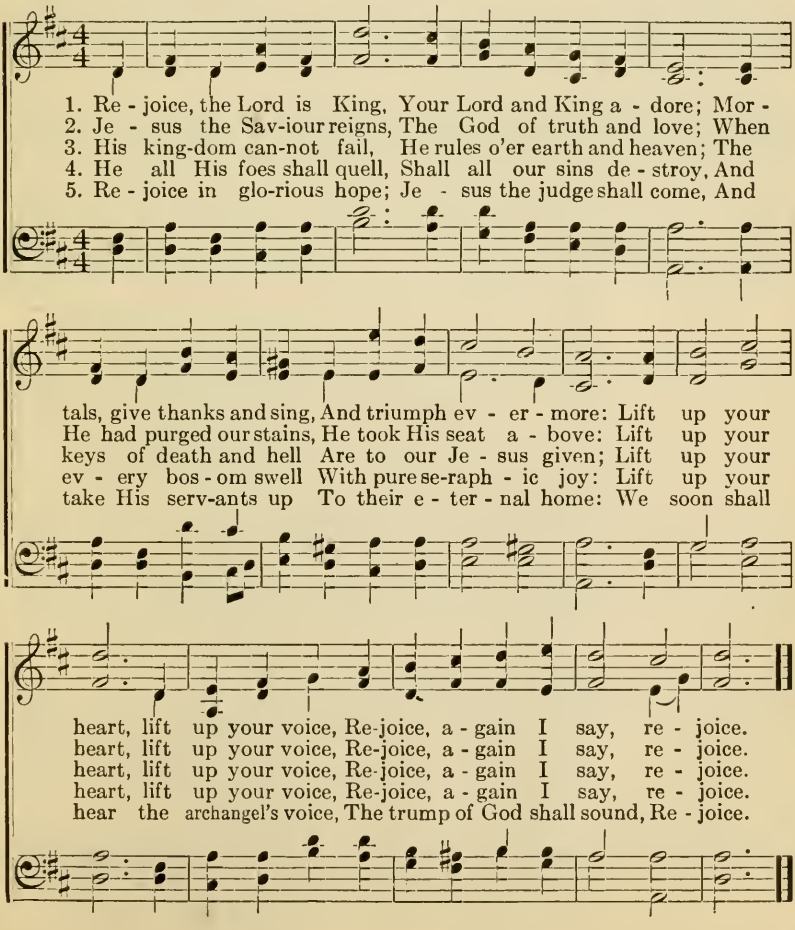


283 Rejoice, the Lord is King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Darwall's. JOHN DARWALL.



For all the Saints.

BISHOP W. W. HOW. SIR. J. BARNBY.

Full. Unison.

1. *f* For all the Saints who from their la-bours rest, Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je-su, be for ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.
Alleluia!

3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

4 O blest communion! fellowship Divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine;
Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

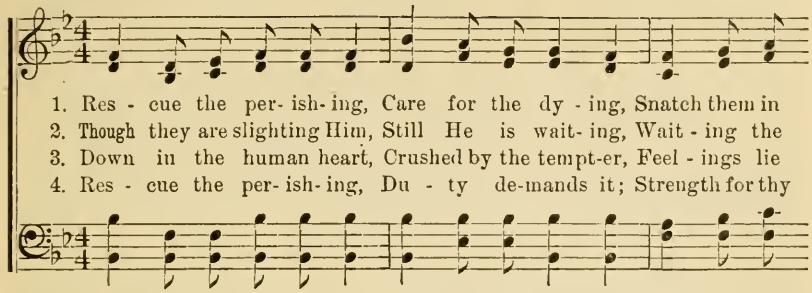
6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

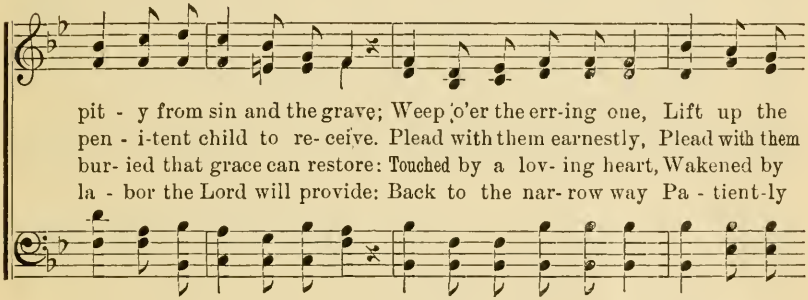
8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

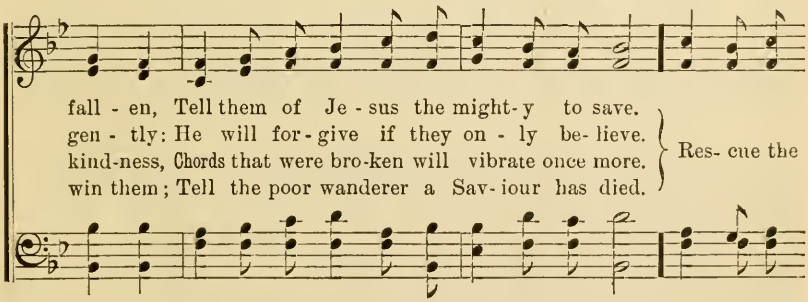


1. Res - cue the per- ish- ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in
2. Though they are slighting Him, Still He is wait- ing, Wait - ing the
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempt-er, Feel - ings lie
4. Res - cue the per- ish- ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy

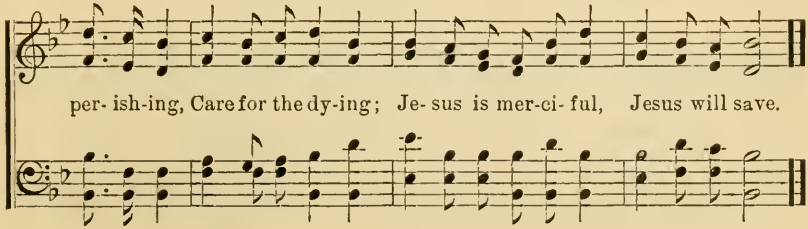


pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the
pen - i-tent child to re- ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them
bur- ied that grace can restore: Touched by a lov- ing heart, Wakened by
la - bor the Lord will provide: Back to the nar- row way Pa - tient-ly

CHORUS.



fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might- y to save.
gen - tly: He will for - give if they on - ly be- lieve.
kind-ness, Chords that were bro-ken will vibrate once more.
win them; Tell the poor wanderer a Sav- iour has died.
} Res- cue the



per- ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing; Je- sus is mer-ci- ful, Jesus will save.

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Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. — WILL L. THOMPSON.

pp *Very slow.*

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for you and for me, See on the por - tals He's waiting and watching,
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mercies,
3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, Pass - ing from you and from me; Shadows are gath - er - ing, death-beds are coming,
4. Oh! for the won - der - ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me; Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer - cy and par - don,

CHORUS.

Watching for you and for me.
Mer - cies for you and for me.
Com - ing for you and for me.
Par - don for you and for me.

Come home, come home,
Come home, come home,

cres. *pp* *ppp*

Ye who are wea - ry, come home, Earn - est - ly, ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

rit. *pp*

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Verily, Verily.

G. M. J. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, what a Sav-iour, that He died for me! From con-dem-
2. All my in-iq-ui-ties on Him were laid, All my in-
3. Tho' poor and need-y I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and
4. Tho' all un-wor-thy, yet I will not doubt, For him that

na-tion He hath made me free; "He that be-liev-eth on the
debt-ed-ness by Him was paid; All who be-lieve on Him, the
sin-ful I be-lieve His word; O glad mes-sage! ev-'ry
com-eth, He will not cast out; "He that be-liev-eth," Oh, the

CHORUS.

Son," saith He, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
Lord hath said, "Have ev-er-last-ing life."
child of God, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
good news shout, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."
} "Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly,

I say un-to you, Ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly," mes-sage ev-er new;

"He that be-liev-eth on the Son," 'tis true, "Hath ev-er-last-ing life."

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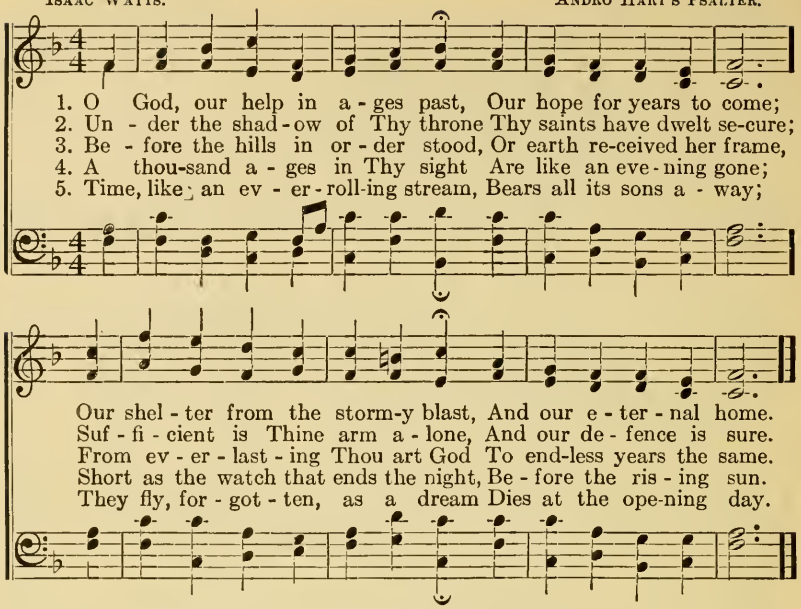
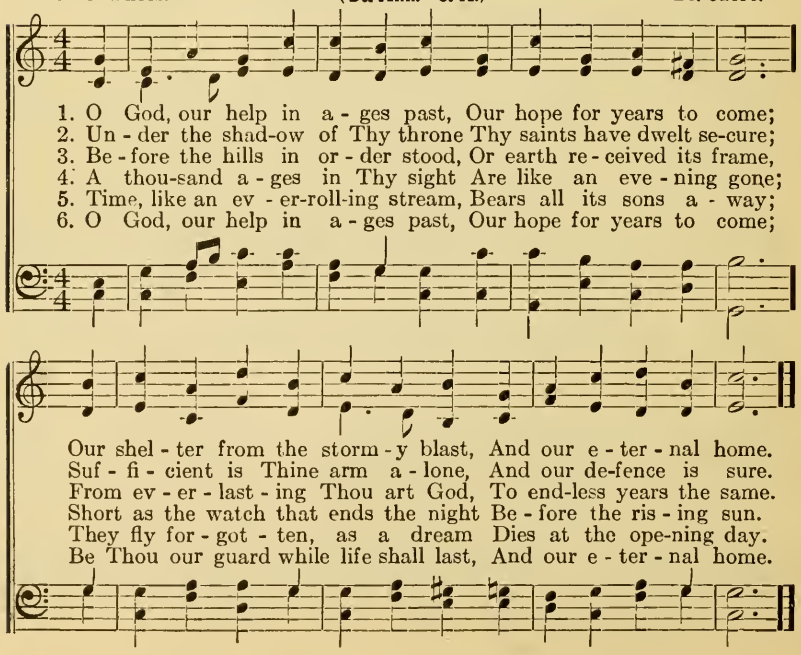
288 O God, Our Help In Ages Past.

ISAAC WATTS. ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.



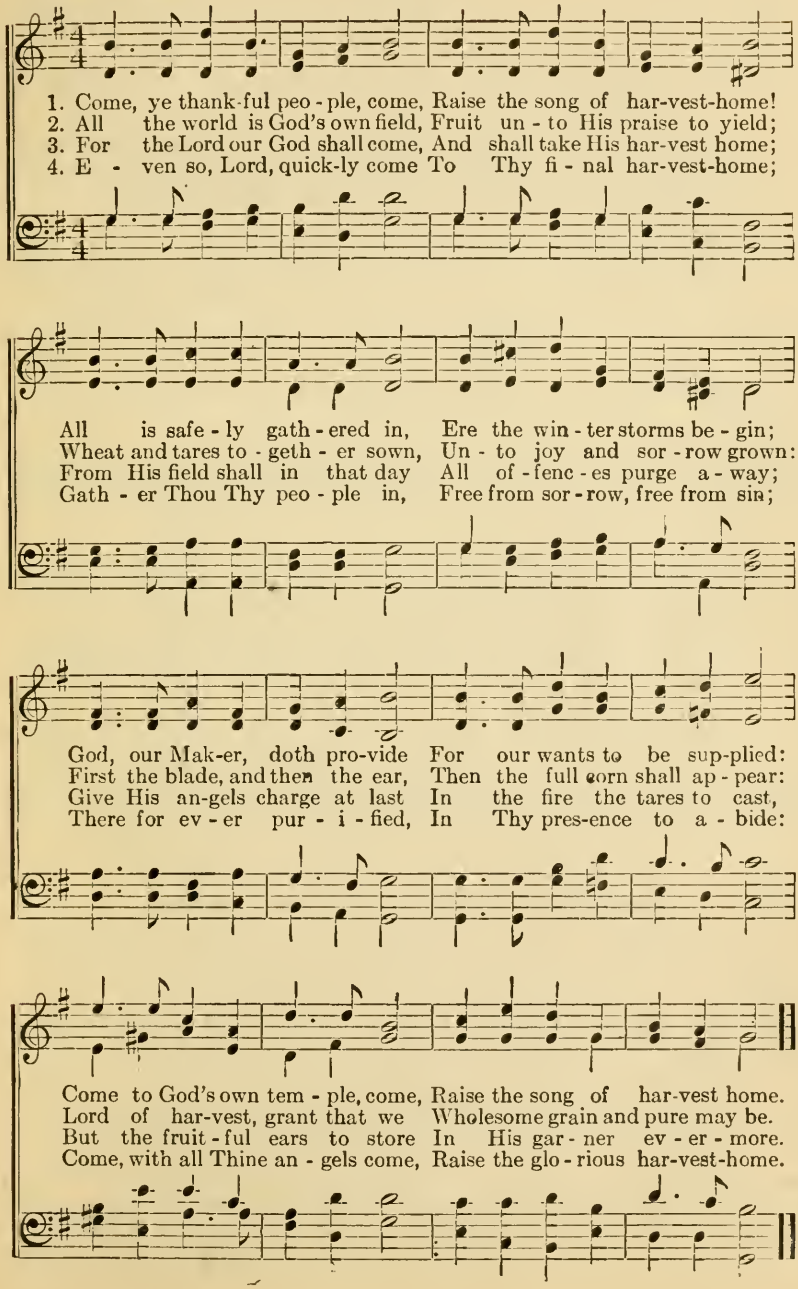
289 O God, Our Help In Ages Past.

ISAAC WATTS. (St. Ann. C. M.) DR. CROFT.



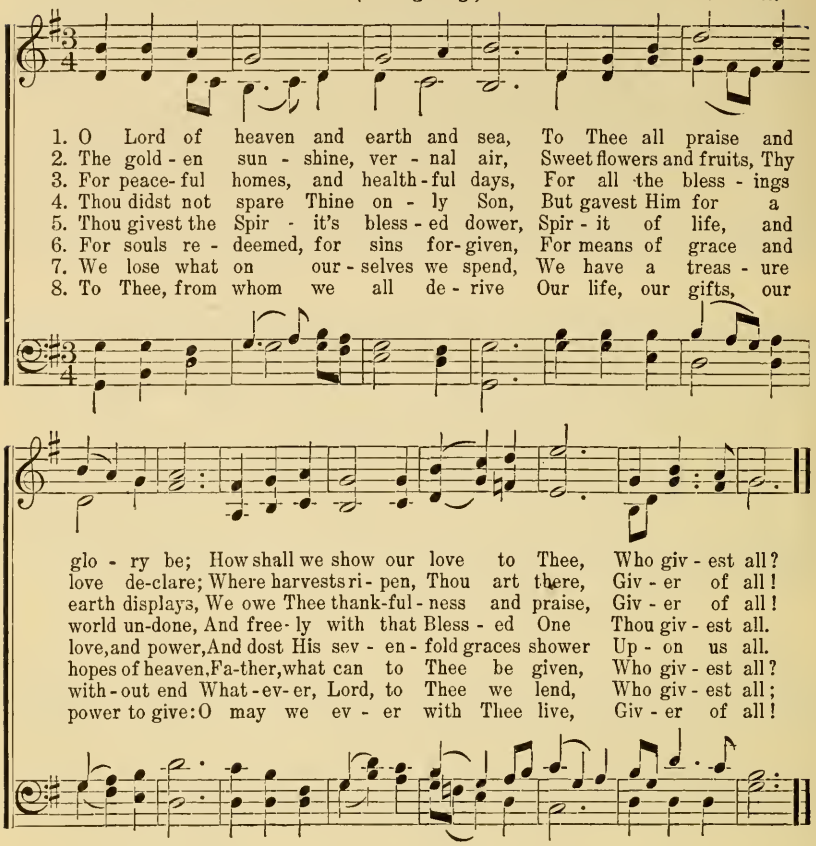
290 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come.

HENRY ALFORD. St. George. G. J. ELVEY.



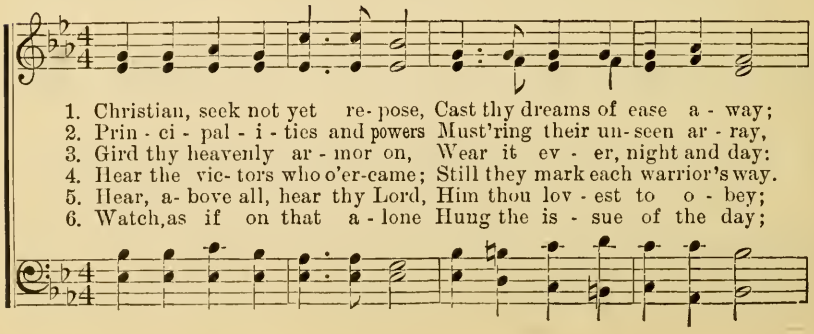
291 O Lord of Heaven and Earth and Sea.

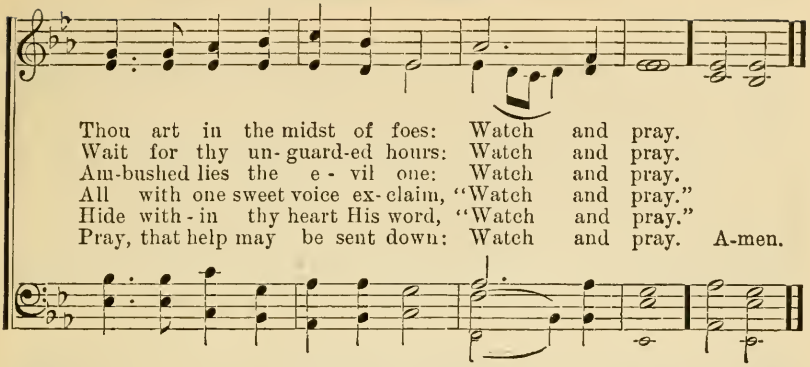
CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH. (Almsgiving.) J. B. DYKES.



292 Christian, Seek Not Yet Repose.

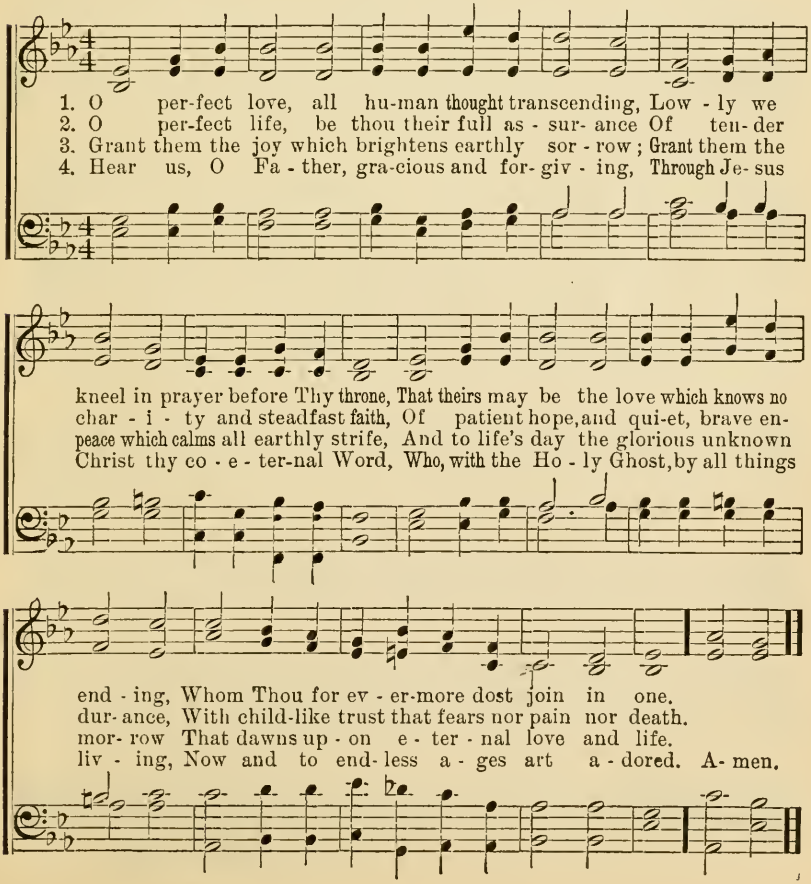
CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (Vigilate.) W. H. MONK.





293 O Perfect Love.

JOHN ELLERTON. (Perfect Love.) JOSEPH BARNBY.



At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For sin-ners such as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace unknown, And love be - yond de - gree?
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the bur-den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith rolled a-way, I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

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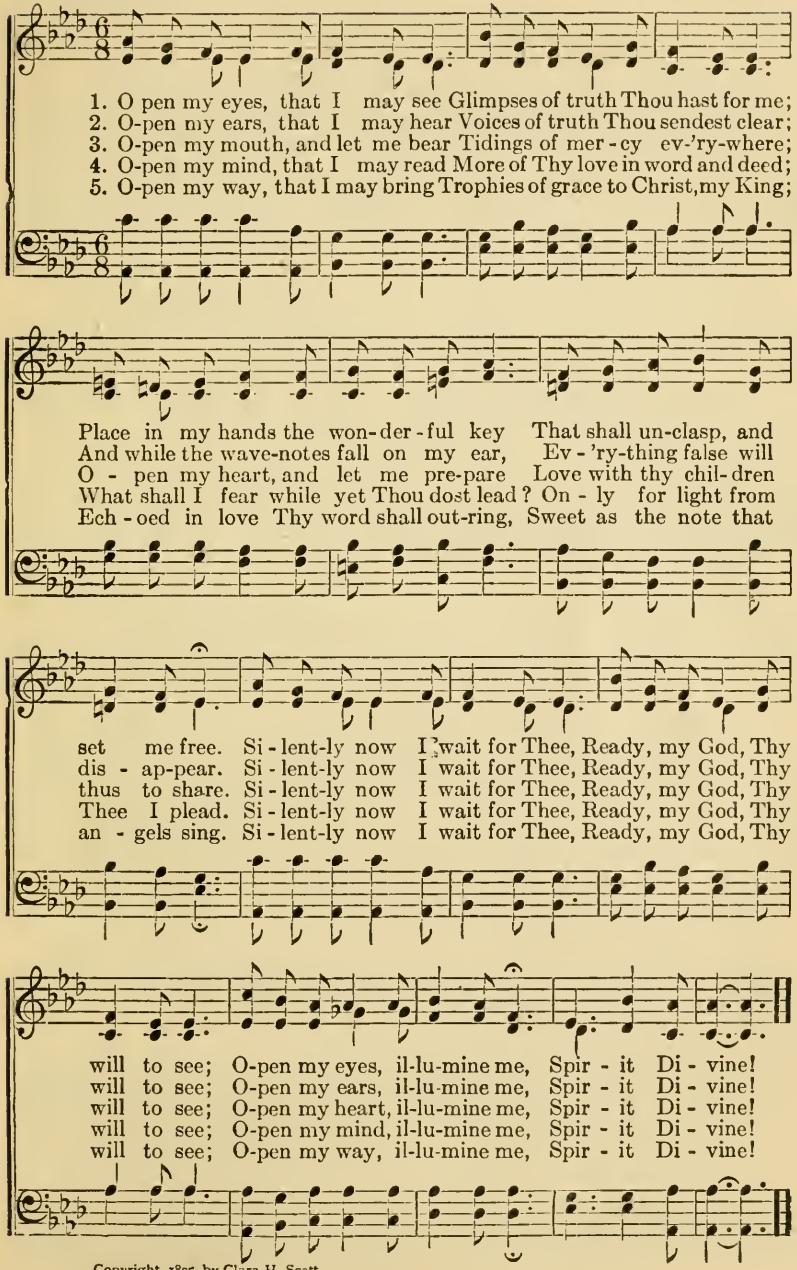
295 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S. & Fred. P. Morris. Clara H. Scott.



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296 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven.

H. E. Lyte. Henry Smart.

1. Praise, my soul, the King of heav - en; To His feet thy trib - ute bring;
2. Praise Him for His grace and fa - vor To our fa - thers in dis - tress;
3. Fa - ther-like, He tends and spares us; Well our fee - ble frame He knows;
4. An - gels help us to a - dore Him; Ye be - hold Him face to face;

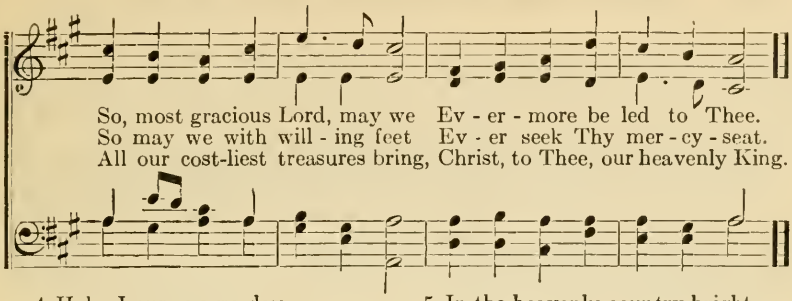
Ramsomed, healed, restored, for - giv - en, Who like me, His praise should sing?
Praise Him still the same for - ev - er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless.
In His hands He gen - tly bears us, Res - cues us from all our foes.
Sun and moon, bow down be - fore Him, Dwell - ers all in time and space.

Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Glorious in His faith - ful - ness!
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Wide - ly as His mer - cy flows.
Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!

297 As With Gladness Men of Old.

William C. Dix. Arr. from Conrad Kocher.

1. { As with glad - ness men of old Did the guid - ing star be - hold; / As with joy they hailed its light, Lead - ing on - ward, beaming bright; }
2. { As with joy - ful steps they sped To that low - ly man - ger - bed, / There to bend the knee be - fore Him whom heaven and earth a - dore, }
3. { As they of - fered gifts most rare At that man - ger rude and bare, / So may we with ho - ly joy, Pure, and free from sin's al - loy, }

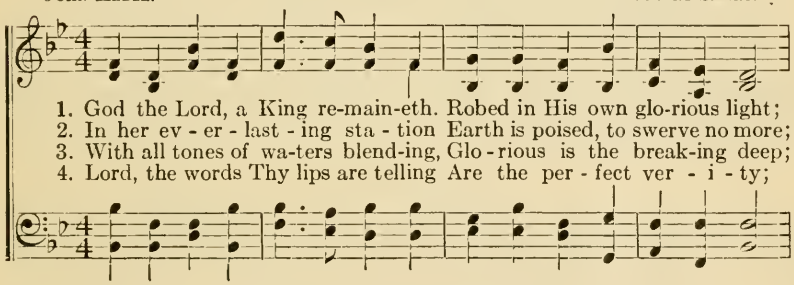


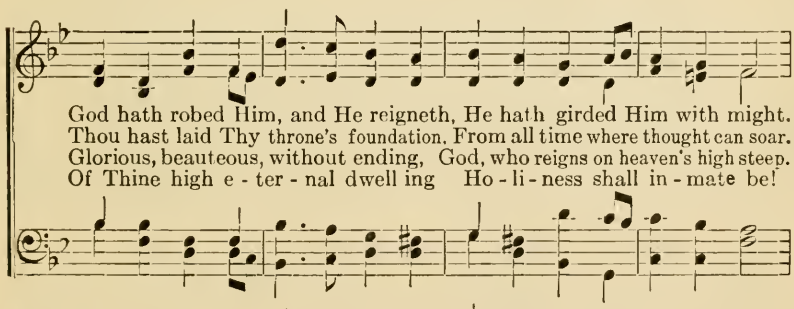
4 Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

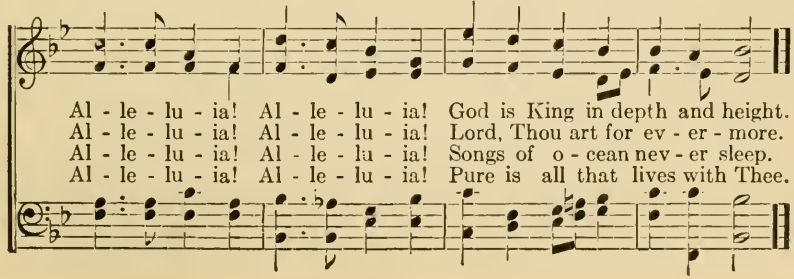
5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King.

298 God the Lord, a King Remaineth.

JOHN KEBLE. HENRY SMART.

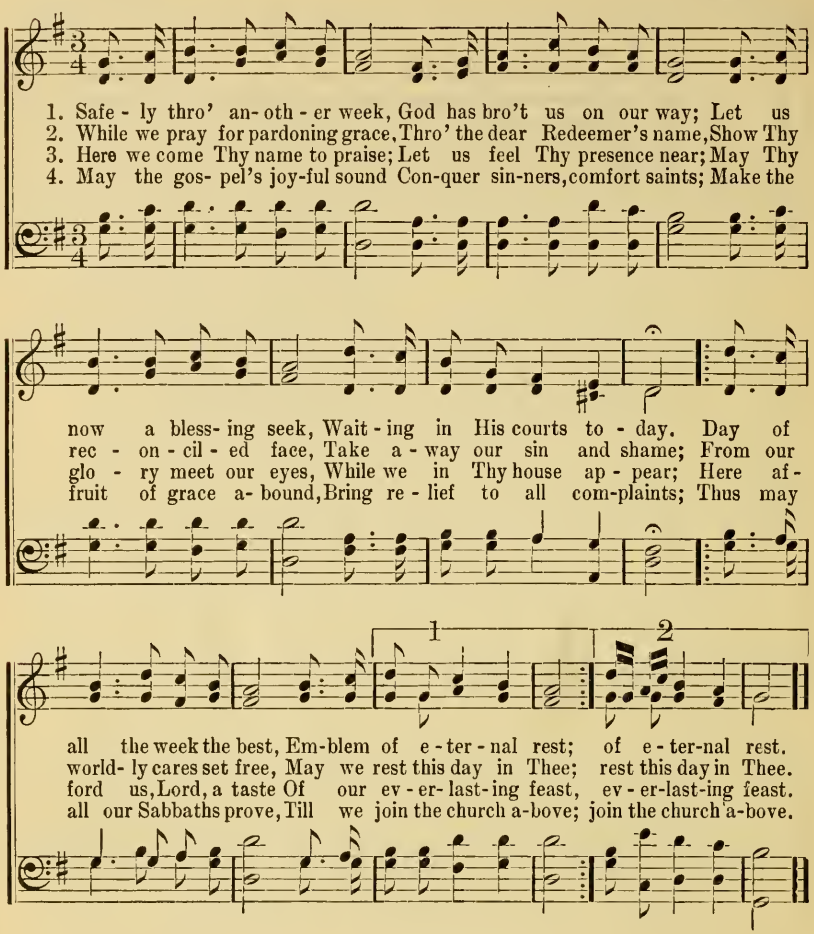






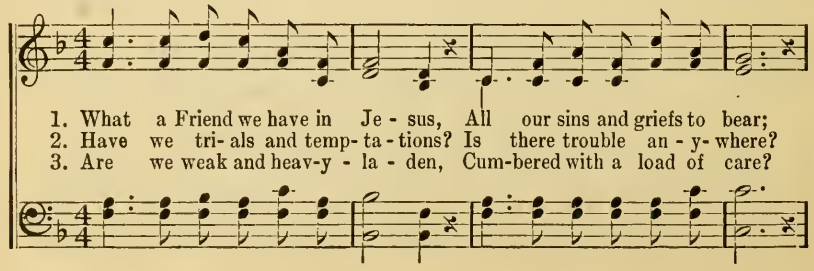
299 Safely Through Another Week.

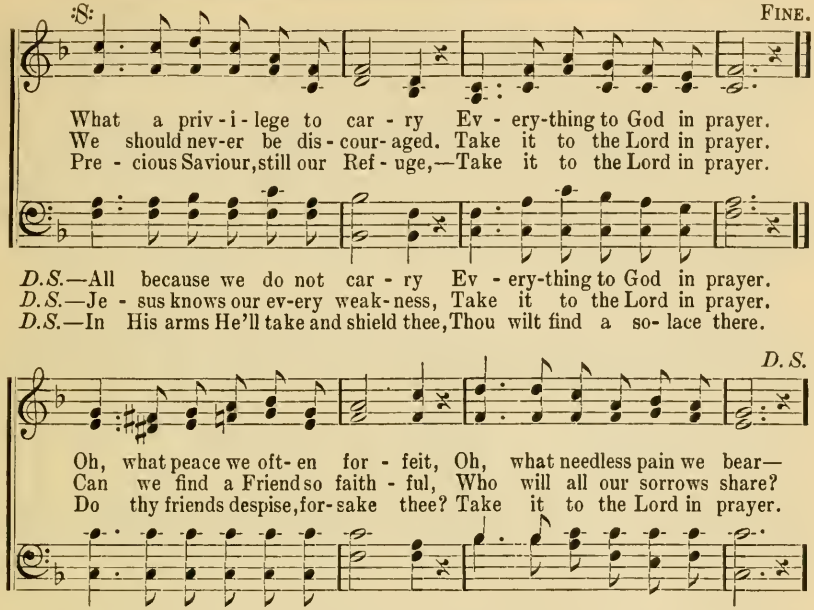
JOHN NEWTON. ARR. by LOWELL MASON.



300 What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

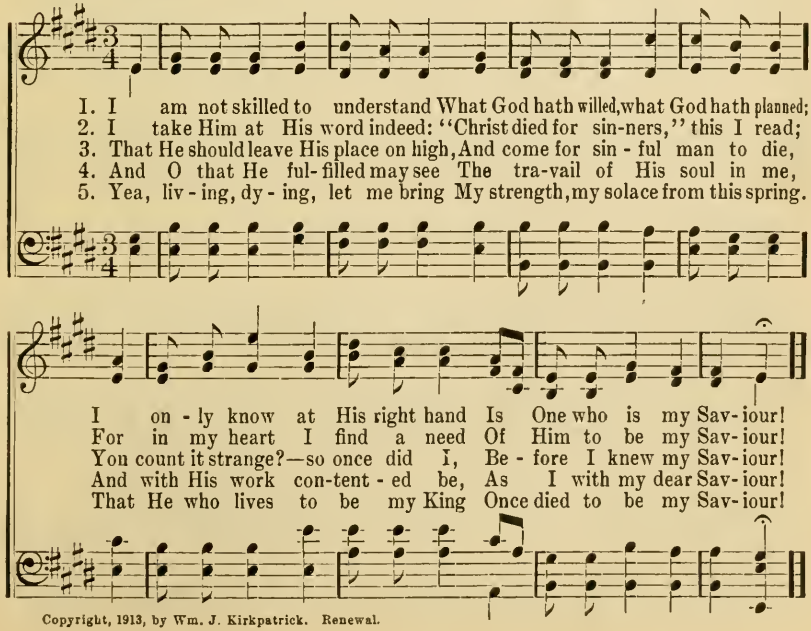
JOSEPH SCRIVEN. CHARLES C. CONVERSE.





301 My Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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302 Silent Night! Holy Night!

JOSEPH MOHR. FRANZ GRUBER.

1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright, Round yon
2. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Shepherds quake at the sight, Glo - ries
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Son of God, love's pure light Ra - diant

Vir - gin Moth - er and Child, Ho - ly In - fant so ten - der and mild,
stream from heav- en a - far, Heav - en - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia;
beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,

Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ, the Sav - iour, is born! Christ, the Sav - iour is born!
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.

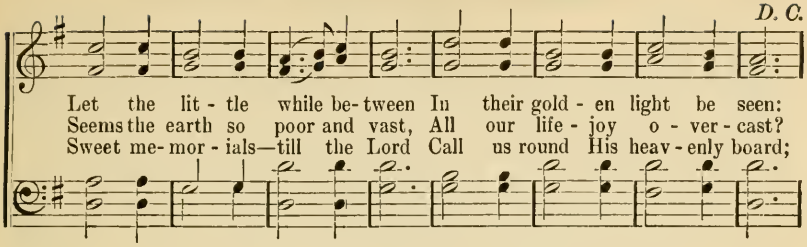
303 Till He Come.

EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH. MARCUS M. WELLS.

FINE.

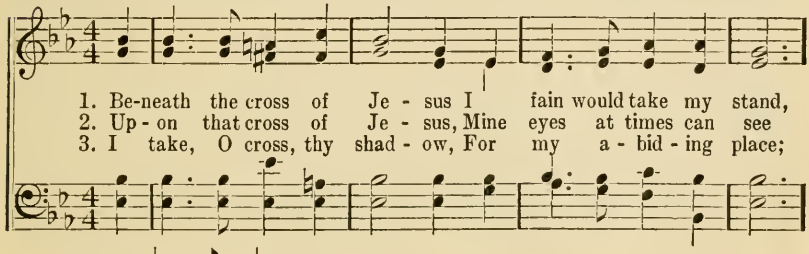
1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords;
2. When the wea - ry ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
3. See, the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine, and break the bread:

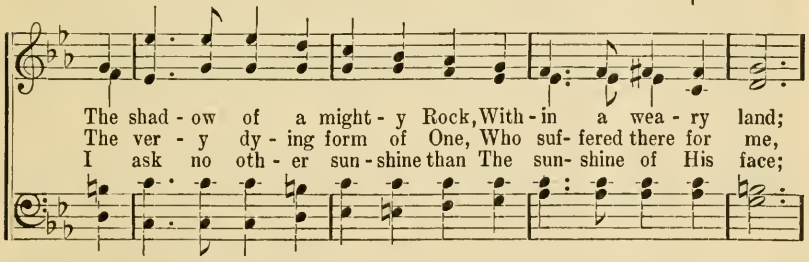
D.C.—Let us think how heaven and home Lie be-yond that "Till He come."
D.C.—Hush, be ev - ery mur - mur dumb: It is on - ly "Till He come."
D.C.—Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Sev - ered on - ly "Till He come."

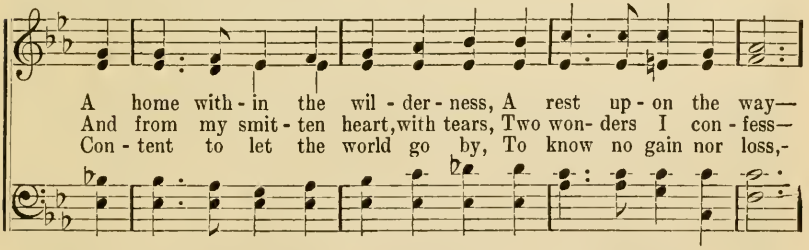


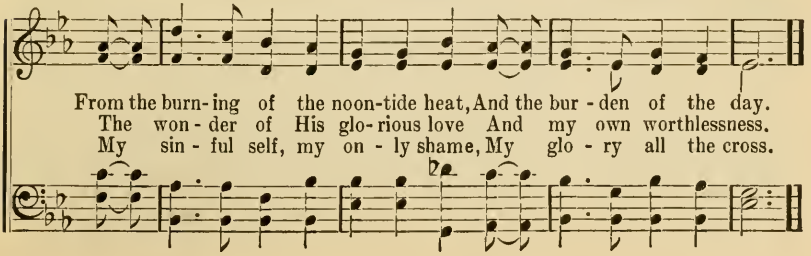
304 Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE. FREDERICK C. MAKER.



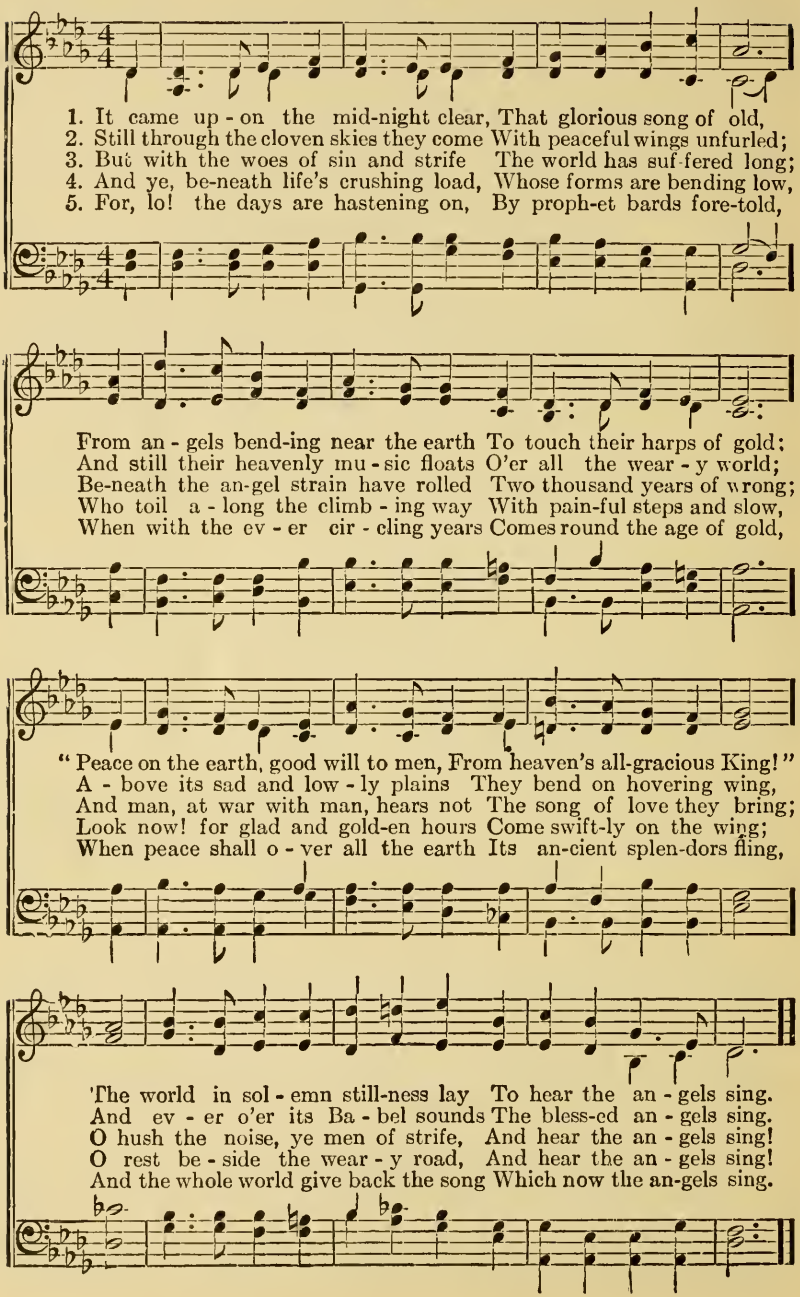






305 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

E. H. Sears. (St. Sylvester.) J. Barnby.



Where is My Boy To-night?

R. L. R. Lowry.

With tenderness.

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night, The boy of my tend'rest care, The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and pray'r?
2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
3. O, could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time, When prat-tle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

Chorus. *Not too fast.*

O, where is my boy to-night? O, where is my boy to-night? My heart o'erflows, for I love him he knows; O, where is my boy to-night?

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307 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

"And on His head were many crowns."—Rev. xix: 12.

Matthew Bridges. Diademata. Sir Geo. J. Elvey.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne:
2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time,

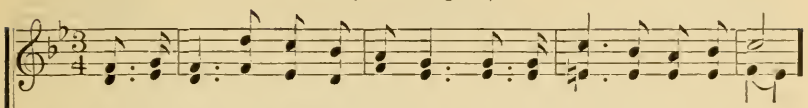
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an- them drowns All mu - sic but its own:
Rich wounds yet vis - i - ble a - bove In beau- ty glo - ri - fied:
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be pray'r and praise:
Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub- lime!

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;

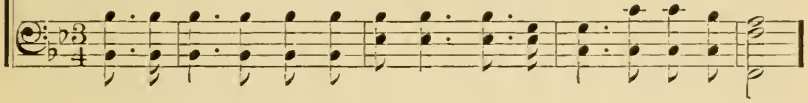
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But down-ward bends his burn- ing eye, At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fragrance ev - er sweet.
Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

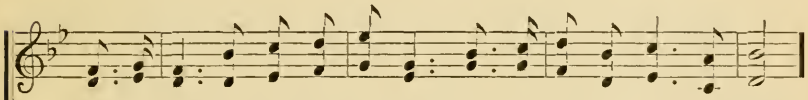
308 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy.

P. P. Bliss. (Lower Lights.) P. P. Bliss.

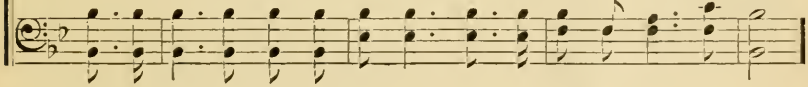


1. Brightly beams our Father's mer - cy, From His light-house ev- er- more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee- ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tempest- tost,

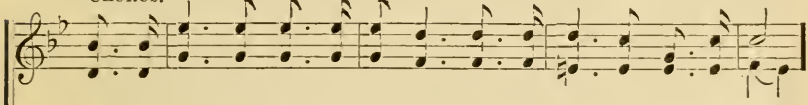




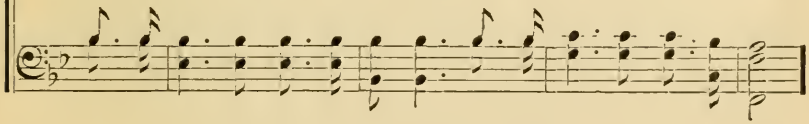
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a- long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a- long the shore.
Try- ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness *may be lost.*

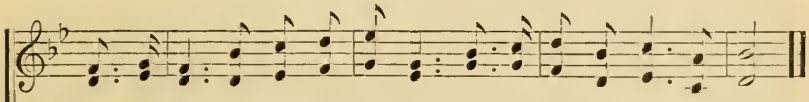


Chorus.

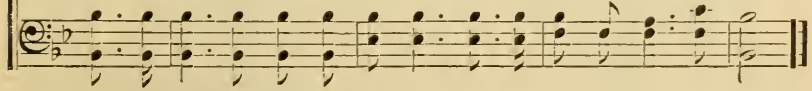


Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a- cross the wave!





Some poor faint-ing, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.



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309 O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. BURKE.

1. O Sav - iour, pre- cious Sav - iour, Whom, yet un - seen, we love;
2. O Bring - er of sal - va - tion, Who won-drous - ly hast wrought,
3. In Thee all full - ness dwell - eth, All grace and power di - vine;
4. Oh, grant the con - sum - ma - tion Of this, our song, a - bove,

O Name of might and fa - vor, All oth - er names a - bove.
Thy - self the rev - el - a - tion, Of love be - yond our thought.
The glo - ry that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine.
In end - less ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love.

CHORUS.

We wor - ship Thee! we bless Thee! To Thee a - lone we sing!

We praise Thee and con - fess Thee, Our Sav - iour, Lord and King.

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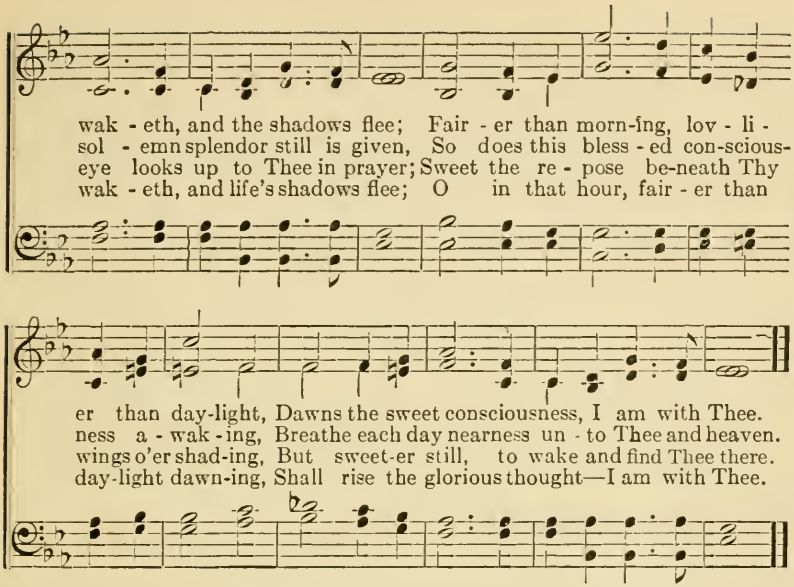
310 Still, Still With Thee.

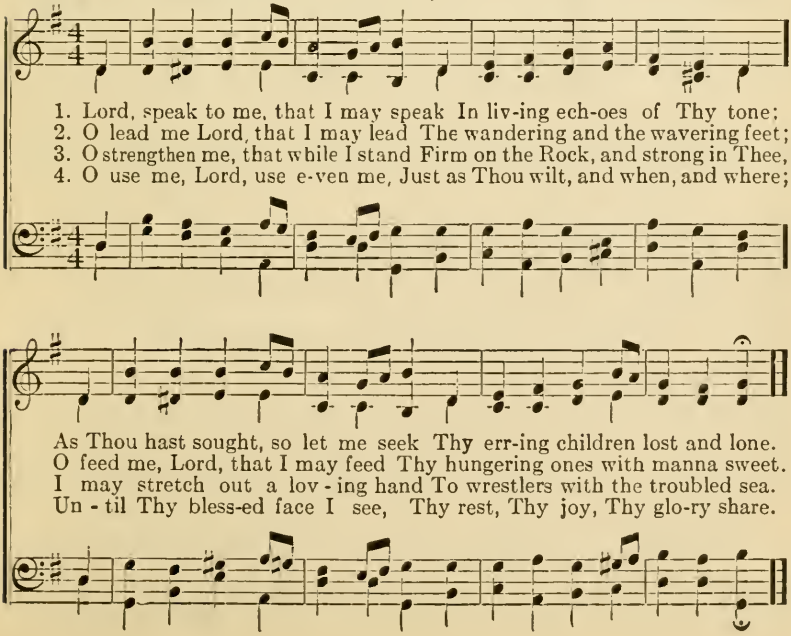
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn-ing break - eth, When the bird
2. Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morn - ing, A fresh and
3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos- ing
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn ing, When the soul



311 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak.

FRANCES B. HAVERGAL. Canonbury. SCHUMANN.



312 He Leadeth Me.

Jos. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead- eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur- mur nor re- pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-tory's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead- eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead- eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead- eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead- eth me.

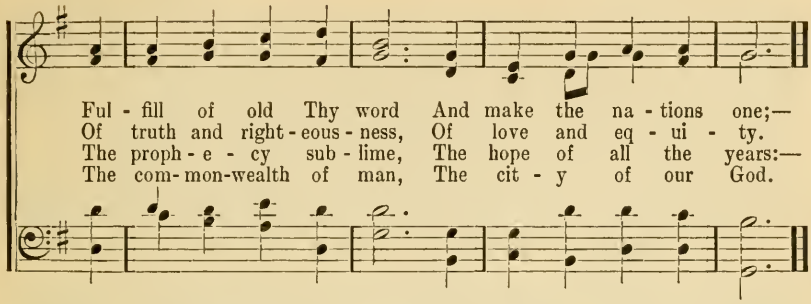
Refrain.

He lead- eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead- eth me;
His faith- ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead- eth me.

313 Thy Kingdom Come, O Lord.

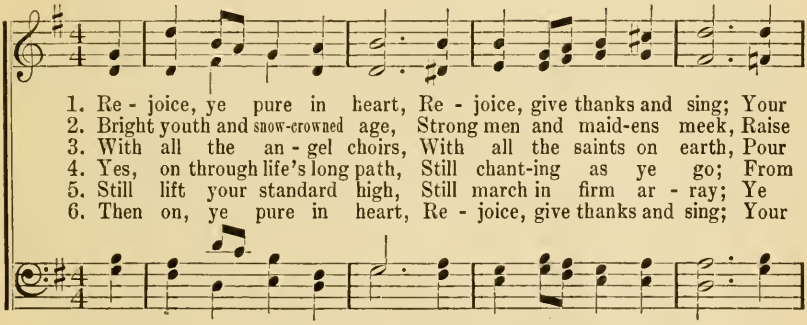
Frederick L. Hosmer. Rev. L. G. Hayne.

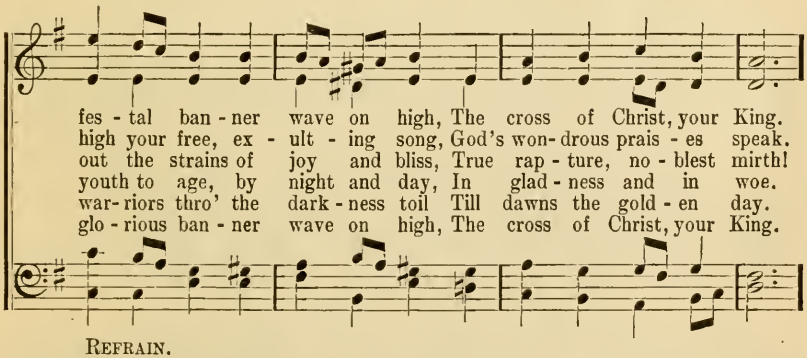
1. Thy king - dom come, O Lord, Wide - cir - cling as the sun;
2. One in the bond of peace, The serv - ice glad and free
3. Speed, speed the longed- for time Fore- told by rap - tured seers—
4. Till rise at last, to span Its firm foun - da - tions broad,



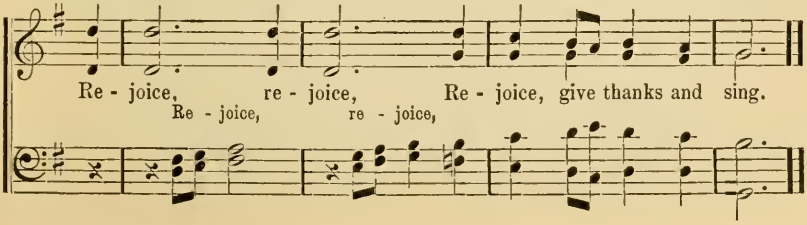
314 Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart.

E. H. Plumptre. A. H Messiter.





Refrain.



Channels Only.

MARY E. MAXWELL. ADA ROSE

1. How I praise Thee, pre-cious Sav-iour, That Thy love laid hold of me;
2. Just a chan-nel, full of bless-ing, To the thirst-y hearts a-round,
3. Emptied that Thou shouldest fill me, A clean ves-sel in Thine hand;
4. Wit-ness-ing Thy power to save me, Set-ting free from self and sin;
5. Je-sus, fill now with Thy Spir-it Hearts that full sur-ren-der know,

Thou hast saved and cleansed and filled me, That I might Thy chan-nel be.
To tell out Thy full sal-va-tion, All Thy lov-ing mes-sage sound.
With no power but as Thou giv-est Gra-cious-ly with each command.
Thou who bought me to pos-sess me, In Thy ful-ness, Lord, come in.
That the streams of liv-ing wa-ter From our in-ner man may flow.

CHORUS.

Channels on-ly, bless-ed Mas-ter, But with all Thy wondrous power

Flow-ing thro' us Thou canst use us Ev-ery day and ev-ery hour.

316 Hold Thou My Hand!

FANNY J. CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hold Thou my hand! so weak I am, and help-less; I dare not take one step with-out Thy aid! Hold Thou my hand! for then, O lov - ing Sav-iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
2. Hold Thou my hand! and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand! lest hap - ly I should wan-der, And miss-ing Thee, my trembling feet should fall.
3. Hold Thou my hand! the way is dark be - fore me With-out the sun-light of Thy face di - vine; But when by faith I catch its ra - diant glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
4. Hold Thou my hand! that, when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heaven-ly light may flash a - long its wa - ters, And ev - ery wave like cry-stal bright shall be.

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317 Be All At Rest, My Soul!

1 "Be all at rest, my soul!" Oh! blessed secret
Of the true life that glorifies thy Lord;
Not always doth the busiest soul best serve Him,
But he who resteth on His faithful word.

2 "Be all at rest!" for rest is highest service;
To the still heart God doth His secrets tell;
Thus shall thou learn to wait, and watch, and labor,
Strengthened to bear, since Christ in thee doth dwell.

3 "Be all at rest!" for rest alone becometh
The soul that casts on Him its every care;
"Be all at rest!" so shall thy life proclaim Him
A God who worketh and who heareth prayer.

4 "Be all at rest!" so shalt thou be an answer
To those who question, "Who is God, and where?"
For God is rest, and where He dwells is stillness,
And they who dwell in Him that rest shall share.

FREDA HAYBURY ALLEN.

Peace! Be Still!

Miss M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.

1. Mas - ter, the temp- est is rag - ing! The bil- lows are toss- ing high!
2. Mas - ter, with an-guish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day;
3. Mas - ter, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - e-ments sweet-ly rest;

The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shel - ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub- led; Oh, wak - en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's with - in my breast;

Car- est Thou not that we per - ish? How canst Thou lie a - sleep, When each
Tor-rents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I
Lin- ger, O bless- ed Re-deem - er, Leave me a - lone no more; And with

mo-ment so mad - ly is threatening A grave in the an - gry deep?
per- ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter; Oh! hast - en, and take con - trol.
joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

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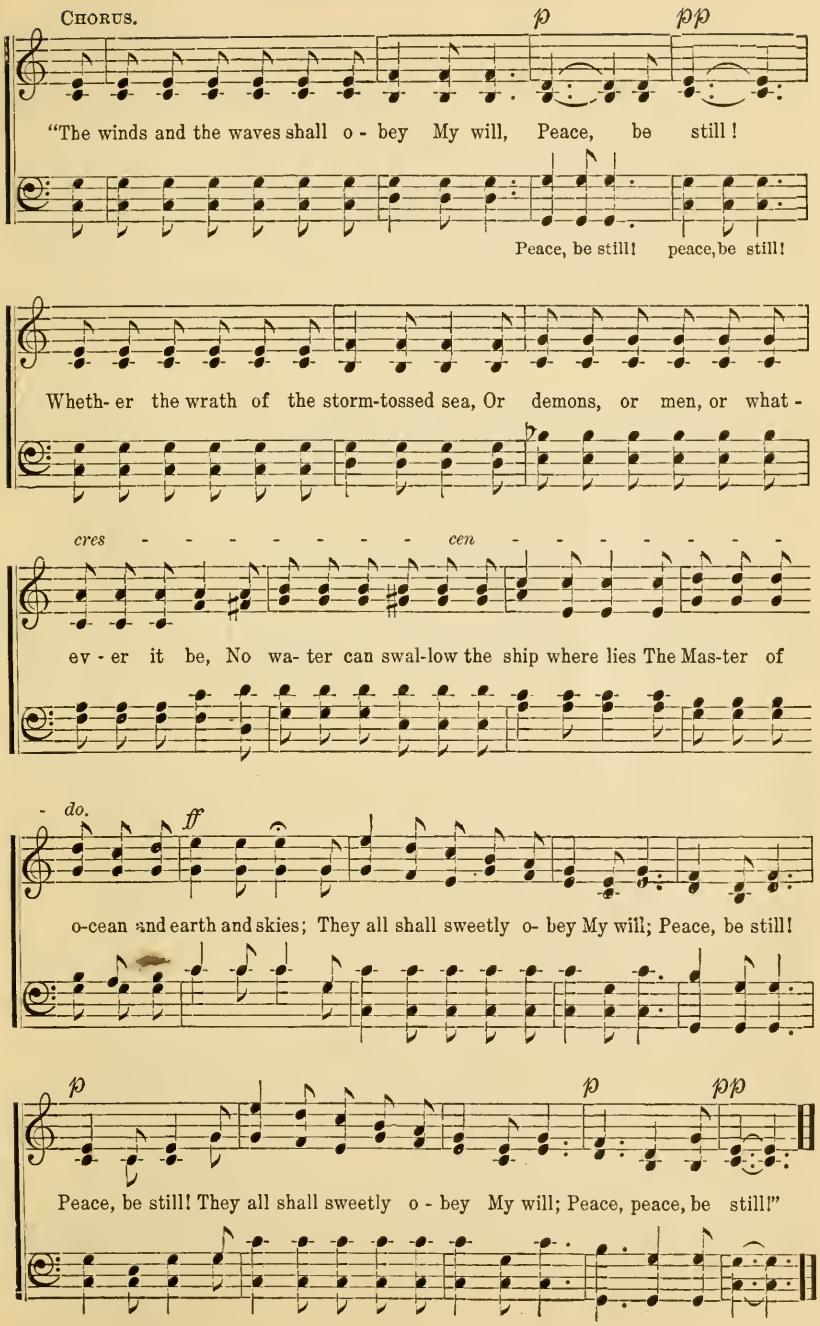
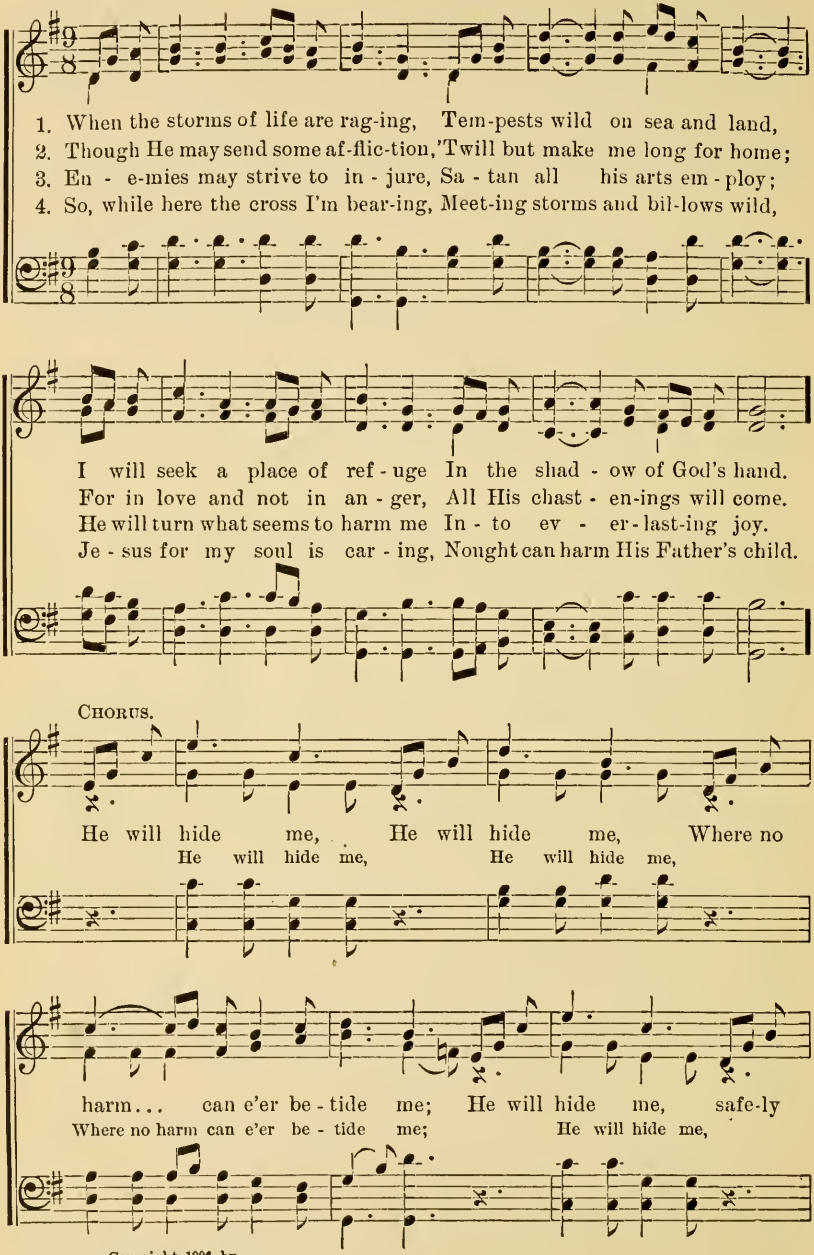
Peace! Be Still!—Concluded.



He Will Hide Me.

M. E. Servoss. James McGranahan.



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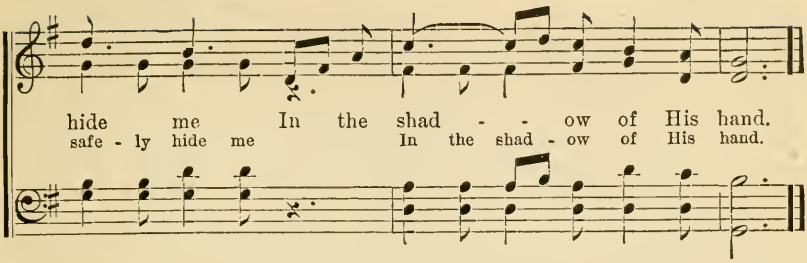
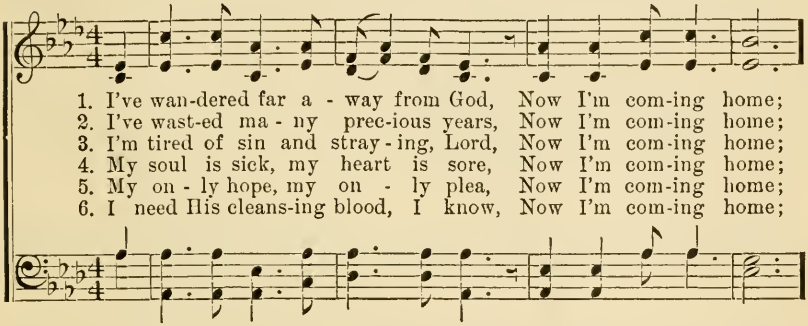
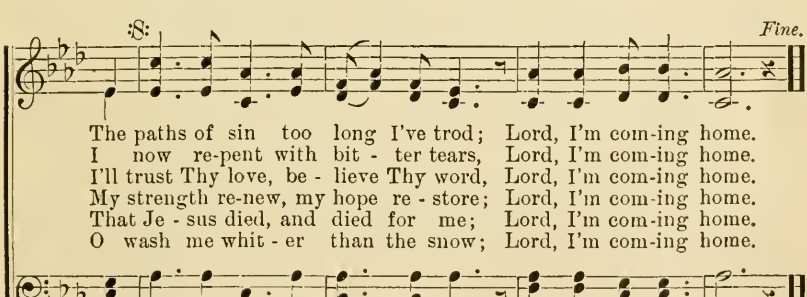
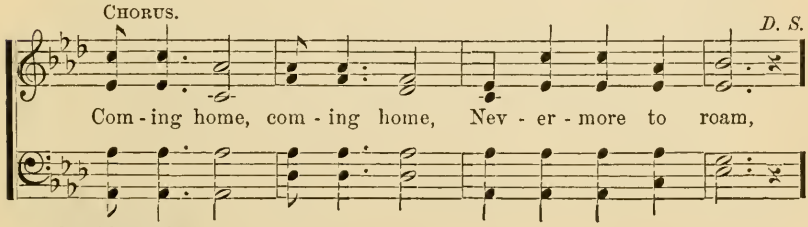


320 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.







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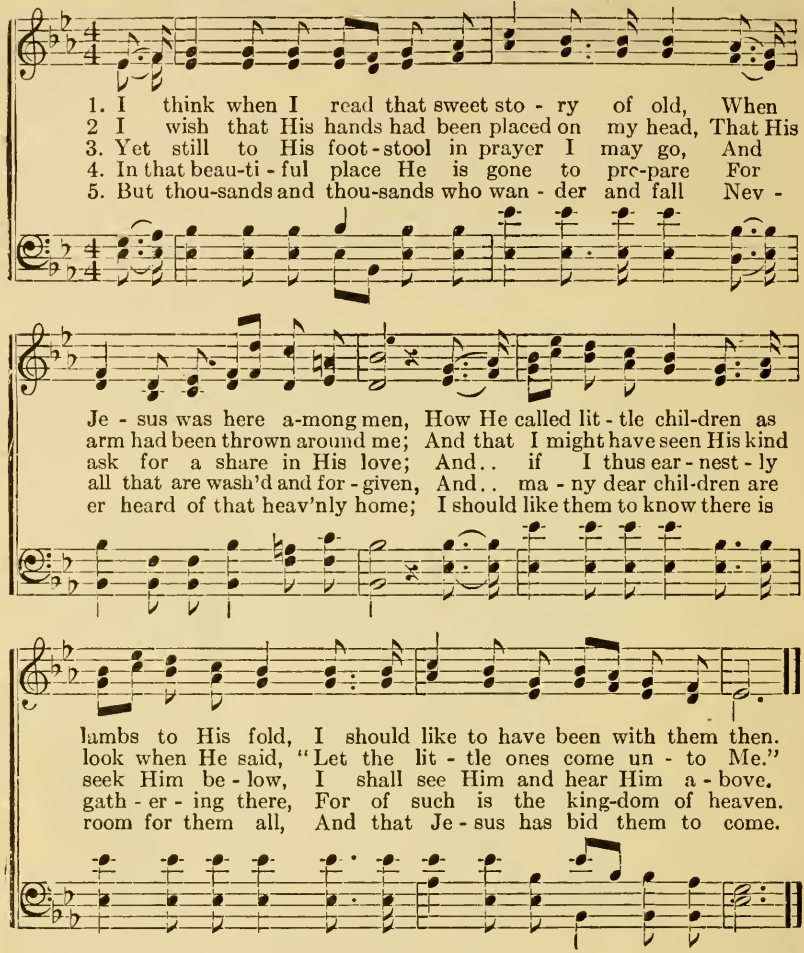
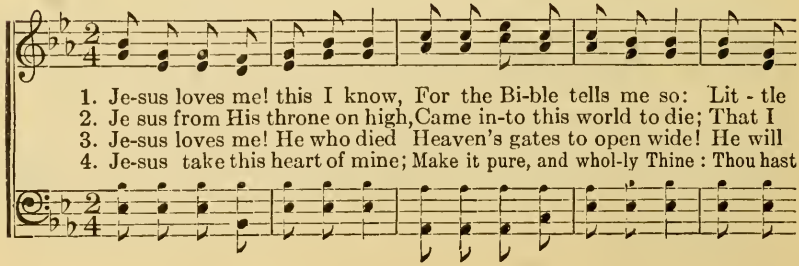
321 I Think When I Read That Sweet Story.

JEMIMA LUKE. Sweet Story. Traditional English Melody.



322 Jesus Loves Me!

ANNA B. WARNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



Jesus Loves Me—Concluded.

CHORUS.

ones to Him be - long; They are weak, but He is strong.
might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree.
wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
bled and died for me, I will hence-forth live for Thee.

Yes, Je - sus

loves me! Yes, Je-sus love me! Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bi-ble tells me so!

323 There Came a Little Child to Earth.

EMILY E. S. ELLIOTT. CLAIRE CHAPMAN.

1. There came a lit - tle Child to earth Long a - go,
2. Out in the night, so calm and still Their song was heard,
3. They sang how the Lord of the world so fair A Child was born,
4. In mor- tal weakness, in want and pain, He came to die,

And the an - gels of God pro-claimed His birth High and low.
For they knew that the Child on Bethlehem's hill Was Christ the Lord.
And that we might a crown of glo - ry wear, Wore a crown of thorn.
That the chil-dren of earth might forev - er reign With Him on high.

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324 Faith Is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Encamped a-long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,
2. His ban-ner o-ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
3. On ev-'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar-ray;
4. To him that o-ver-comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be given;

And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;
We tread the road the saints a-bove With shouts of tri-umph trod;
Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And—on-ward to the fray;
Be-fore the an-gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven;

A-gainst the foe in vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled;
By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev-'ry field;
Sal-va-tion's hel-met on each head, With truth all girt a-bout,
Then on-ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a-flame;

Faith is the vic-to-ry, we know, That o-ver-comes the world.
The faith by which they conquered Death Is still our shin-ing shield.
The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech-o with our shout.
We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je-sus' conqering name.

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Faith is the Victory—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith... is the vic - to - ry! Faith... is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.

325 Thy Will, O Lord, Not Mine.

H. W. FLICKINGER. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. If I may not have the thing I crave, For reasons known to Thee alone;
2. If I may not reach my aimed for goal, Tho' striving hard from sun to sun;
3. If I may not rise to hon - ors high, Have neither fame nor fortune won;
4. If I may not be from trou-ble free, Since trouble comes to ev-'ry one,

rit.

Give me grace to say, with patience brave, Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done.
Give me grace to say with - in my soul, Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done.
Give me grace to say, with-out a sigh, Thy will, O Lord. not mine, be done-
Give me grace, I pray, to say to Thee, Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done.

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No One Like Jesus.

Anon. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. No one like Je - sus can make my heart clean; No one like Je - sus can
2. No one like Je - sus, in glo - ry or shame; No one like Je - sus, in
3. No one like Je - sus, in dark-ness or light; No one like Je - sus, in
4. No one like Je - sus, and soon He may come, Bringing our loved ones to

keep me from sin. The Lamb that was slain on Cal - va- ry's cross,
tri - als the same. Com-pas- sion- ate love! O mor - tal, so blest,
weakness or might. His Spir - it can teach me to be kind and true, For
take us all home, No pow - er on earth or in heav - en can show, How

REFRAIN.

He is my gain, I'll suf - fer no loss.
No one like Je - sus can give thee sweet rest.
If we love Je - sus we'll love our friends too.
much He loves us, or the joys we shall know.

Je- sus, my Sav-iour,

rit.

True to the end, "Oh, I love Je - sus, For He is my friend."

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327 There is a Home Eternal.

H. R. P. H. R. PALMER.

1. There is a Home e - ter - nal, Beau- ti - ful and bright, Where sweet joys su-
2. Flow-ers are ev - er springing In that Home so fair; Lit - tle chil- dren
3. Soon shall I join the ransomed, Far be-yond the sky; Christ is my Sal-

per - nal Nev - er are dimmed by night; White-robed an-gels are sing - ing
sing- ing Prais- es to Je - sus there. How they swell the glad an - them
va - tion, Why should I fear to die? Soon my eyes shall be- hold Him

Ev - er around the bright throne; When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beautiful
Ev - er around the bright throne! When, oh, when shall I see thee, Beautiful
Seat- ed up - on the bright throne; Then, oh, then shall I see thee, Beautiful

CHORUS.

Beau- ti - ful Home? Home! beau- ti - ful Home!..... Bright, beau- ti - ful
Beau- ti - ful Home!

Home!..... Bright Home of our Sav-iour, Bright, beau- ti- ful Home!
Beau- ti - ful Home! Beau- ti - ful,

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328 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me:

There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tion, Sin can - not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

rit.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait in pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

CHORUS.

Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—

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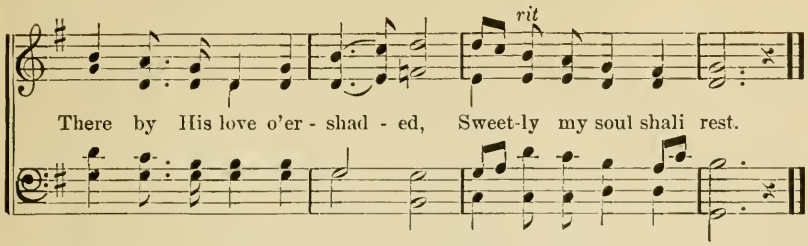
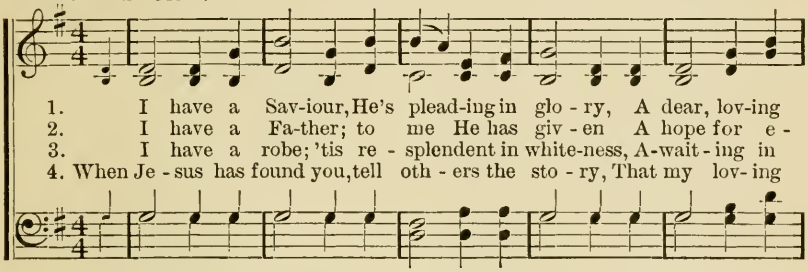
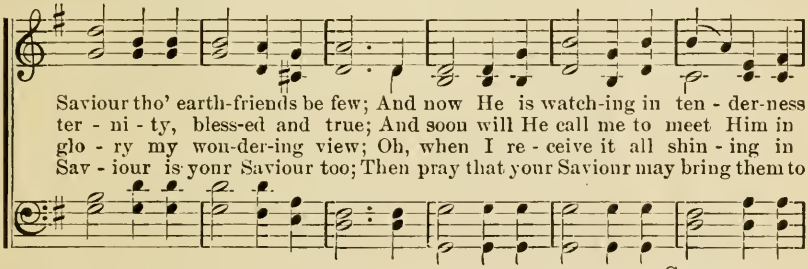
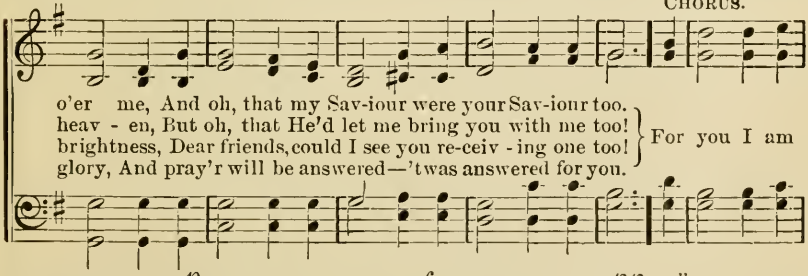


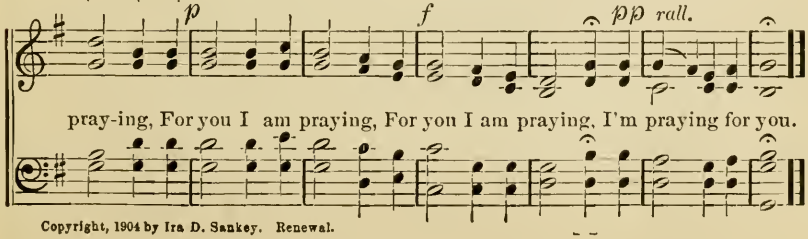
329 I Am Praying For You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF. IRA D. SANKEY.









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Jesus is Calling!

"Come nnto Me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi : 28.

F. J. CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing: oh, list to His voice— Hear Him to - day,

call - ing to - day! Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam,
call - ing to - day! Bring Him thy bur - den, and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day! Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day! They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;

REFRAIN.

Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way.
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

Call - ing to - day!.....
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to-day!

Call - ing to - day!..... Je - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day Je - sus is ten - der - ly

call - - ing, Is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day!
call - ing to - day!

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God Be With You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Romans xvi, 20.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain! By His counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain! 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet again! When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain! Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Dai - ly man-na still provide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Put His loving arms a-round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain!

Chorus.

Till we meet!..... till we meet! Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet! till we meet a-gain! Till we meet!

Till we meet!..... till we meet! God be with you till we meet again!
Till we meet! till we meet again!

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God Bless My Boy.

Mrs. S. E. A. Higgins. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. When shin - ing stars..... their vig - ils keep,.....
2. I know not where..... his head may lie,.....
3. As pass the days,..... the months and years, ...
4. And when at last..... his work is o'er,.....

1. When shin - ing stars their vig - ils keep,

And all the world..... is hushed in sleep,.....
Per-chance be - neath..... the o - pen sky;.....
With all the change,..... the hopes and fears,.....
And earth - ly toil..... shall be no more,.....

And all the world is hushed in sleep,

'Tis then I breathe..... this pray'r so deep.....
But this I ween..... God's watch-ful eye.....
God make each step..... of du - ty clear,.....
May an - gels guide..... him to the shore.....

'Tis then I breathe this pray'r so deep

Chorus.

God bless..... my boy to - night.....
Can see..... my boy to - night.....
And keep..... his hon - or bright.....
Where there ..... shall be no night.....

God bless my boy, oh,

oh, bless to-night.

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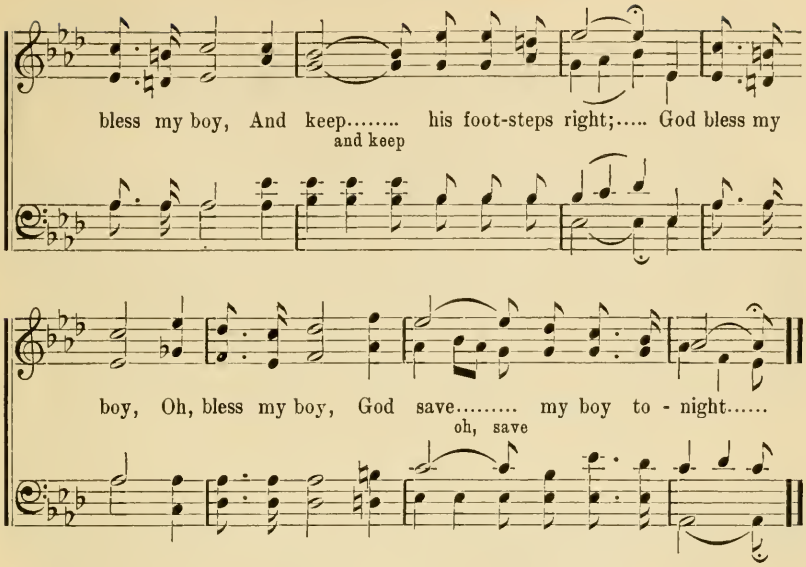
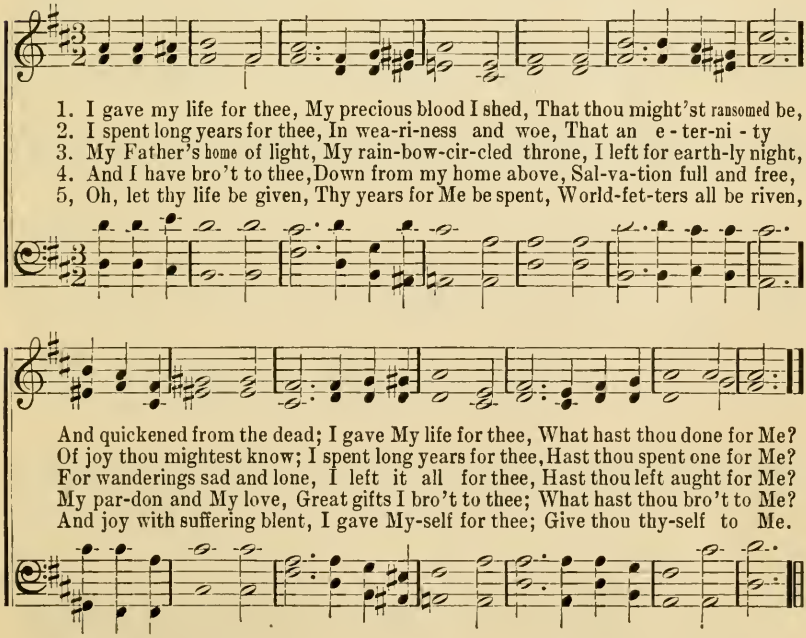


333 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. HENRY BARRACLOUGH.



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Till He Come.

Mrs. F. Bevan. Arr. — Robert Harkness.

Male Voices in Unison.

1. 'Midst the dark-ness, storm, and sor-row, One bright gleam I see;
2. Who is this who comes to meet me, On the des - ert way,
3. Oh, the bless-ed joy of meet-ing, All the des - ert past!

Well I know the bless-ed mor-row Christ will come for me—
As the Morn-ing Star fore-tell-ing God's un-cloud-ed day?
Oh! the wondrous words of greet-ing He shall speak at last.

From the light, and peace, and glo-ry, Of the Fa-ther's home,
He it is who came to win me On the cross of shame;
He and I, to-geth-er en-tering Those bright courts a-bove;

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Till He Come—Concluded.

I am watch-ing for His com-ing, Wait-ing till He come.
In His glo-ry will I know Him Ev-er-more the same.
He and I, to-geth-er shar-ing All the Fa-ther's love.

CHORUS.

I am watch-ing, I am wait-ing, till He come, (till He come,)

I am watch-ing, I am wait-ing, till He come, (till He come,)

Oh, the bless-ed joy of meet-ing, Oh the bless-ed words of greet-ing,

rall. *ad lib.*

I am watch-ing, I am wait-ing, till He come.

335 Wonderful Grace of Jesus.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Won - der- ful grace of Je - sus, Great - er than all my sin;
2. Won - der- ful grace of Je - sus, Reach- ing to all the lost,
3. Won - der- ful grace of Je - sus, Reach- ing the most de - filed,

How shall my tongue de-scribe it, Where shall its praise be - gin?.....
By it I have been par- doned, Saved to the ut - ter - most.....
By its transforming pow - er, Mak - ing him God's dear child.....

Tak - ing a- way my bur - den, Set - ting my spir - it free;
Chains have been torn a - sun - der, Giv - ing me lib - er - ty;
Pur - chas-ing peace and heav - en, For all e - ter - ni - ty;

For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
For the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.
And the won - der - ful grace of Je - sus reach - es me.

CHORUS.

Won-der-ful the matchless grace of Je - - sus, Deep-er than the
the matchless grace of Je - sus,

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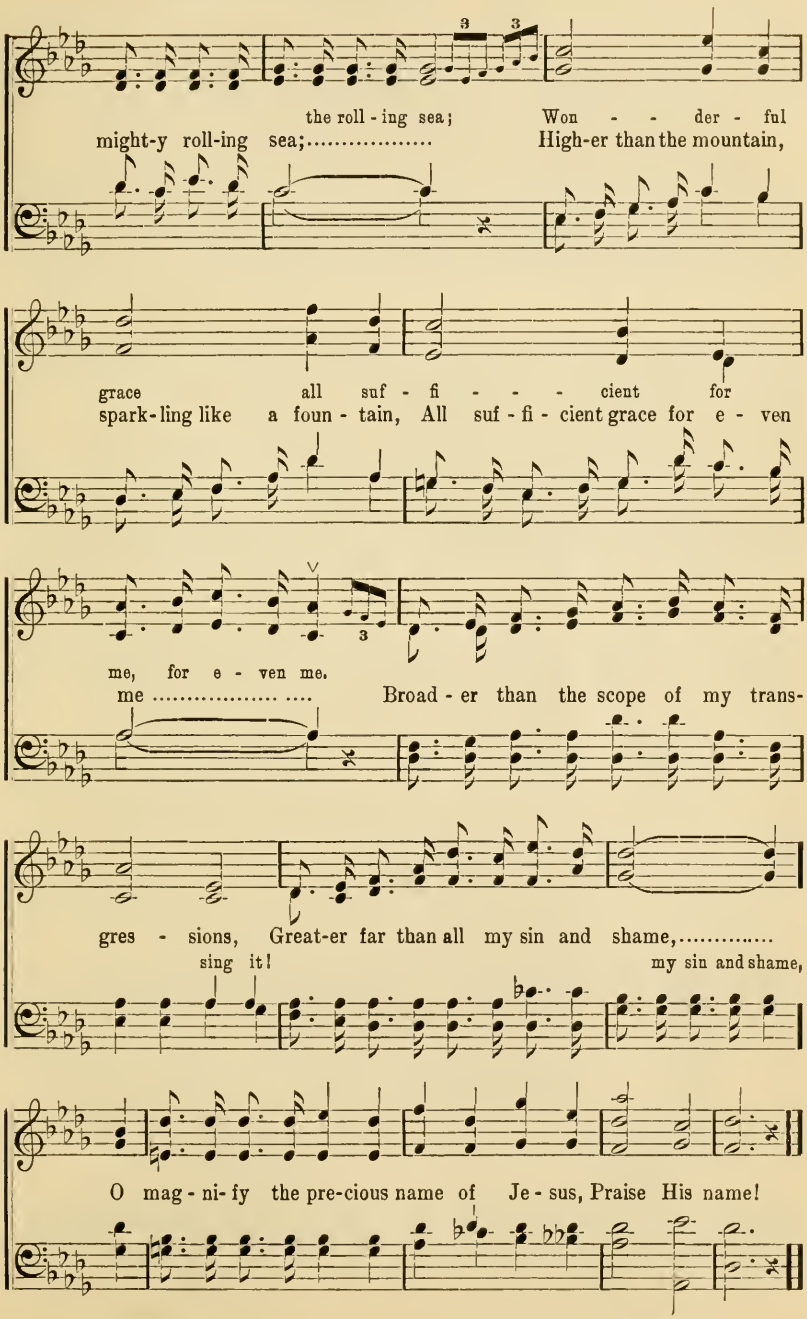
Wonderful Grace of Jesus—Concluded.



336 That Will Be Heaven for Me.

P. P. Bliss. James McGranahan.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come, To take me a-way to His
2. I know not the song that the an-gels sing, I know not the sound of the
3. I know not the form of my man-sion fair, I know not the name that I

own dear home; But I know that His pres-ence will light-en the gloom, And
harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be men-tion of Je-sus our King, And
then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will wel-come me there, And

Chorus.

that will be glo-ry for me..... ... } And that will be glo-ry for
that will be mu-sic for me..... } And that will be mu-sic for
that will be heav-en for me..... } And that will be heav-en for
for me. yes,

me,..... Oh, that will be glo-ry for me;..... But I know that His
me,..... Oh, that will be mu-sic for me;..... But I know there'll be
me,..... Oh, that will be heaven for me;..... But I know that my
that will be glory, for me;
that will be music, for me;
that will be heaven; for me;

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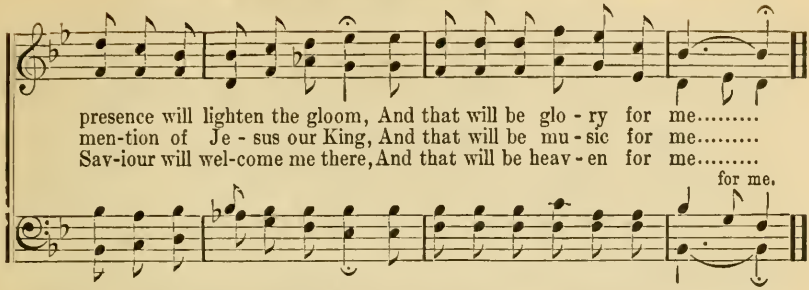
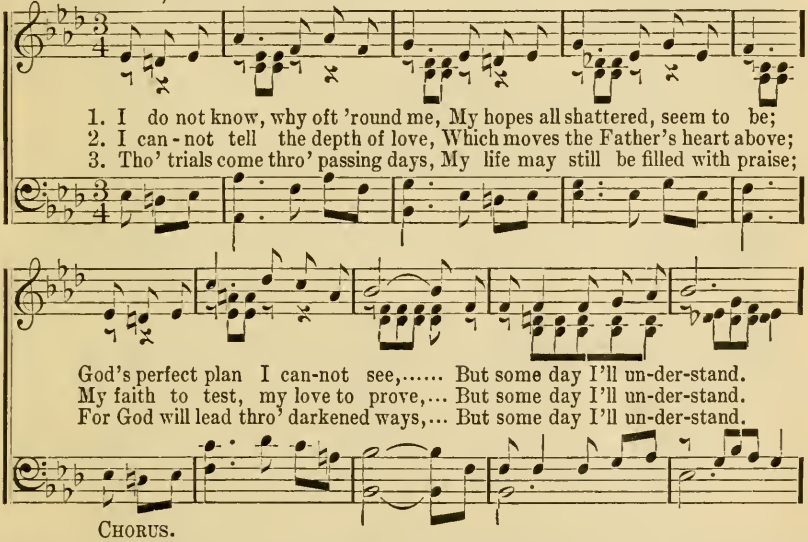


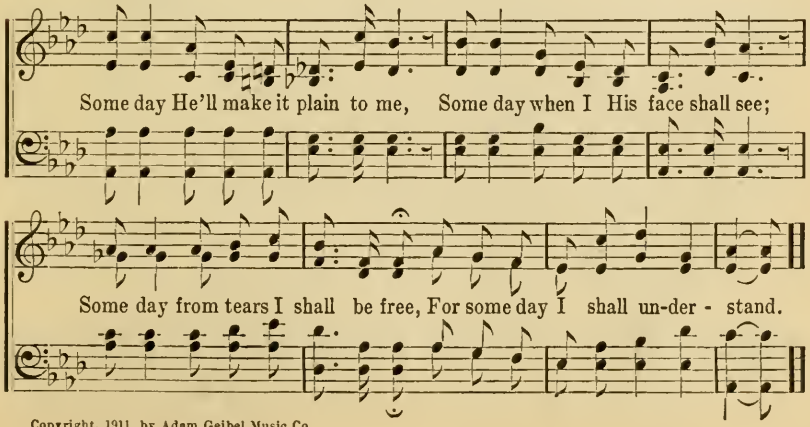
336-a Some Day He'll Make It Plain.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH. ADAM GEIBEL.

Solo, or all in Unison.



CHORUS.



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337 Onward Go!

E. B. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Trust - ing in the Lord thy God, On- ward go! on- ward go!
2. Has He called thee to the plough? On- ward go! on- ward go!
3. Has He given thee gold - en grain? On- ward go! on- ward go!
4. Has He said the end is near? On- ward go! on- ward go!
5. In this lit - tle mo- ment then, On- ward go! on- ward go!

Hold - ing fast His prom-ised word, On - ward go!
Night is com - ing serve Him now;
Sow, and thou shalt reap a - gain; Onward! on-ward!
Serv - ing Him with ho - ly fear,
In thy ways ac- knowledge Him; Onward! onward go!

Ne'er de - ny His wor- thy Name, Tho' it bring re- proach and shame;
Faith and love in serv - ice blend; On His might- y arm de - pend;
To thy Mas- ter's gate re - pair, Watching be and wait - ing there;
Christ thy por - tion, Christ thy stay, Heavenly bread up - on the way,
Let His mind be found in thee; Let His will thy pleas- ure be,

Spread-ing still His won-drous fame, On - ward go!
Stand - ing fast un - til the end,
He will hear and an - swer prayer; On-ward go!
Lead - ing on to glo-rious day;
Thus in life and lib - er - ty, On-ward, on-ward!

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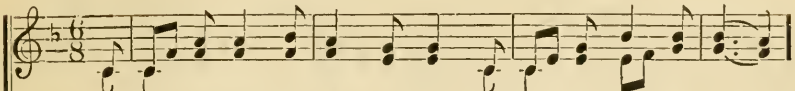
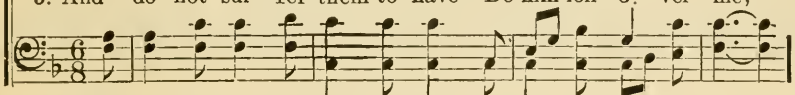
O How Love I Thy Law.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever."—Ps. 19: 9.

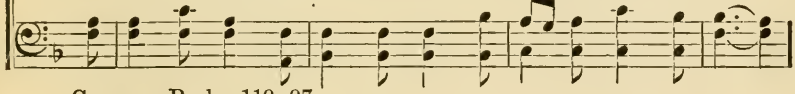
Anon. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



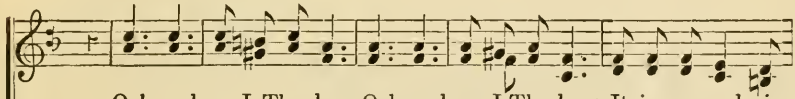
1. Un - spot - ted is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure;
2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are;
3. More - o - ver they, thy ser-vant warn, How he his life should frame,
4. Who can his er - rors un - der-stand? From secret faults me cleanse;
5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do-min-ion o - ver me;



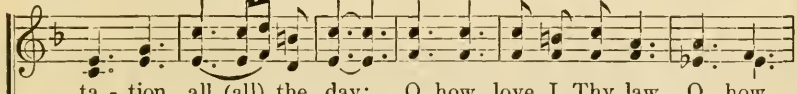
The judgments of the Lord are truth, And righteousness most pure.
Than hon-ey, from the hon - ey - comb, That droppeth, sweet-er far.
A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
Thy ser - vant al - so keep Thou back From all pre-sump-tuous sins.
I shall be right-eous, then, and from The great transgression free.



CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.



O how love I Thy law, O how love I Thy law; It is my med - i -



ta - tion all (all) the day; O how love I Thy law, O how

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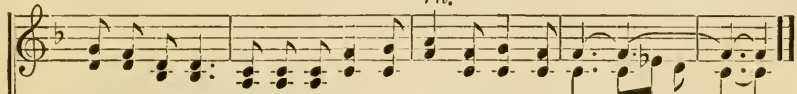
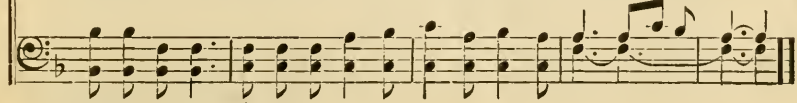


love I Thy law; It is my med - i - ta-tion all the day (all the day).



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339 Have You Sought?

F. J. C. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Have you sought for the sheep that have wan-dered, Far a-way on the
2. Have you been to the sad and the lone-ly Whose bur-dens are
3. Have you knelt by the sick and the dy-ing, The mes-sage of
4. If to Je-sus you an-swer these ques-tions, And to Him have been

dark mountains cold? Have you gone, like the ten-der Shep-herd, To
heav-y to bear? Have you car-ried the name of Je-sus, And
mer-cy to tell? Have you stood by the trem-bling cap-tive A-
faith-ful and true, Then be-hold, in the man-sions yon-der Are

bring them a-gain to the fold? Have you followed their wea-ry foot-steps?
ten-der-ly breathed it in prayer? Have you told of the great sal-va-tion
lone in his dark pris-on cell? Have you point-ed the lost to Je-sus,
crowns of re-joic-ing for you; And there from the King e-ter-nal

And the wild des-ert waste have you crossed, Nor lin-gered till
He died on the cross to se-cure? Have you asked them to
And urged them on Him to be-lieve? Have you told of the
Your wel-come and greet-ing shall be, "In-as-much" as 'twas

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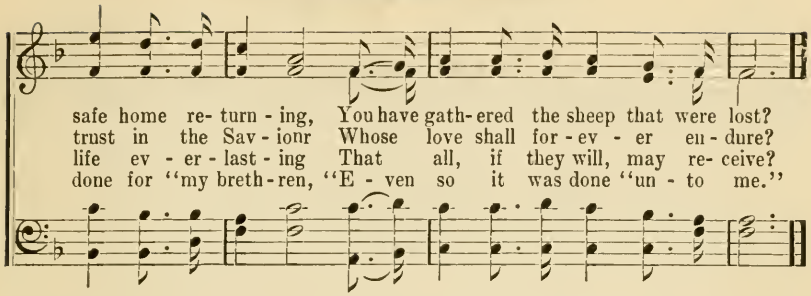
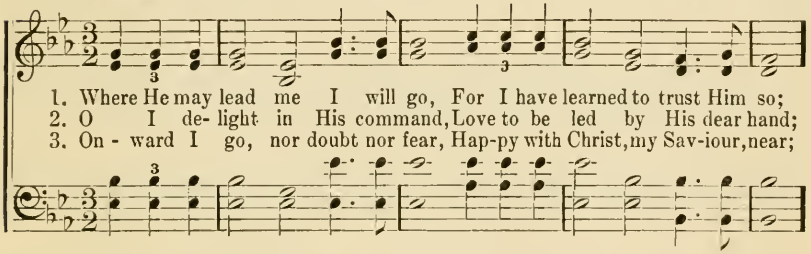
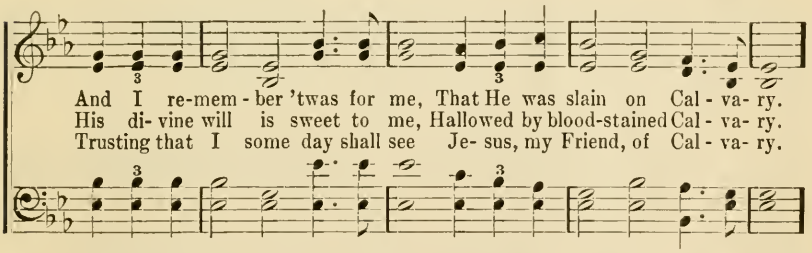


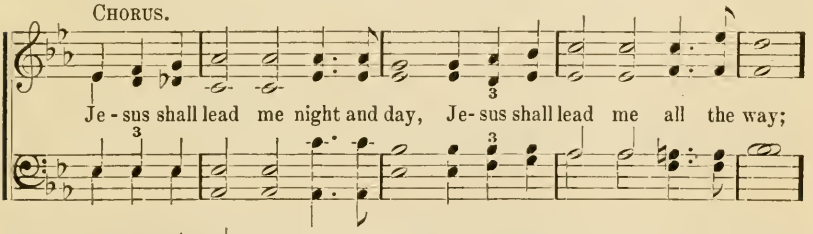
340 I Remember Calvary.

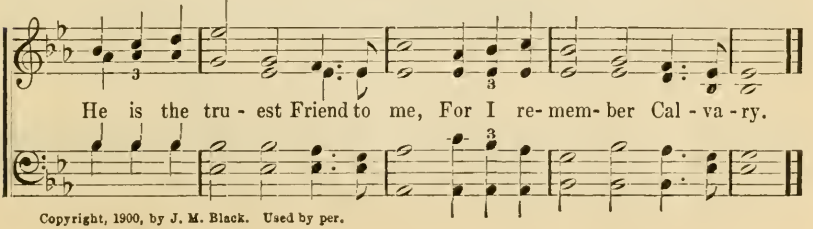
Rev. W. C. Martin. J. M. Black.





Chorus.





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Jesus is Coming.

EL. NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Je - sus is com - ing! sing the glad word! Com-ing for those He re -
2. Je - sus is com - ing! the dead shall a-rise, Loved ones shall meet in a
3. Je - sus is com - ing! His saints to release; Com-ing to give to the
4. Je - sus is com - ing! the promise is true; Who are the cho-sen, the

deemed by His blood, Com - ing to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord!
joy - ful sur - prise, Caught up to-geth - er to Him in the skies.
war - ring earth peace: Sin-ning, and sigh-ing, and sor - row, shall cease.
faith - ful, the few, Wait-ing and watch-ing, pre-pared for re - view?

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing, is

com-ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!
Yes, Je - sus is com-ing! Oh,

Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain! Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!

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The Precious Name.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - ery care;
3. Oh! the precious name of Je - sus; How it thrills my soul with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go.
If temp- tations round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him, When our jour- ney is com-plete.

Chorus.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven,
Precious name, O how sweet!

Prec-ious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heaven.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

343 Wonderful Love.

H. L. HALDOR LILLENAS.

Tenor and Alto, or Soprano and Alto Duet.

1. One came from the realms of the heav - en - ly land To ran - som a sin - ner like me;..... His won - der - ful love I can - not un - der - stand, As boundless and deep as the sea.....
2. The cross that He bore was the em - blem of shame, He died up - on dark Cal - va - ry;..... How can I suf - fi - cient - ly praise His dear name For sav - ing a sin - ner like me.....
3. Up - on Him my bur - den of guilt was all laid, That I from its curse might be free;..... In robes that are spot - less I now am ar - rayed, The robes that He purchased for me.....
4. In me there is noth - ing to mer - it such love, I nev - er can fath - om His grace;..... But some day, I know, that in heav-en a - bove I'll look on His won - der - ful face..... .....

CHORUS.

O won - der - ful love,..... O won - der - ful love, That the King of all kings should be will - ing to die To ran - som a

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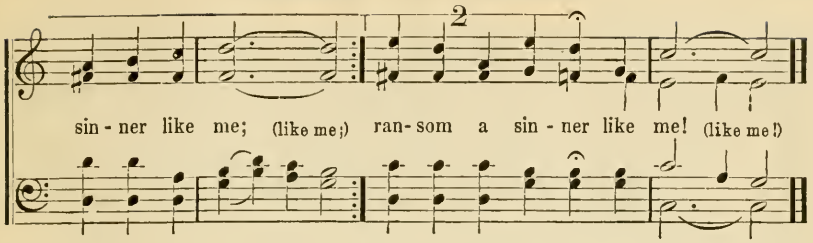
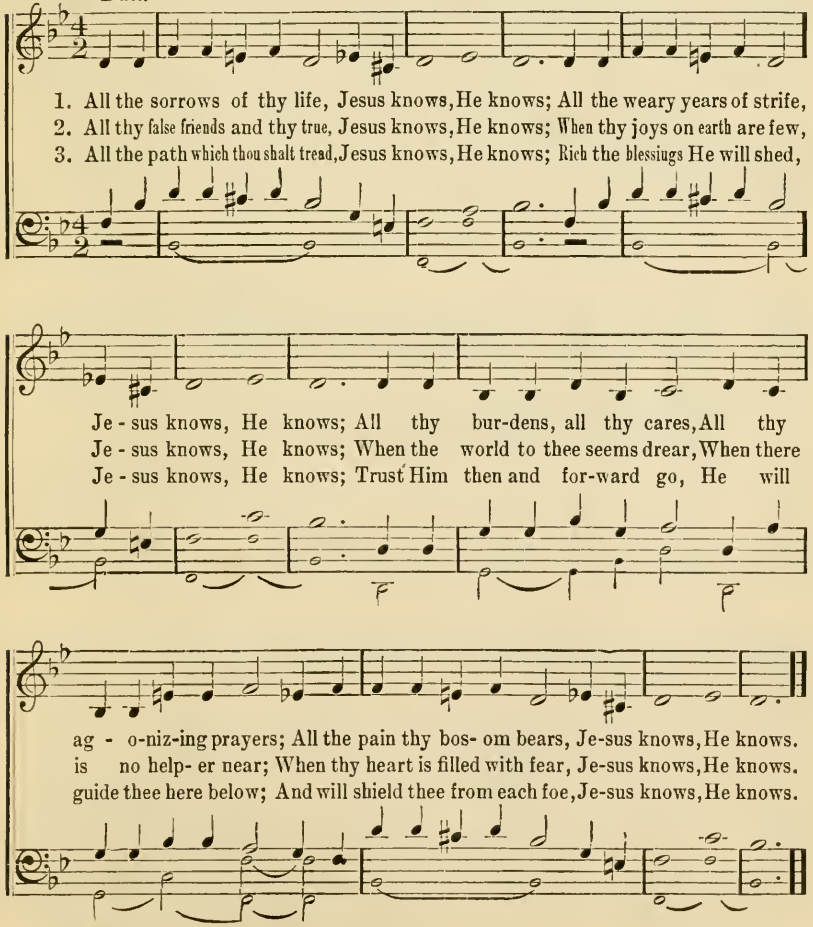


344 Jesus Knows.

GEORGIE TILLMAN SNEAD. B. D. ACKLEY.

Duet.



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345 Would You Believe?

CAROLINE SAWYER. D. B. TOWNER.

1. If you could see Christ standing here to-night, His thorn-crowned head and
2. If you could see that face, so calm and sweet, Those lips that spoke words
3. He whispers to your heart, turn not a-way, For He's be - side you

pierc-ed hands could view, Could see those eyes that beam with heav'n's own light,
on - ly pure and true, Could see the nail prints in His ten- der feet,
in your nar-row pew; If you will list - en you will hear Him say,

CHORUS.

And hear Him say—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } Would you be-lieve, ...
And hear Him say—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } *Last v.*
In lov-ing tones—"Be-lov-ed, 'twas for you." } Will you be-lieve, ...
Would you believe,
Last v. Will you believe,

and Je - sus re - ceive..... If He were stand - - ing
and Je - sus re - ceive..... For He is stand - - ing
and Je-sus receive?
and Je-sus receive?
If He were standing
For He is stand-ing

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here?..... Would you be - lieve..... and Je - sus re -
here;..... Will you be - lieve..... and Je - sus re -
here, were standing here? Would you be-lieve
here, is standing here, Will you be-lieve

ceive..... If He was stand - ing..... here?.....
ceive?..... For He is stand - ing..... here.....
and Je-sus re-ceive?

346 A Pledge and a Prayer.

Rev. E. O. Knee. Robert Harkness.

1. Here I lift my heart and hand, Pledged to Thee my Lord, I stand;
2. What have I to bring to Thee? Naught but sin and mis - er - y,
3. Thro' the year my life has been, Marked by way-ward-ness and sin;
4. Now I come to Thee for light, Guide and cheer in life's dark night,

All the world I count but dross, Glo - ry on - ly in Thy cross.
What thy love and power can tell? Deep, immense, un- search- a - ble.
Yet Thou hast the wan- derer blest, Thro' my Lord's own right-eous-ness.
Now I rest up - on Thy word, Dare to call Thee God and Lord.

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347 Three Meetings With the Saviour.

Suggested by a sermon of Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's, on Psalm 55 : 17—"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."

WILLIAM W. ROCK. HENRY BABRACLOUGH.

1. Meet Him in the morning each re-cur - ring day, Let His ra-diant
2. Meet Him at the noontide, when life's cares dis tress, Let Him bear the
3. Meet Him in the evening, as the shad - ows fall, Vic - to - ries and
4. Won-der-ful Re-deem-er, Coun-sel-or and Friend, Match-less in His

rit.

sunshine flood your mist - y way. Let Him stand be-tween you and the
bur - den of your wea - ri - ness. When per-plex-ing problems press on
failures—tell the Mas - ter all. Life will o - ver-flow, if He takes
mer - cy, lov-ing to the end! With your joy and sor-row, meet Him

tempt-er's wile; Meet Him in the morning, talk with Him a - while!
ev - ery hand, Meet Him at the noontide, He will un - der - stand.
high - est place; Meet Him in the eve-ning at the throne of grace.
here to - day:—Meet Him there tomorrow, dwell with Him for aye.

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America the Beautiful.

KATHARINE LEE BATES. SAMUEL A. WARD.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he-roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa-triot dream That sees be - yond the years

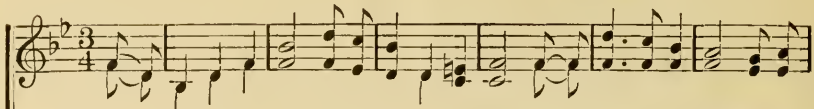
For pur - ple mountain ma - jes- ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a- bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu- man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - ery flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee

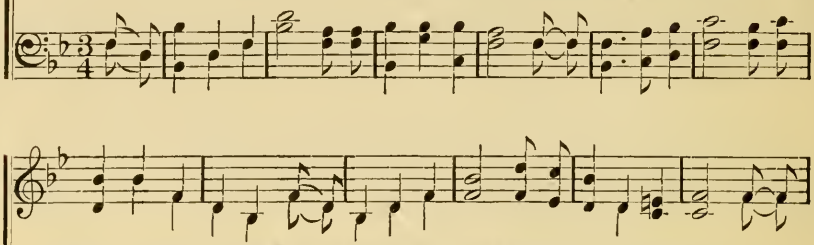
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc- cess be no - ble- ness And ev - ery gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

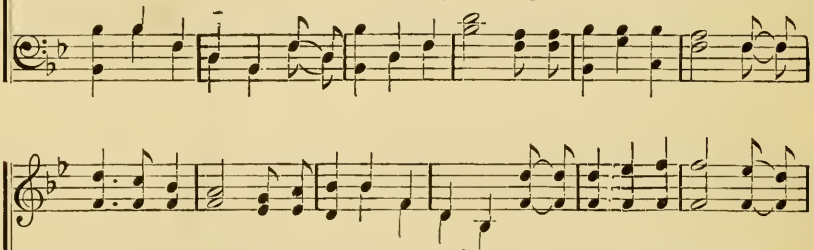
FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.



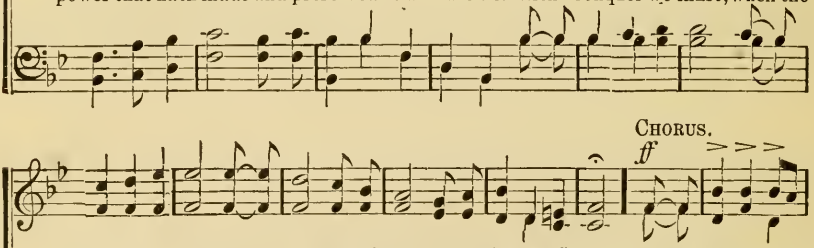
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the havoc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the



twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos-es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tower-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con- fu-sion, A home and a country should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land Praise the



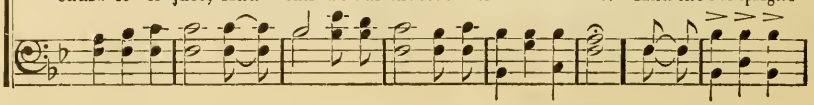
ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly streaming? And the rockets red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
power that hath made and preserved us a na-tion. Then conquer we must, when the

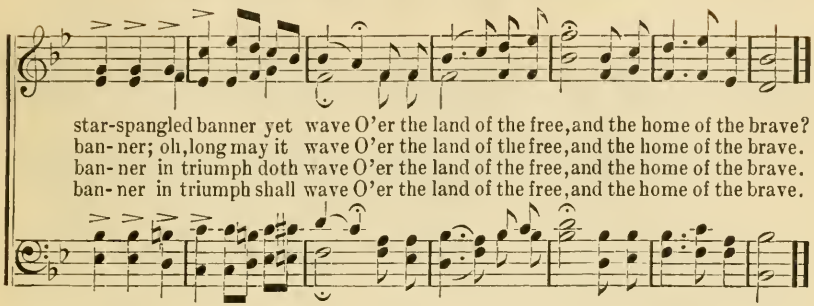


CHORUS.

ff

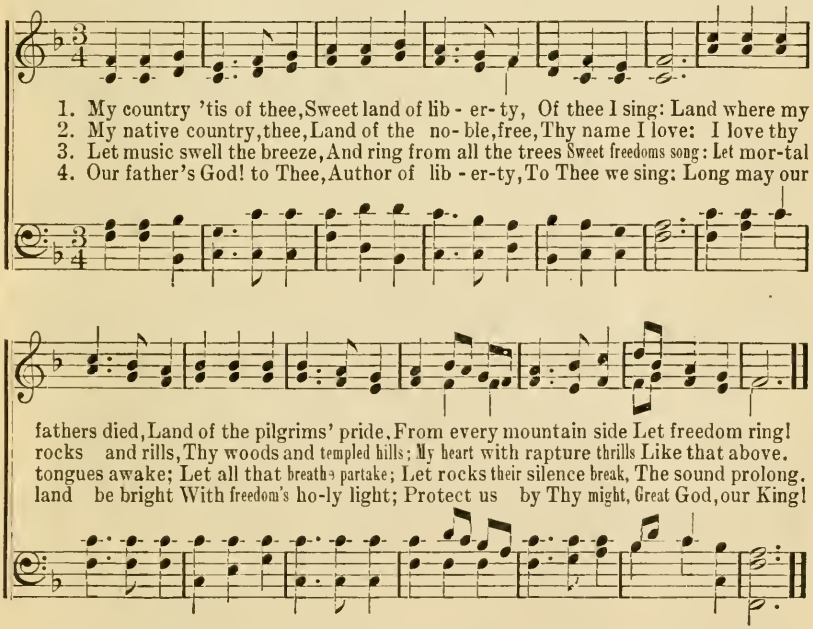
bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam. In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
hire-ling and slave From the ter-ror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled





350 America.

S. F. Smith. English.



351 God Save the King.

1

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

2

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3

Thy choices gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

352 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE. Melody, "Glory, Hallelujah."

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful lightning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the evening dews and damps; I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is marching on.
3. He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev - er sound retreat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His bos- om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory! glory, hal-le-lu-jah! Glory! glory, halle-lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

353 What Will You Do?

R. H. ROBERT HARKNESS.

SOLO.

1. What will you do with the Sav-iour who died? What will you do with the
2. What will you do with the grace that can save? What will you do with the
3. What will you do with the par-don so free? What will you do with His

One cru-ci-fied? Will you re-solve in His love to a-bide?
love that He gave? What will you do with the hope you may have?
death on the tree? What will you do through e-ter-ni-ty?

CHORUS.

What will you do? What will you do? What will you do? What will you

do with the Sav-iour who died? What will you do?

What will you do? With the One who was cru-ci-fied?

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354 Follow On!

W. O. Cushing. Robert Lowry.

1. Down in the val- ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the flowers are
2. Down in the val- ley with my Sav-iour I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val- ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be - side my

bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-ery-where He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - iour would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe- ly, in the

fol - low, fol- low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan- gers can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod Up to where they gath-er on the hills of God.

Refrain.

Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus! An - y- where,

ev - ery - where, I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low!

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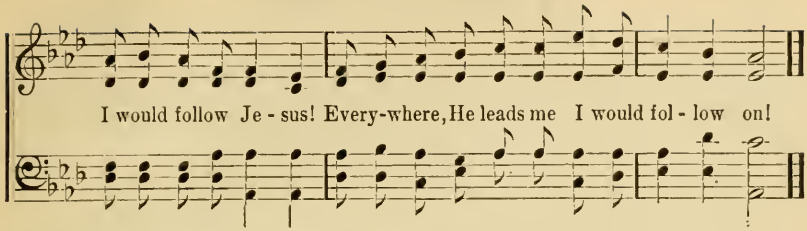
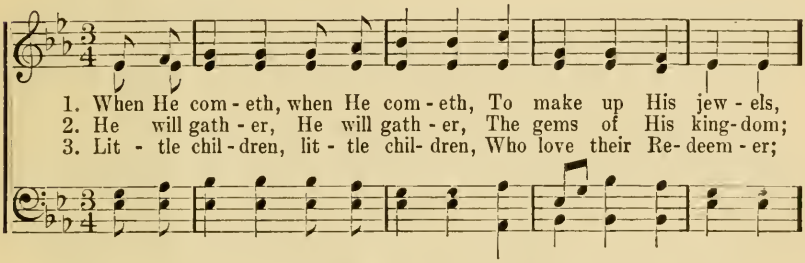
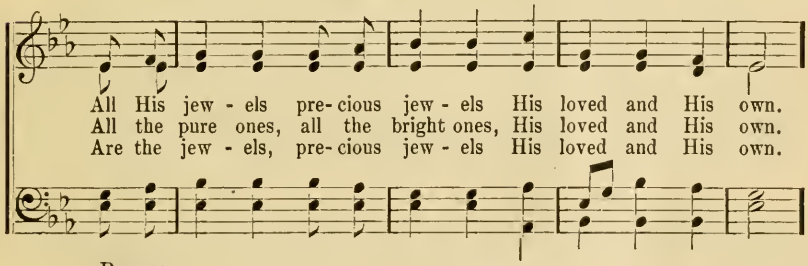


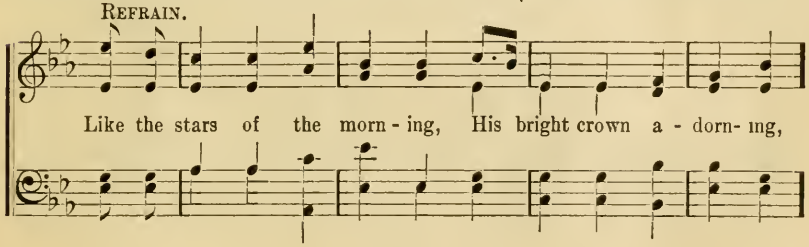
355 When He Cometh.

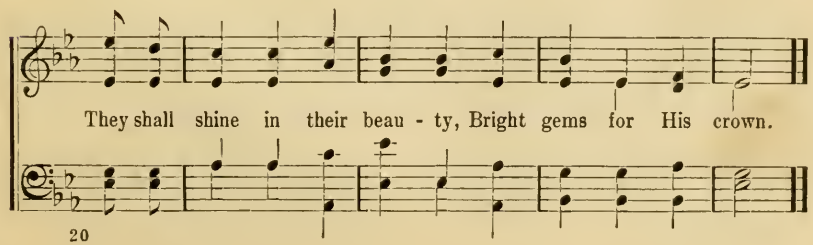
Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.





Refrain.





Near the Cross.

F. J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a prec - ious foun - tain
2. Near the Cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be fore me;
4. Near the Cross, I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-vary's mountain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Shed His beams a-round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

Chorus.

In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er.

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357 The Sweet By-and-By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. xxxv : 10.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel - o - di-ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the
3. To our boun - ti-ful Fa-ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib-ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that

Chorus.

dwelling place there. / bless-ing of rest. / hal- low our days. } In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by, by-and-by, by - and - by,

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358 Behold, What Love.

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Be - hold, what love, what boundless love, The Fa - ther hath be - stowed
2. No long - er far from Him, but now By "pre- cious blood" made nigh;
3. What we in glo - ry soon shall be, It doth not yet ap - pear;
4. With such a bless - ed hope in view, We would more ho - ly be,

On sin - ners lost, that we should be Now called the sons of God!
Ac - cept - ed in the "Well beloved," Near to God's heart we lie.
But when our pre - cious Lord we see, We shall His im - age bear.
More like our ris - en, glo-rious Lord, Whose face we soon shall see.

CHORUS.

"Be - hold, what man- ner of love!..... What man-ner of
What manner of love!

love the Fa - ther hath bestowed up - on us, That we, that

we should be called,..... Should be called the sons of God."
the sons of God,

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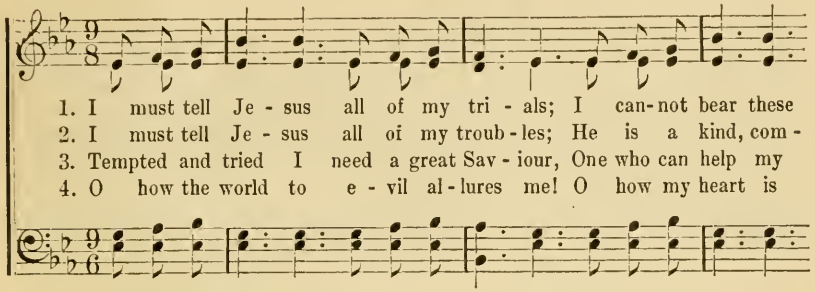
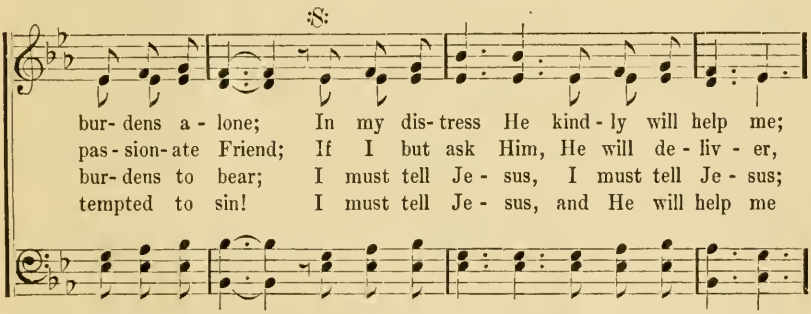
359 I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

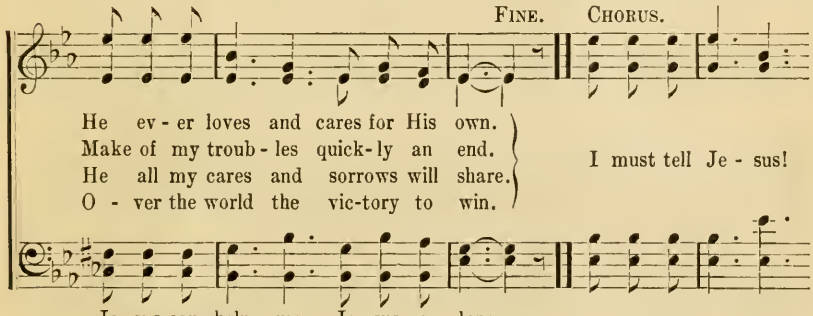


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - iour, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



bur- dens a - lone; In my dis- tress He kind - ly will help me;
pas - sion- ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
bur- dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
tempted to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

D. S.—I must tell Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus!

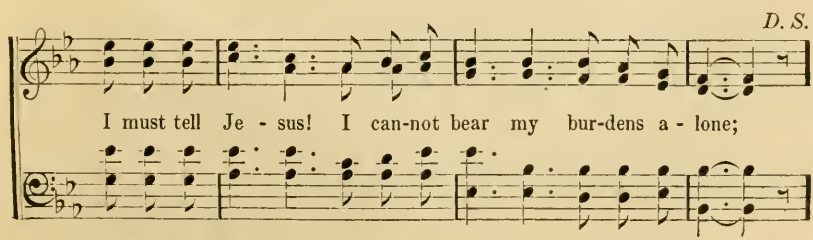


FINE. CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end.
He all my cares and sorrows will share.
O - ver the world the vic-tory to win.

I must tell Je - sus!

Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.



D. S.

I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone;

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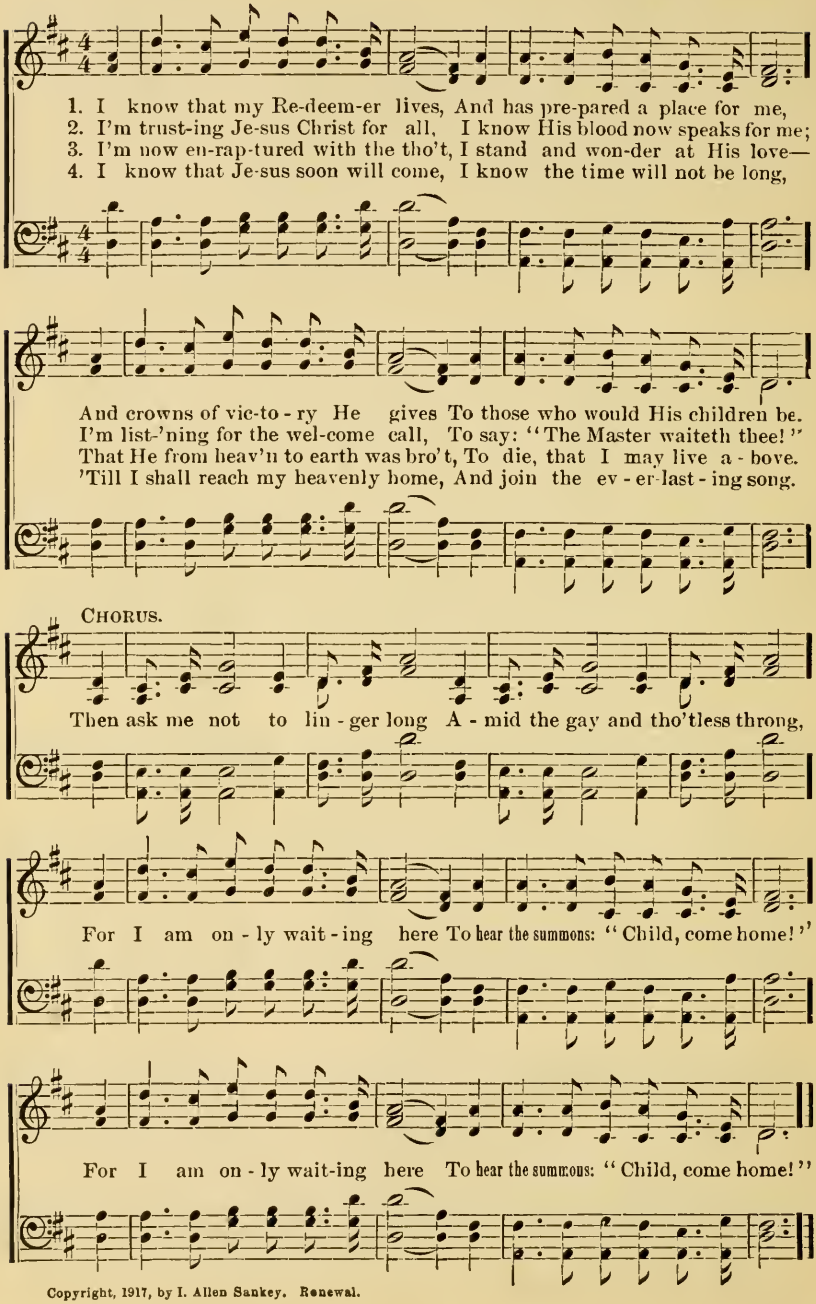
360 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Rev. H. A. Merrill. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.



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361 In the Garden.

C. A. M. C. Austin Miles.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the ros-es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear; The
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy, That He gave to me; With-
3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him Tho' the night a-round me be fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

Chorus.

Son of God dis-clos-es.
in my heart is ring-ing.
voice to me is call-ing.
} And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own, And the joy we share as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known.

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When I Survey.

ISAAC WATTS. ALEXANDER LEE.

SOLO.

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry
2. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled

cres. f p

died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con -
down! Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com -

tempt on all my pride. For - bid it, Lord, that I should
pose so rich a crown? Were the whole realm of na - ture

cres.

boast, Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain
mine, That were an off - 'ring far too small; Love so a -

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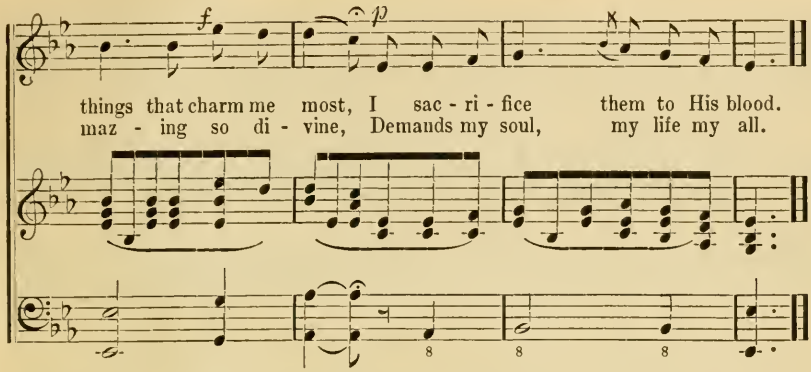
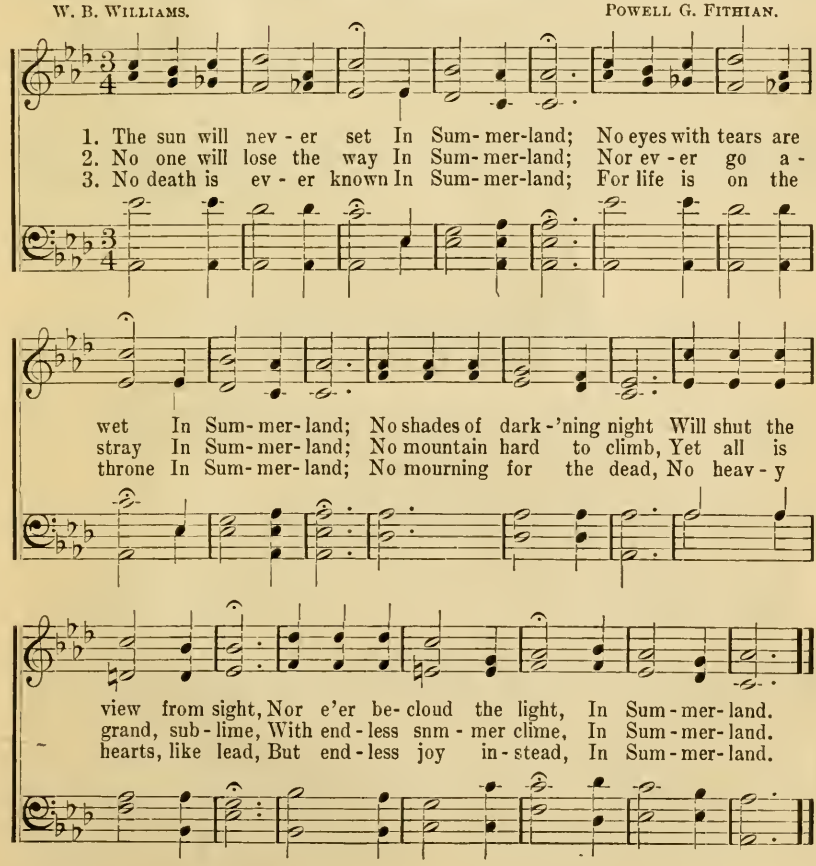


363 In Summerland.

W. B. Williams. Powell G. Fithian.



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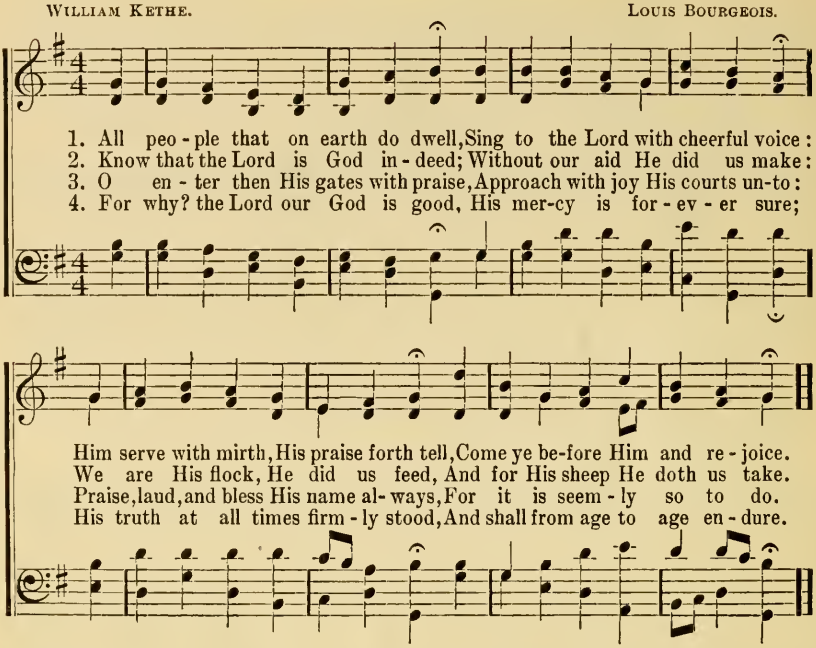
364 All People That On Earth.

WILLIAM KETHE. LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



365 Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

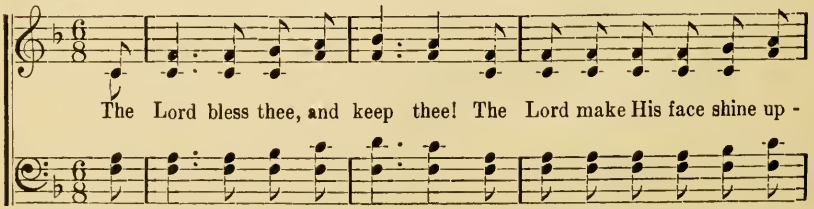
Thomas Ken.

366 Grace Before Meals.

Be present at our table Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

367 The Lord Bless Thee, and Keep Thee.

NUMBERS 6: 24-26. LUCY RIDER MEYER.



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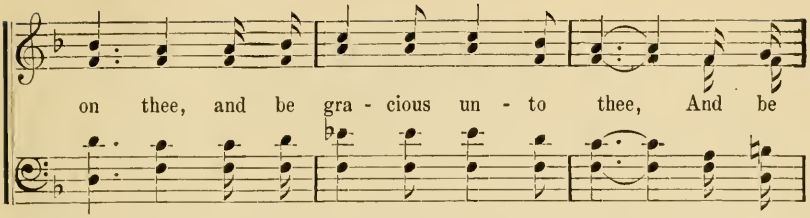
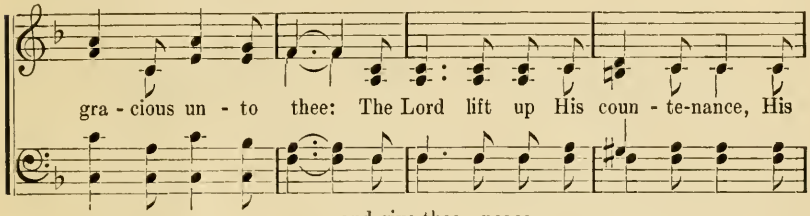
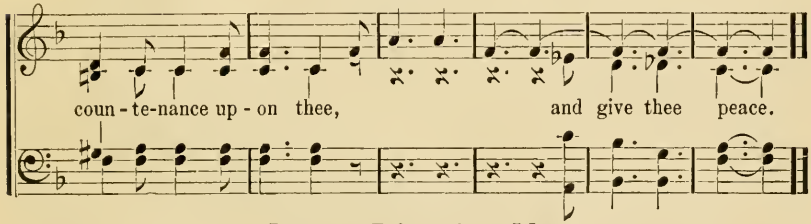


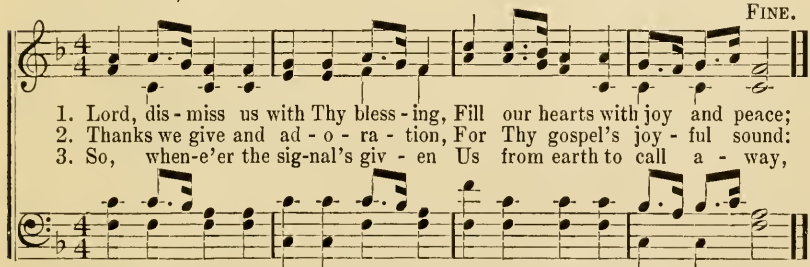




368 Lord, Dismiss Us.

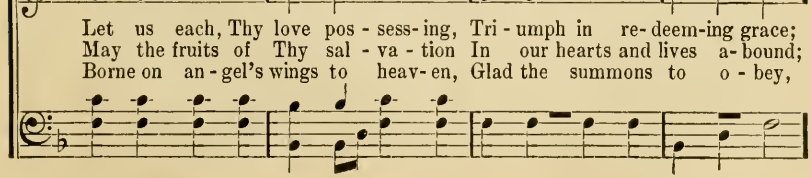
JOHN FAWCETT, D. D. J. J. ROSSEAU.

FINE.



D. C.—O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Traveling through this wil-der - ness.
D. C.—Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er faith - ful, To the truth may we be found.
D. C.—May we ev - er, may we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day!

D. C.



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